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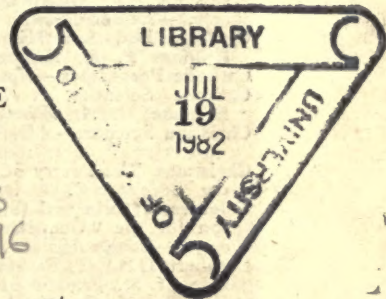
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METHODS OF REFORMING OUR LAND SYSTEM.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, S.T.D.



IN economic and social discussion the word reform is commonly opposed to the word revolution. It implies modification rather than abolition; gradual, rather than violent, change. When men speak of reforming the land system they do not, as a rule, contemplate such radical schemes as land nationalization or the Single Tax. Some extension of the scope of state ownership and of the taxation of land values may, however, be quite properly included under the head of land reforms. They are changes in, rather than a destruction of, the existing system.

Almost all the land within the borders of the United States was at one time held by the government, colonial, state, or national. By far the greater part of it has long since passed into the hands of individuals and private corporations. With regard to the arable land, this disposition was, on the whole, the best plan at the time available for bringing land into use. This statement is particularly true of the Homestead Law, which distributed the public domain in small tracts among actual settlers. In all probability no system of leasing or renting would have been as beneficial to the community or to the cultivators as outright ownership.

There are, however, other kinds of land which can be used on conditions more advantageous to the whole people when the title is retained by the state. Such are timber, mineral, oil, phosphate, natural gas, and water power lands. In many countries of Europe it has long been the policy of the government to retain these lands under public ownership. This policy tends to prevent the socially

injurious destruction of forests, the private monopolization of limited natural resources, and the private acquisition of exceptionally valuable land at ridiculously low prices. The products of these lands can all be extracted and put upon the market through a leasing system. That is to say, the user of the land pays to the state a rental according to the amount and quality of the raw material; for example, coal, lumber, gas, and water power, which he takes from the storehouse of nature. To be sure, the state could sell these lands at a price that would bring it fully as much revenue as the leasing system; but this result is very unlikely to happen, and practically never has happened. Under the leasing system, moreover, the state can easily secure just treatment for both consumer and laborer, by stipulating that the former shall obtain the product at fair prices, and that the latter shall be paid fair wages.

To the objection that capitalists will not invest their money in nor carry on extractive enterprises, whether in lumbering, mining, or water power development, on a leasing basis, the sufficient answer is that they are doing it now. A very large quantity of minerals are produced from land which the operator has rented either from private owners or from the state. Thirty-four per cent of the coal mined in the United States in 1909 was taken from privately-owned land which was operated under a lease. Much of the iron ore annually produced is extracted under the same arrangement. If the rental or royalty demanded is not unreasonably high, the capitalist will be quite as willing to produce raw material from leased land as he is to manufacture or sell goods in a rented building. The terms of the particular lease, not the leasing system, are the important consideration.

Unfortunately both our state governments and the national government have permitted the greater part of these valuable lands to pass under private ownership. Forty years ago, three-fourths of the timber now standing was public property; at present about four-fifths of it is in private hands.* By far the larger portion of our mineral deposits, coal, copper, gold, silver, etc., have likewise fallen under private control (according to the estimate of Dr. Howe, a royalty of twenty-five cents per ton on the mineral output of the country in 1907 would have yielded five hundred and seventeen million dollars, or almost the entire expenditure of the Federal government for that year). The only considerable body

**Report of the Commissioner of Corporations on the Timber Industry in the United States.*

of such resources still owned by the national government are those of Alaska, which are worth several billions of dollars. The Commissioner of Corporations estimates the total amount of water power in the United States, developed and undeveloped, as somewhere between twenty-seven and fifty-two million horse power, of which only about four million horse power is developed.* While the Federal government owns comparatively little developed water power, its undeveloped power has been roughly estimated at about fourteen million horse power in the national forests, and considerably less than that amount in other parts of the public domain.†

All the lands and natural resources just enumerated, which are still publicly owned, ought to remain so. Instead of being sold, they should be leased to private concerns on such terms of rental and occupation as would yield the rates of interest and profit that are ordinarily obtained from other enterprises and investments subject to the same degree of risk. In some instances, no doubt, the government might with advantage itself undertake the development and operation of these resources. In any case, not a single valid reason exists for the sale outright of any more of this part of the public domain. Happily the majority of the American people, and all the disinterested authorities on the subject, are in favor of the leasing policy. The National Conservation Congress, held in September, 1910, took this ground with reference to all national resources; the Commissioner of Corporations strongly urged the same policy in the matter of water power;‡ and the Secretary of the Interior recommended it in the case of the public coal lands, particularly those in Alaska.§ Through the adoption of this plan the rental value of all these lands would go to the whole people instead of to a comparatively small number of individuals, monopoly would become impossible, and the publicly-owned natural resources of the country would be conserved and protected against rapid and ruinous exploitation.

Those natural resources that have passed out of government ownership, and that have become, or are tending to become, monopolized by private concerns, such as the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania and the iron ore beds of Minnesota and some other States, should be so regulated by the government as to prevent

**Report of the Commissioner of Corporations on Water Power Development in the United States*, pp. 4 and 5.

†*Idem.*, pp. 193-195.

‡*Op. cit.*, pp. 201, 211.

§*Address to the Mining Congress at Chicago*, November, 1911.

their products from being sold at extortionate prices. While a full discussion of the means by which this end may be attained is impossible here, one or two general indications will perhaps not be out of place. Either of two methods might be adopted: First, the monopoly might be destroyed through compulsory sale of the property to several distinct owners, in order to enforce genuine competition in production. Or, if this should not prove feasible or desirable, the maximum selling price of the output, for example, coal, ought to be fixed by law at a point that would prevent extortion upon consumers. That is, the price should not be permitted to exceed the level that it would have reached if the commodity had never been monopolized. There are, indeed, good reasons for allowing the owners of mineral and other especially valuable natural resources to profit in the same measure as the owners of other kinds of land by those increases in price which take place under competitive conditions of production; but there is no reason, either of morals or of expediency, why they should reap gains from value increases which are due solely to the manipulations of monopoly.

Grazing lands which are now in possession of the state should remain there until such time as they become available for agriculture. The cattle owner could rent the required number of acres from the government on terms that would be fair to both parties, and whatever improvements he makes upon the land could be fully protected in his lease.

With regard to agricultural lands, the case is somewhat different. In order that they may be continuously improved and protected against deterioration, it is necessary in most cases that the user should be given every reasonable opportunity to become the owner. If he has not this hope and this intention he will not, as a rule, make the best use of the land, nor properly attend to its conservation. The difficulty of distinguishing between the value of the land itself and the value of the improvements made in (not upon) it, and consequently the difficulty of guaranteeing the tenant full payment for his improvements when he quits the land; the temptation to wear out a piece of land quickly, and then move to another piece; and all the other facts that stand in the way of the Single Tax as applied to agricultural land, show that the government should not assume the function of landlord in the matter of arable land. In the majority of cases the state would do better to sell this land in small quantities to genuine settlers.

There will, however, be many instances in which recourse may well be had to the leasing system. For example, the opportunity ought to be given to those cultivators who are unable to buy the land to become tenants of the state rather than of private landlords. State competition in this province would compel the private landlord to adopt more reasonable methods in his dealing with the tenant. In all such cases the state should lease the land for a sufficiently long time, and with sufficient safeguards to the tenant to encourage as far as possible the keeping up of the land and the making of permanent improvements. It should, moreover, do everything within reason to enable the tenant ultimately to become the owner. To this end it ought to make loans to cultivators at moderate rates of interest and for long periods, after the manner of New Zealand and Australia. Such a policy would benefit not only the persons directly affected but the whole community, on account of the resulting increase in agricultural products. It would be especially feasible in connection with lands which are to be made productive through government projects of draining and irrigation.

Whether the state ought to purchase undeveloped land from private owners in order to sell it to settlers, may well be doubted. The only lands in regard to which this scheme would seem to be at all necessary, are large estates which are held out of use by their proprietors. Even here the transfer of the land to cultivators could be brought about indirectly. An extra tax on such estates would undoubtedly achieve the desired result. Here, again, New Zealand and Australia have shown the way. Hence the only direct action by the state that seems necessary or wise in order to assist men who wish to become cultivators of privately-owned agricultural land, is the making of loans to those who are capable of becoming efficient farmers. In the interest of cheaper food products, and in order to reduce congestion in, and the abnormal growth of, cities, our governments, state and national, will sooner or later be compelled to undertake a systematic and extensive scheme of aiding people to "get back to the land."

So much for productive lands of all sorts. No city should part with the ownership of any land that it now happens to possess. While capitalists are willing to erect buildings costing hundreds of thousands of dollars upon sites leased from private owners, there is no good reason why anyone should refuse to put up or purchase any sort of building on land owned by the municipality. None

of the objections to the leasing system as applied to agricultural land are valid in the case of urban sites. For the value of improvements could easily be separated from the value of the land; the improvements could be sold as readily as though both land and improvements belonged to the same person; and the owner of the improvements could not be deprived of them without full compensation. So long as the lessee paid the annual rent, his control of the land would be as complete and certain as that of the private landowner who continues to pay his taxes. On the other hand, the leaseholder could not permit or cause the land to deteriorate if he would. The nature of the land makes such a thing impossible. Finally, the official activities involved in the periodical re-valuation of the land and collection of the rent, would not differ essentially from those now required to assess for and collect taxes.

The benefits of this system would be great and manifest. Persons who are unable to own a home because of their inability to buy land, could yet secure possession of the necessary land through a lease from the city. Instead of spending all their lives in rented houses, thousands upon thousands of families could become occupants of abodes that they could call homes, and that they could hand on to their children. The greater the amount of land thus owned and leased by the city, the less would be the power of private owners to hold land for exorbitant prices. Competition with the city would compel them to sell land at its revenue-producing instead of its speculative value. In the second place, the city itself would obtain the benefit of every increase in the value of its land, by means of periodical re-valuation of land, and periodical readjustment of rent. To be sure, the city would lose through a fall in land values, but this is more in accordance with general welfare than that the loss should rest upon individuals.

Very few, however, of our American cities are now in possession of land that could be leased to prospective builders. Would it not be well for them to buy land for this purpose? In the case of the largest cities, where the housing problem has become acute, and the value of land is constantly rising, the question would seem to call for an affirmative answer. This policy has been adopted with happy results by many of the municipalities of France and Germany.* In Savannah, Georgia, no extension of the municipal limits is made unless the land to be embraced has already passed into the ownership of the city. Another method which has been

*Cf. Marsh, *Land Value Taxation in American Cities*, p. 96.

suggested is that no new street be opened in any suburban district until the city has become the owner of the abutting land and lots.

Whatever be the particular means adopted, the objects of municipal purchase and ownership of land are definite and obvious: to secure for the city, for the whole community, the municipally and socially occasioned increases in land values; and to facilitate the reduction of congestion, and the housing of the homeless. Indeed, it is probable that no adequate and comprehensive scheme of housing reform can be successfully operated without a considerable amount of land purchase and ownership. The city must be in a position to provide sites for those who wish to borrow money from it to build houses, but who cannot obtain land on fair conditions from private owners.

Municipal purchase and ownership of land have been advocated by such a conservative writer as the Rev. Heinrich Pesch, S.J.*

Turning now from the direct method of public ownership to the indirect method of reform through taxation, we observe at the outset that the radical proposals of the Single Taxers must be rejected. To tax all economic rent into the public treasury would be to transfer all the value of land without compensation from the private owner to the state. For example, a piece of land which yielded to the owner an annual revenue or rent of one hundred dollars would be taxed exactly that amount. On the assumption that the prevailing rate of interest is five per cent, the owner would thus be deprived of wealth of the value of two thousand dollars. If he wanted to sell the land he could not find a purchaser, since no one would be willing to pay anything for land the rent of which would have to be handed over to the state. Inasmuch as we deny that the so-called creation of land values by the community gives the latter a moral right to these values,† we reject absolutely the Single Taxers' attempted ethical defense of the confiscation of rent and land values through taxation.

Let us examine, then, the milder suggestion of John Stuart Mill, that the state should impose a tax upon land sufficient to absorb all future increases in its value.‡ This scheme is commonly known as the appropriation of future unearned increment. Either in whole or in part it is at least plausible, and is to-day within the range of practical discussion. It is expected to obtain

**Lehrbuch der Nationalökonomie*, I., 203.

†Cf. *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, June and July, 1911, *Henry George and Private Property*.

‡*Principles of Political Economy*, book v., ch. ii., sect. v.

for the whole community all future increases in land values, and to wipe out the speculative, as distinguished from the revenue-producing value of land. Consequently it would make land cheaper and more accessible than would be the case if the present system of land taxation were continued. Before discussing its moral character, let us see briefly whether the ends that it seeks may properly be sought by the method of taxation. For these ends are mainly social rather than fiscal.

To use the taxing power for a social purpose is neither unusual nor unreasonable. "All governments," says Professor Seligman, "have allowed social considerations in the wider sense to influence their revenue policy. The whole system of protective duties has been framed not merely with reference to revenue considerations, but in order to produce results which should directly affect social and national prosperity. Taxes on luxuries have often been mere sumptuary laws designed as much to check consumption as to yield revenue. Excise taxes have frequently been levied from a wide social, as from a narrow fiscal, standpoint. From the very beginning of all tax systems these social reasons have often been present."* Our Federal taxes on imports, on intoxicating liquors, on oleomargarine, and on white phosphorous matches, and many of the license taxes in our municipalities, as on peddlers, saloon keepers, and dog owners, are in large part intended to meet social as well as fiscal ends. They are in the interest of domestic production, public health, and public safety. The reasonableness of effecting social reforms through taxation cannot be seriously questioned. While the maintenance of government is the primary object of taxation, its ultimate end, the ultimate end of government itself, is the welfare of the people. Now if the public welfare can be promoted by certain social changes, and if these in turn can be effected through taxation, this use of the taxing power will be quite as normal and legitimate as though it were employed for the upkeep of government. Hence the morality of taxing land for purposes of social reform will depend entirely upon the nature of the particular tax that is imposed.

The tax that we are now considering can be condemned as unjust on only two possible grounds: first, that it would be injurious to society; and, second, that it would wrong the private landowner. If it were fairly adjusted and efficiently administered it could not prove harmful to the community. In the first place,

**Progressive Taxation in Theory and Practice*, 1908, p. 130.

landowners could not shift the tax to the consumer. All the authorities on the subject admit that taxes on land stay where they are put, and are paid by those upon whom they are levied in the first instance.* The only way in which the owners of a commodity can shift a tax to the users or consumers of it, is by limiting the supply until the price rises sufficiently to cover the tax. By the simple device of refusing to erect more buildings until those in existence have become scarce enough to command an increase in rent equivalent to the new tax, the actual and prospective owners of buildings can pass the tax on to the tenants thereof. By refusing to put their money into, say, shoe factories, investors can limit the supply of shoes until any new tax on this commodity is shifted upon the wearers of shoes in the form of higher prices. Until those rises take place in the rent of buildings and the price of shoes, investors will put their money in enterprises which are not burdened with equivalent taxes.

But nothing of this sort can follow the imposition of a new tax upon land. The supply of land is fixed, and cannot be affected by any action of landowners or would-be landowners. The users of land and the consumers of its products are at present paying all that competition can compel them to pay. They would not pay more merely because they were requested to do so by landowners who were laboring under the burden of a new tax. If all landowners were to carry out an agreement to refrain from producing, and to withhold their land from others until rents and prices had gone up sufficiently to offset the tax, they could, indeed, shift the latter to the renters of land and the consumers of its products. Such a monopoly, however, is not within the range of practical achievements. In its absence, individual landowners are not likely to withhold land nor to discontinue production in sufficient numbers to raise rents or prices. Indeed, the tendency will be all the other way; for all landowners, including the proprietors of land now vacant, will be anxious to put their land to the best use in order to have the means of paying the tax. Owing to this increased production, and the increased willingness to sell and let land, rents and prices must fall. It is axiomatic that new taxes upon land always make it cheaper than it would have been otherwise, and are beneficial to the community as against the present owners.

In the second place, the tax in question could not injure

*Cf. Taussig, *Principles of Economics*, II., 516; Seligman, *The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation*, p. 223.

the community from the fact that it would discourage investment in land. Once men could no longer hope to sell land at an advance in price, they would not seek it to the extent that they now do as a field of investment. For the same reason many of the present owners would sell their holdings sooner than they would have sold them if the tax had not been levied. From the viewpoint of the public the outcome of this situation would be wholly good. Land would be cheaper and more easy of access to all who desired to buy or use it for the sake of production, rather than for the sake of speculation. Investments in land which have as their main object a rise in value are an injury rather than a benefit to the community; for they do not increase the products of land, while they do advance its price, thereby keeping it out of use. Hence the state should discourage instead of encourage mere speculators in land. Whether it is or is not bought and sold, the supply of land remains the same. The supreme interest of the community is that it should be put to use, and made to supply the wants of the people. Consequently the only land investments that help the community are those that tend to make the land productive. Under a tax on future increases in value such investments would increase, for the simple reason that land would be cheaper than it would have been without the tax. Men who desired land for the sake of its rent or its product would continue as now to pay such prices for it as would enable them to obtain the prevailing rate of interest on their investment after all charges, including taxes, had been paid. Men who wanted to rent land would continue as now to get it at a rental that would give them the usual return for their capital and labor.

So much for the effect of the tax upon the community. Would it not, however, be unjust to the landowners? Does not private ownership of its very nature demand that increases in the value of the property should go to the owners thereof? *Res fructificat domino*: a thing fructifies to its owner; and value-increases may be classed as a kind of fruit.

In the first place, this formula was originally a dictum of the civil law merely, the law of the Roman Empire. It was a legal rather than an ethical maxim. Whatever validity it has in morals must be established on moral grounds, by moral arguments. It cannot forthwith be assumed to be morally sound on the mere authority of legal usage. In the second place, it was for a long time applied only to natural products, to the grain grown in a field, to the offspring of domestic animals. It merely enunciated the policy of the law to defend the owner of the land in his claim to such fruits,

as against any outsider who should attempt to set up an adverse title through mere appropriation or possession. So far, the maxim was evidently in conformity with reason and justice. Later on it was extended, both by lawyers and moralists, to cover such commercial "fruits" as rent from lands and houses, and interests from loans and investments. Whether this was a morally legitimate use of the formula we shall inquire in another place. At present we are concerned only with its application to an increase in the value of land. This is quite a different thing from the land's natural fruit, its concrete product. If increases in land value fall under the justifying influence of the maxim, the fact must be established by specific moral arguments, not assumed on grounds of presumption or analogy.

Finally, we must bear in mind that in essence the formula is only a convenient phrase to describe summarily the attitude of the civil law and the conclusions of ethical teaching. It is not a self-evident, fundamental principle. Rather is it a summary of certain conclusions which are drawn from the fundamental principles of industrial justice. Consequently its validity in any particular situation will depend upon the correctness of the conclusions which it sums up, while the soundness of these must in turn be tested by their reasonableness as rules of industrial distribution. All specific conclusions, rules, and maxims concerning ownership must finally be judged by their fitness to promote human welfare in the distribution of the goods and opportunities of earth among the children of men. This is the supreme and fundamental test of property rights.

Therefore, the question whether state appropriation of all future increases in land value by taxation would wrong private owners can be answered only when we have determined whether this practice hinders the welfare of private owners to an extent that is excessive, as compared with the benefits that it would confer upon other individuals, and upon society.

In a certain community six per cent is the usual rate of return from money invested in agricultural enterprises. The government owns a tract of land whose net product is equivalent to six per cent on a valuation of twenty dollars per acre. Any cultivator of this land could out of its gross product get interest on his movable capital, remuneration for his own and his employees' labor, a fund to cover the depreciation of capital and the losses of bad years, taxes, and all other expenses, and still have \$1.20 per acre remaining. Evidently this land is worth twenty dollars an acre

to anyone who wants to buy it for use, for the things that it will produce, for the returns that will come from its cultivation.

The government offers the land for sale at twenty dollars per acre, but on condition that all future increases in its value will be taxed into the public treasury. If, for example, its value should increase to twenty-five dollars, an additional tax would be imposed of, say, six per cent of the increase, or thirty cents per acre annually. Or the tax might be levied once for all, when the land was transferred to a new owner, in which case it would be five dollars. Now, if we assume that the land is certain not to diminish in value, we are safe in concluding that it will find purchasers at the price specified. Under our present system land that has a productive value of twenty dollars an acre, and which is certain to rise in value, brings more than twenty dollars because the purchasers know that they will profit by the advance. Land of the same productive power, but which is likely to fall in value, is not worth twenty dollars in the market. Finally, if it appears certain that the value of the land will remain stationary, its selling price is determined solely by its present productive power. In these circumstances land yielding a net product equivalent to the interest on twenty dollars per acre sells for that price at present. There is no reason to suppose that it would not bring the same amount in the economically similar hypothetical case that we are considering; for, after paying the increase-of-value tax, the purchasing cultivators would still obtain about the same return that is got from the average land investment under the present system.

In the case of such a sale it is clear that the purchaser would suffer no injustice because they were deprived of future increases in the value of their land. They would not be compelled to forego any gain that they had a right to expect. They would, indeed, be shut out from the hope of profiting by possible or probable advances in the value of their land, but they would have bought it at a correspondingly lower price.

The hypothetical situation just described would be actual for all those persons who should have purchased land after a future increment-tax law had gone into effect. Upon none of them would the law work any injustice.

Different, however, is the case of many of those who own land when the law is enacted. Some of these have paid more for their land than it is worth when the law becomes effective, and when all subsequent increases are to be absorbed by the state. Let us suppose that the law comes into force at the beginning of the year

1920, and that the value of the land at that date becomes the basis from which all state-appropriated increases are to be reckoned. Brown owns a piece of land which is worth one thousand dollars, and which in consequence of the new legislation can never be worth more than that amount to him. Its value will certainly rise, but the state will take the increase through taxation. Now the disturbing fact is that the land cost Brown twelve hundred dollars. He suffers, therefore, a loss of two hundred dollars as a direct result of the law.

A second class threatened with loss comprises all owners of unused or vacant land. When they bought their land they did so with the expectation of selling it later at a price sufficiently high to bring them in addition to the principal the prevailing rate of interest on their purchase price during all the time intervening. If a man paid five hundred dollars for a vacant lot in 1915, and if the lot was still worth only five hundred dollars at the beginning of 1920, he would be deprived of all hope of obtaining interest on his investment during that five year period. With interest at the rate of six per cent, his loss is one hundred and fifty dollars. If his land is worth less at the latter than it was at the former date, he loses an additional amount.

Now, all those owners who, in the absence of the increment-tax law, would have held their land until its increase in value had made good their losses, whether of interest or principal, have a valid moral claim against the state for equivalent compensation. This claim rests upon a tacit contract made with them by the state when they bought the land. By the very fact that it sanctioned their title to the land, the state virtually promised that it would permit them to profit by all the increases in value that might accrue while the land remained in their possession. It made this promise by virtue of its silence on the subject of increment-tax legislation. Had it given any intimation that it would enact such a law at any future time, these owners would not have paid as much for their land as they actually did pay. Consequently, when the state passes the law, it violates its implicit contract with these owners, and is morally bound to make good any resulting loss. So much seems certain.

However, many of those owners who have suffered losses either of principal or interest would, even if the law had not been enacted, have sold their holdings or died before the land had risen in value sufficiently to offset the decline, and to cover the foregone interest. Only that part of such losses which corresponds to the

decline in value due to the enactment of the law itself, can be fairly charged against the state.

Nevertheless, it would seem that the state is bound to give compensation in these cases also. Except in rare instances, it cannot determine which owners would and which would not, in the absence of the law, have held their lands until they had recouped their losses. Hence the state is under the physical necessity of compensating all or none. Since the latter alternative would violate all the received standards of public honor and honesty, and since it would eventually injure both individual and social welfare, it may be dismissed as a flagrant and inconceivable act of civic immorality.

There is, indeed, another method of adjustment that, theoretically at least, might be justifiable. Instead of compensating owners for the full amount of their losses, the state might buy their land at the value that it had just before the increment-tax law went into effect, plus the ordinary bonus that is given when land is taken for public uses. For example, a vacant lot is worth four hundred and fifty dollars the day after the passing of the law, which is fifty dollars less than its value before the law became probable. For, as already noted, the very enactment of the law, and therefore the probability of its enactment, causes the value of land to decline. Men will no longer pay anything for the chances of a rise in value, when the advance is all to be taken by the state. In other words, the speculative element in land value would disappear, and its price would be regulated entirely by its producing power. In the case before us we are assuming that the speculative element is worth fifty dollars. Now, if we assume that the state is accustomed to add a bonus of fifteen per cent to the purchase price of all land that it takes for public purposes, say, for parks, streets, buildings, etc., it would pay for the price of land in question $\$450.00 + \$50.00 + 15$ per cent of $\$500.00$, or $\$565.00$. This might or might not fully cover the losses sustained by the private owner.

Without actually purchasing the land, the state might give compensation on the same principle by paying to the losers a sum equal to the decline in value caused by the law, plus the usual bonus that accompanies a compulsory sale. In the case that we are considering this would mean $\$50.00 + \65.00 , or $\$115.00$.

The justification of this method, like the justification of all other rules of distribution and all other practices affecting property rights, must be sought in its consequence to social and individual welfare. It cannot be too often repeated that no rule or principle

of ownership has intrinsic or metaphysical value. They all derive their moral validity from their effects, from their conduciveness to human welfare in the complete sense of that phrase. This means that any rule or method of distribution is morally lawful which, while promoting the interests of the whole community, causes no undue hardship to any individual or to any class of individuals. For the community is made up of individuals, and all the individuals therein are of equal moral value and importance, and have equal claims to consideration in the matter of property and ownership. Whether any given rule or practice of distribution which seems conducive to public welfare is unduly severe on certain individuals, is a question that is not always easily answered. Some of the methods that have been employed are clearly fair and just, others are clearly unfair and unjust, and still others are of doubtful morality. In every country the state compels private owners to part with land at prices that sometimes are lower than the cost to them; in more than one country of Europe freebooters and kingly favorites robbed the people of their land, yet their descendants, and heirs, and successors are recognized by both statesmen and moralists as having a just title to that same land; in Ireland stubborn landlords are to-day compelled by the British Government to sell their holdings to the tenants at the present value of the land, plus a slight bonus; in many countries men may become owners of their neighbors' land by the title of prescription, without paying a cent of compensation to the latter. All these practices cause great harm to individuals, but they are all held to be justified on grounds of social welfare.

The particular method of compensation that we are now considering must probably be placed in the class of doubtfully just practices. For those communities in which a future increment-tax is urgent or necessary could well afford to pay all losses of principal and interest in full. The cost to the community would be insignificant as compared with its gains from the new legislation. If the cost were very great it would mean that the upward trend of land values was not yet sufficiently marked to render an increment-tax law necessary or expedient. Social peace, the security of property, and the prevailing conception of the sacredness of private ownership, are of sufficient importance to demand in most cases the policy of complete compensation. The more generous course to the individuals concerned would likewise be the more expedient one from the viewpoint of public welfare.

Should not the policy of compensation be given a wider ex-

tension? Since an increment-tax would cause a decline in the value of all land, is not the state morally bound to reimburse even those owners who have undergone no positive loss on their actual investment? Take the case of a man who has paid five thousand dollars for a piece of improved land which just before the increment-tax law became imminent was valued at six thousand. In consequence of the law, its value falls to five thousand. Is the state obliged to make good this loss of one thousand dollars? An affirmative answer is impossible of demonstration. Provided that the law inflicts no positive loss upon individual owners, that is, no loss that corresponds to any actual outlay on their part, it may quite as justly appropriate past as future increases in value. As soon as such legislation becomes feasible and urgent, human welfare demands that both these kinds of value increments should go to the whole community rather than to the minority who happen at the time to be private owners. Since the land and its benefits are intended for the whole human race, the institution of private property is justified only to the extent that it promotes the welfare of all, non-owners as well as owners. Now the welfare of land-owners is sufficiently safeguarded when they are protected against the loss of either interest or principal. There is no need that they should profit by changes in value which have cost them neither money nor labor. In fact, it is better for them that they should not derive gain from any such source, and that all their income should be due either to their own efforts or to a reasonable return from their own capital. What is true of landowners in this respect is true of all other persons. Under the head of reasonable return on capital, we include, of course, compensation for the risks of productive enterprises, which is an entirely different thing from the speculative gains derived from socially occasioned rises in the value of land.

In order that the morality of increment-tax legislation may receive the fullest possible discussion, let us notice briefly a few objections in addition to those already considered. We are sometimes told that the proposal is new and, in fact, revolutionary. In some degree the charge is true, but the conditions which the law is intended to meet are likewise new, if not revolutionary. The whole case for the proposed legislation rests upon the fact, that for the first time in the world's history land values everywhere show an unmistakable tendency to advance indefinitely. This means that the minority who own land are in the way of reaping unbought and indefinite benefits at the expense of the majority who

are landless. This new fact, with its tremendous significance for human welfare, may well demand a new limitation of property rights in land.

Again, it has been objected that to deprive landowners of the opportunity of profiting by changes in the value of their holdings, would be an unfair discrimination against one class of investors. Nevertheless, there are good reasons for the discrimination. Barring the case of monopoly, advances in the value of other goods than land are intermittent, uncertain, and temporary. Increases in land values are on the whole constant, certain, and permanent. In the second place, the important advances in the value of other kinds of goods, that is, monopolistic concerns, can and should be appropriated by the community. They could be taken through special taxation, or prevented through state regulation of the prices and charges which make them possible. Both methods are now employed by the public authority in relation to public service corporations, such as street railway, gas, and railroad companies. The same policy should be extended to all permanent monopolies. Save as the reward and encouragement of exceptionally efficient business management, no owner of any sort of productive property has a valid claim to more than the prevailing rates of interest and profits. Where gains are restricted within these limits, property will not increase in value, except through those general influences which bring about a general rise in prices.

A final objection is that this legislation would violate the canons of just taxation. It would impose a specially heavy burden upon one form of property. Now the general doctrine of taxation held by substantially all economists to-day, and by Catholic moralists for centuries, is known as the "faculty" theory.* According to this theory, men ought to be taxed in proportion to their ability to pay, rather than in accordance with the benefits that they are assumed to receive from the state. And it is universally recognized that the proper measure of "ability" is not a man's total possessions, productive and unproductive, but his income, the annual revenues out of which the tax payments must come. Now the proposal to take for the state the whole of the future increases in the value of land does seem to violate this rule of taxation according

*Cf. Seligman, *Progressive Taxation in Theory and Practice*, part ii., chs. ii. and iii.; also the classical refutation of the "benefit theory" by John Stuart Mill in *Principles of Political Economy*, book v., ch. ii., sec. 2. The traditional Catholic teaching on the subject is succinctly stated by Cardinal de Lugo in his *de Justitia et Jure*, disp. 36; cf. Devas, *Political Economy*, 2d ed., p. 594.

to ability; for it would appropriate not merely a percentage, as in the case of other revenues, but the whole of this particular portion of the landowner's income.

However, all the adherents of the "faculty" theory maintain that it is subject to certain modifications. In the first place, funded incomes, such as interest on an actual investment, and "unearned incomes," such as interest on the socially occasioned increments of value, should be taxed at a higher rate than incomes which represent the expenditure of labor. All tax paying involves sacrifice, and the sacrifice required to give up a certain per cent of the two former kinds of incomes is not so great as the sacrifice that is undergone when the same proportion is deducted from salaries or wages. Hence the landowner may be really more "able" to turn over to the state the whole of the socially occasioned increases in the value of his land than the salary receiver is to pay ten per cent of his salary; for the landowner gives up something that has cost him no sacrifice either of labor or saving, but is of the nature of a "windfall." In the second place, while excluding the general benefit theory, the "faculty" principle allows a place for benefits that are special. In American cities the landowner is compelled to pay in full for the benefits that accrue to his land from public improvements, such as the opening of a street or the installment of a sewer. Since these benefits can be clearly determined, and since they are all enjoyed by the owner of the land, he is quite properly required to pay for them. On the same principle it is fair that he should return to the community the equivalent of those land value increases which are due to general social causes, instead of to specific public improvements. In both cases he pays for benefits which are received by him alone, and which represent no previous outlay on his part, either of labor or money. Since they have a different origin from other portions of his income, they may be taxed according to a different principle.

So much for the canons of taxation involved. The general and fundamental justification of taxing land value increases into the public treasury is, as already noted, to be sought in human welfare. It is not to be found in the theory of the Single Taxers, that these values are "produced" by the community. The increases in value are a kind of no-man's property, which, provided that they have not been sold to any person, may rightfully be appropriated for the common good.

THE LEAST OF THE LITTLE ONES.

BY E. M. DINNIS.



THEY stood on the outskirts of the little Downside village which has given an English saint to the calendar—more or less in a line—first the Convent of the Order of the Holy Infancy; next to it the commodious cottage where “the Brown Lady” entertained little visitors from the slums of London; and then the hermitage in which the mightiest brain in England (according to the coterie of discerning persons who treat of scientific matters in the press) was resting itself in preparation for fresh labors in the field of scientific research known as Eugenics. Beyond their respective gardens lay the “Holy Wood,” associated with the saint already mentioned, and with many strange and beautiful legends—“some of the prettiest things in mythology,” the Young Professor, who was poetical by nature, called them.

Every new morning the nuns and the Brown Lady looked out on the wood, and on the hills, and blessed the faithful Creator; and every new morning the Young Professor of Anthropology and Eugenics looked on the green earth and joyous river, and opined that the world would indeed be a fine place if only Man had not been warped by the decrees of priest-made religions, and so become a less perfect thing than Nature’s other handiwork. Who had ever heard of “abortive” hills or “deficient” valleys?

The Brown Lady’s hobby was a special source of aggravation to the Young Professor, for, to use the Coming Man’s own expression, this lady of the bright brown eyes, and unvaried brown attire, was “a fancier of the unfit!” A worker in the city slums during the Winter months, in the Summer time she loved to collect little children—the least of the Little Ones—deaf, dumb, and crippled, and to tend them with her own hands in this little restful paradise, in the saint’s country, near the Holy Wood. The young man of science was a philanthropist in his way. Much of the Brown Lady’s work he approved of—she sat on Care Committees in addition to pauperizing the community “in her own pernicious and pious way;” and her labors for the housing of the poor had been applauded by sane secularists and a non-sectarian press—but

her incurable preference for the unfit was a thing abominable to the foremost exponent of the doctrine of Eugenics.

The Brown Lady's youngest charge was especially on the professor's nerves. John Ignatius of the Higgins' was indeed a deplorable specimen of humanity. Sickly in body, without being exactly imbecile, he was certainly to be reckoned among the mentally deficient. At six years of age he had nothing to say beyond a few jumbled phrases, nor was it easy to interest him in things in process around him. Enthralling *contretemps*, such as the discovery of a missing shoe in the bedroom ewer, left him unmoved, while the joys of a raspberry pie—a thing unguessed in his native Whitechapel—failed to produce practical signs of appreciation from the queer, phlegmatic child with the white, impassive face.

"That brat ought never to have been kept!" the professor said, pointing, as he leaned over the low garden wall, at the least of the Little Ones domiciled with the Brown Lady. A chilling comment enough, coming as it did from the greatest mind in Europe (to quote the cheaper and more effusive press), but John Ignatius apparently lacked even that discrimination possessed by dogs and cats for those who dislike them, for he simply looked up at the speaker and gave one of the rare and always irrelevant smiles that occasionally lighted up his dull face.

"I suppose if I gave him a cherry," the other went on, severely, stretching his hand up to the boughs of an adjacent tree, "he'd only swallow the stone?"

The Brown Lady, who was being addressed, laughed gayly.

"Try him," she said, "he's not so bad as all that!"

The professor tried him. John Ignatius received the gift with no outward signs of appreciation. His face remained stolid and unsmiling. "He never ought to have been allowed to occur!" the Young Professor reiterated. "He can't even enjoy a cherry. The little beggar hasn't got any senses!"

"When you get your system to perfection," the Brown Lady retorted, "they'll say that you never ought to have been kept. Didn't you once tell me that you had lost your sense of smell through some chemical experiment?"

The young man smiled in disinterested admiration of the repartee. The Brown Lady, though religious, was very charming, with her soft brown eyes and hair, and demure cambric collar and cuffs.

"Now, John Ignatius," she went on brutally, "has a really

remarkable sense of smell. You should see him when he gets hold of a rose." She plucked a rose growing on the wall and gave it to the child, who grabbed at it and sniffed at the petals with a certain show of pleasure.

"I suppose you selected him for this *beano* out of a family of healthy and normal boys and girls," the professor went on, censoriously, "simply because he possessed the least capacity for enjoying it?"

The Brown Lady certainly did look rather guilty.

"Well," she said, "the Holiday Fund would take the others, but this poor little man was disqualified. Besides, I don't deny it, I do love the weakest best. John Ignatius is my favorite baby."

The Young Professor groaned, and swore under his breath. "And you'll encourage him to grow up and marry and have a brood like himself!" he said, "and you call that being kind to suffering humanity—to bring more of it into existence!"

"What do you mean by existence?" the Brown Lady inquired, "so much depends on that," but the professor interrupted her.

"Look at it now," he ejaculated, pointing at the object of their discussion; it doesn't know the difference between a rose and a rosary! And as for its sense of smell, may I ask if your beads are scented?"

John Ignatius, thus called attention to, had relinquished the rose, and was engaged in apparently inhaling some fragrance from a string of rosary beads which had been lying on the seat near him. So enchanted was he by the result that he made one of his rare speeches. "Goody, goody, goo!" he cried, and shouted in discordant joy—a sound particularly distressing to the professor's sensitive soul.

"Now, that's funny," the Brown Lady said, sturdily. "You may scoff, but someone else once declared that my beads possessed a scent. I believe that child has detected it, too! It was a friend of mine who was describing that mysterious perfume that some people notice in the Glastonbury ruins, and he explained to me that the aroma was 'just like the scent of my rosary beads.'"

"Hem," the Young Professor said, dryly, "the odor of sanctity," and the Brown Lady was fain to acknowledge that he had revenged her allusion to his physical disability. The professor followed up his advantage, for they were excellent friends.

"How did he come to know that your beads had a scent?" he inquired, demurely. "Was he odd like this child and given to

mistaking rosaries for roses?" He indicated John Ignatius. The boy was fondling the rosary with his lips and murmuring to himself, "Good God! Good God!" words caught from the professor.

"Go in and have your tea," the Brown Lady said, "you are very impertinent. And don't send the children any more gooseberries, or they will all be ill, and 'deteriorate,' and possibly contaminate the third generation from now!"

She disappeared into the house with the least of the Little Ones. The Young Professor remained where he was, gazing after them. His housekeeper appeared at the door. "Your tea is getting cold, sir," she called, and added to herself, "always a-dreaming of his books!"

On the following Sunday afternoon the Young Professor strolled down his garden in the hope of finding the Brown Lady resting in her pleasure. He had been out on the hills that morning. It was his custom to pay his devotions assiduously to Nature on Sunday mornings as a protest against stuffy churches and anti-hygienic superstitions. The day was matchless, but he would have pursued such devotions in the snow or pouring rain, and run the risk of pneumonia, or lesser ills, in the furtherance of his cult, so quaint are the ways of the apostles of Reason.

It was the festival of the local saint—an unwholesome person who had encouraged lepers near his hermitage in the Holy Wood—and there were to be great doings at the convent. An eminent preacher was coming down from town; a man of learning almost as profound as that of the Coming Man of Science himself, though the enlightened press was loathe to admit it. The Young Professor rather hoped that he might find him in the Brown Lady's garden, and draw him into a discussion. He could not leave Theism alone—this young man! An antagonism which the Brown Lady found a very healthy sign. He would listen with admirable fairness to arguments. He simply discarded this philosophy of the Catholic Church because it failed to appeal to his intelligence, and the Young Professor, though pledged in fealty to the tangible alone, took pride in the possession of a "conscience" which would not allow him to insult truth. Intelligence was the god of this young man with the abnormal thinking apparatus, whose brain, no doubt, weighed considerably more than that of, say, a Breton peasant's wife! The idea of encountering this Benedictine Father, whose writings on certain scientific subjects were regarded as

standard works, attracted him. The absurd philosophy of the Brown Lady might be clothed in some semblance of plausibility by this man of intellect. It might even assume a new aspect for the discoverer of the latest "truth" in anthropology—Theism might insinuate itself into the favor of the Professor of Eugenics by thus approaching and knocking at the gate of his reason. He would certainly like to hear what the eminent ecclesiastic had to say for himself.

He was doomed to be disappointed, however. The bower of repose contained nobody save the least of the Little Ones with a patient Abigail in attendance. From the latter the professor learned (he was friendly alike with all sorts and conditions of people) that her mistress had gone to Benediction at the convent, where the Reverend Father was preaching a sermon to the children who had that day made their first Communion. The other Little Ones had gone, but John Ignatius could not be trusted in church on great occasions on account of the sudden outbursts of uncanny approbation to which he was liable to give vent, so it had been necessary to leave him at home.

"Wouldn't you have liked to have gone?" the Young Professor asked. (He disapproved of this damsel, who came from an orphanage, and was, beyond doubt, contaminated.) "It sounds very gay."

"It's going to be beautiful," the orphan sighed, wistfully. "There's to be a procession, and all white veils and candles."

"Good Lord!" the professor interjected. "There ought to be a law against it! Why don't we hear of them all being burnt alive?"

"*Good Lord! Good Lord!*" John Ignatius repeated, with one of his fortuitous smiles.

"Suppose," he went on, "I looked after the little chap for you, you could go then, couldn't you? Come along, it will be all right. I'll tell your mistress that I borrowed the child for purposes of scientific experiment, and you couldn't refuse me."

The orphan closed with the offer with all alacrity. To her the apostle of the elimination of the unfit was just the kindest and most considerate gentleman in the world, and she entrusted the most precious of her charges to him without demur.

John Ignatius was passed over the wall into the professor's keeping.

"You wasn't going yourself to hear the sermon, sir, was you?" she asked, seized with compunction.

The Young Professor smiled. He shook his head. "It would be too difficult for me to understand, wouldn't it?" he said.

The little maid looked at him sympathetically. "But there'd be Benediction," she said. "Oh, I hopes as you won't find him too much, he's a bit fretful this afternoon."

She hesitated, and conscientious scruples seemed likely to arise in the mind of the contaminated orphan.

"Run along and get ready," the professor said.

Left alone with his charge, the Man of Science surveyed John Ignatius with some trepidation. First he took due care to remind himself of what perhaps he might have overlooked, viz., that he had borrowed the child for purposes of scientific investigation, and that he was about to have a very instructive afternoon. He sat John Ignatius down on the garden seat with a peach, and so proceeded to place him "under observation." Observation with John Ignatius, however, proved to be of a peculiarly harassing and unremitting nature. He fell off the seat and lamented the circumstance. He essayed a tour of the garden, and sat down dismally on one crumpled leg, and again made lamentation. The professor took himself in hand and laid a firm grip on the fact that he was studying the characteristics of mental defection. He regarded the attenuated form of the child, both physically and mentally unfit—incapable of getting anything worth having out of existence. Why, even if the beautiful fairy tales of Christianity, and they *were* beautiful, were true, here the mental power wherewith to grasp their beauty was lacking. Who was to console this little unfortunate for his "hard luck" with the idea of a heavenly Father, or of supernatural recompense. Who, in short, was to convey the conception of the supernatural to this enfeebled mind? The Brown Lady's thesis was impossible! Its cruelty and tyranny towards the race intolerable! Others like John Ignatius must not be allowed to occur.

At this moment the object of his meditation gave vent to renewed signs of dissatisfaction with his present surroundings. His custodian took him by the hand and walked him up and down the garden, but the least of the Little Ones was not easily amused. It then occurred to the professor that his charge might be suffering from thirst. He procured a cup of water which John Ignatius of the Higgins' consumed in a sloppy and offensive manner, without however giving any sign of assuaged discontent.

The professor took counsel of himself. Perhaps if he could

take the child and show him something new it might soothe him? An inspiration came to him. He would take him across the meadow to the wood, and see what effect completely new surroundings had on the child's intelligence. John Ignatius had not yet been taken to the Holy Wood, although it was a favorite place of resort for the Brown Lady and her Little Ones.

"Come for a ride, old chap," the professor said, jauntily, hoisting the small person of John Ignatius upon his shoulder. He strode across the meadow, to which the owners of the gardens had access, and entered the Holy Wood. Strange tales were told of the Holy Wood. The saint had lived there in a cell; and there, it was said, he had gathered the little children whom he loved, and preached to them of Almighty God, and the Holy Child Jesus. That, no doubt, was why the Brown Lady loved the Holy Wood. It was further said that his remains lay buried where the cell stood, but the site of the same had long since ceased to be identified.

The Brown Lady went constantly to the Holy Wood. The children used to say that when she took them through it, on their walks, she would make them go quietly, as though they were in church, and she had been nearly cross with Tom of Hoxton when he had done to death a beetle that crossed their path in the centre of the wood.

The Man of Science entered the Holy Wood carrying John Ignatius on his shoulder, the latter breathing hard in the unpleasant way he had, and grunting ever and anon. He made for the middle of the glade from whence a narrow green path traversed the wood. Along that path one obtained a vistaed outlook on to the green pasture land and the gently sloping hills beyond, with the delicately interlacing trees roofing the woodland avenue and distilling the sunlight as it poured down from a cloudless sky.

"They call this the Holy Wood," the Young Professor commented to his charge. "It's rather jolly, isn't it, John Ignatius?"

"Holy Wood, holy, holy!" John Ignatius snorted, and kicked his steed hard on the chest, causing pain.

"You young imp!" the professor said, laughing, and setting him down. A rabbit appeared on the scene and regarded the pair with interest, and an amazing lack of fear.

"Why, little beast," the man of lethal chambers asked, "how do you know that I'm not going to kill you?"

"Holy, holy, holy!" John Ignatius chanted.

It was an intensely hot afternoon. The professor sat himself

down under a big beech tree, with John Ignatius on the grass near at hand. The rabbit watched the proceedings, sitting upright in the attitude of the domestic cat on the hearth.

The boy sat staring stolidly in front of him—he was no longer fidgety, that was something—with a blank look of complete stupidity on his wizen face. The Man of Science surveyed the unintelligent features, the dull, lack-lustre eyes of the boy before him. “What’s the use of him?” he muttered, almost as though the Brown Lady were there to answer for the delinquencies of the creed which permitted John Ignatius of the Higgins’ to occur. “What was the use of him to himself if, granted the existence of a supreme Spirit, that supreme Spirit could not convey the conception of Himself to this so-called intelligence. How, indeed, could a Spirit be supreme which depended for a comprehension of Itself on the formation of the brain cells in a material body?”

It was an ideal afternoon for meditating. As he lay there the Young Professor did indeed wish that a supreme Spirit were possible. The Brown Lady’s philosophy had its beautiful side as well as the mischievous one that disapproved of Eugenics. And she was such a practical worker, with so much sound sense in her methods in spite of the pernicious superstition. Moreover, she possessed a delicious sense of humor. Her stories of quaint things seen and heard among the poor were quite delectable hearing—then, an impenitent sentimentalist withal, she would interpolate some story of human wreckage which insulted his principles, and drew the tears to his eyes, and smile that wonderful smile of hers, but magnanimously “let it go at that.” He remembered how she had silenced him by recalling his own physical deficiency; and then he realized for the first time that he was missing all the sweet fragrancy of the woods. He glanced at his charge. The child was sitting in his queer, aloof way, looking at nothing in particular. A field mouse had perched itself on a fallen tree trunk near the boy, but John Ignatius, as we have hinted, was not an observant child. The professor was vastly interested in the mouse. Like the rabbit, it seemed totally insensible to fear of the terrible human race. He wondered how much of the world around them was accessible to the comprehension of the defective child. He wished that, for purposes of research, he could get within the limits of that straitened intelligence—learn exactly how much of existing things existed for this poor, pitiful specimen of humanity. Per-

haps if he concentrated his will he might "get inside" the so-called mind of the least of the Little Ones and gain some knowledge of its disabilities. He leaned back against the trunk of the beech tree, and bent his mighty intelligence on this end. At first he was disturbed by the sight of a large, hairy caterpillar which was crawling across the child's knees. He squirmed in anticipation, knowing the ways of even normal children where insects are concerned. John Ignatius regarded the creature soberly, showing neither repugnance nor the delight which a distorted mind sometimes takes in the gruesome. He put out a finger and very gently, with an exquisitely tender touch, stroked the fearsome beastie. The professor was egregiously relieved. He marveled at himself. There was something uncannily benign about the atmosphere of this woodland spot this afternoon. His ethical position in regard to the encouragement of John Ignatius as a species even seemed likely to be undermined. He was getting away from his normal self. A heavy, lethargic feeling was overtaking him. Was he indeed "getting inside" the little incomplete mind and sharing its non-sensibility? He fixed his eyes on the child whom he had "under observation" at one side of him, and a little in front so that he could watch him as he sat.

The child who never should have been was sitting impassive. The hairy caterpillar was making its way, whole and unsundered, over the grass. Suddenly the least of the Little Ones began to sniff the air, and at the same moment the professor became conscious of a strong, deliciously fragrant, yet wholly subtle aromatic perfume. It was more like incense than anything else. "What on earth could it be?" the young man asked himself. "What was this pungency that was strong enough to penetrate his obliterated sense of smell?" He hadn't been able to smell anything for years!

The child threw his head back in obvious enjoyment. "Nantie Clare," he said, which was more or less the name by which the Brown Lady was known by the Little Ones, and looked round him. It was evident that he associated the strange perfume with the Brown Lady. The Young Professor wondered where the connection came in; and then he thought of the rosary beads that possessed the same strange scent that psychic people said clung to the ruins of the holy abbey. The scent was sweet and pungent, suggesting the odors of the East—a fragrancy entirely alien to an English woodland. He inhaled a long breath. The earthly scent of the wood was not perceptible. Was this uncanny perfume so

strong as to swamp all others, or had his sense of smell only become available for this special purpose?

As the fragrance began to grow fainter John Ignatius showed signs of restlessness. He started a peculiar kind of crooning that got on his guardian's nerves to quite a remarkable degree. In an ordinary way he would have taken the child home there and then, but the spot held him prisoner. So long as that eerie, altogether delicious, scent remained he could not tear himself from the place. He thrust his fingers in his ears tightly to keep out the exasperating drone, and peered out at the defective child from the artificial silence thus produced.

Then a second strange thing happened. With his fingers still thrust in his ears he became aware that the woodland was giving vent to sounds that in some way resembled the most wondrous of imaginable music. The boy, who was rocking himself to and fro—presumably still droning and crooning—sat up motionless in the attitude of listening. With something akin to fear in his heart, the professor removed the fingers from his ears. The music continued, neither louder nor softer, but now intermingled with the twitter of the birds and the crackling of dead wood under his feet as he sprang up and shook himself. The strains were unmistakable, yet almost undefinable—almost as though the very bracken had become sensitized to the touch of some invisible maker of melody. The sounds rose and fell—immeasurably more beautiful than the strains of the most perfect earthly music, which could only be used as a simile in describing the nature of the phenomenon. He pressed his fingers back into his ears. The sound continued. Gradually it was borne in upon the professor that these sounds, so unmistakably real, were being conveyed to him by other channels than his own sense of hearing; and this had, obviously, been the same with the unearthly scent which still lingered in his nostrils. The boy, who was listening with wrapt attention, suddenly, at that moment, cried out:

“Look!” he said; and the Young Professor looked.

But there was nothing to be seen.

“Oh, look, look!” the boy repeated; but the Professor of Anthropology saw nothing. This time the least of the Little Ones had failed to penetrate the density of the other's perceptions.

He was gazing with eager, observant eyes along the green pathway. The little foolish face shone with intelligence, nay, something more! The Young Professor recalled at that moment

how the Brown Lady had once remarked, defending her pet Little One from his onslaughts: "But he *can* look intelligent. You should have seen him last night when he butted his little head into my chest and said, 'Does love 'oo, Nantie Clare!'" No longer vague, his gaze was fixed on a given point. But the Professor of Anthropology and Eugenics saw nothing. A wild desire to see what the child was seeing seized the professor. He hurled himself, as it were, into the little feeble mind.

"Show me!" he murmured, hardly knowing what he was saying. He had knelt down by the child, and was holding one of his little soiled hands. It was the attitude of prayer.

And then he looked out on the vistaed scene—the tall waving trees, the dim hills, the green sward, with the strange, refined light shining on it; and there came into his mind a perception of the secret of Nature.

She was no longer self-sufficient, not even introspective, as she had appeared to him in her more mystical moods, but (for so he endeavored to express it) she had become relative—as the word is to the speaker—her existence depended on the existence of Something—of Someone to whom she appeared to be perpetually singing in the primal language of Being.

Benedicite, montes et colles, Domino:

Benedicite, universa germinantia in terra, Domino.

Then the Man of Science understood that he had "become as a little child," and that he had entered into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Slowly the mystery passed. The sun came out in full radiance, and the more subtle light faded away in its rays. The woodland ceased to give a message or to grant a vision.

John Ignatius turned to the professor with one of his rare, misapplied smiles. "God's gone home," he said.

The Brown Lady and the Young Professor varied in their theories as to the experience of that afternoon. Both were agreed that it was through the instrumentality of the child that the professor had perceived the strange phenomena of the perfume and the music—that his own senses had been inadequate. The Brown Lady was inclined to believe that owing to its having been the Saint's Feast Day certain favors were in waiting on those who sought the spot where he had lived and prayed, and made a pleas-

ance fitting for Him Who walked in Eden. But the Young Professor remembered that it was also on that spot that the Brown Lady found repose after the harassing duties of her day, and where she, doubtless, prayed for fools and wayfaring men, and he cherished a private theory of his own on the subject.

They never learned what little John Ignatius had looked on in the wood that day with loving and intelligent eyes. As for the latter, having accomplished his task, he went home to God a few months later, on the very day that the newspapers were agog with the extraordinary news that the Coming Man of Science had been received into the Catholic Church.

ON ANCIENT WHARVES.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

AROUND us lap the quiet harbor waves,
Now, in the sun's descension, grown to be
A miracle of color. Greenest sea
Beneath us shines, while silvered azure laves
Low violet shores and distant island caves.
Anear, a huge red building hurls in glee
Its cold, barbaric scarlet wondrously
Adown the tide. Supreme, the sway it craves!

In hues of amethyst and misty gold
Across the water looms a city fair;
A distant bell flings angel-melody
Into our color-music. Life, grown old,
May totter like this wharfing, and yet wear
The visioned beauty of high thrones to be.

THE SPIRITUAL FACTOR IN ECONOMIC REFORM.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.



HAVING examined* the nature of the true principle of selection—the Will of God acting upon the will of man—and having seen its operation in maintaining the existence of the race, our next step is to observe its operation in promoting the well-being of the race. It is better to be than not to be. A state of destitution is better than no state at all. But a state of destitution is not a becoming state for any human being. When Christ said “Blessed are the poor,” He did not mean “Blessed are the paupers.” He had regard to His Apostles, tent-makers, tax-gatherers, fisherman who owned their own boats and nets. A pauper can save his soul certainly, but he may often have a better chance of saving it if he is raised out of the depths of destitution. Faith is a habit of the intellect. A healthy intellect, therefore, is normally the most apt instrument for a vigorous faith, and a healthy intellect implies a sufficiently healthy body. Moreover, nothing is willed unless it be first understood. Hence the principle of selection cannot work efficiently unless mind and body are in a certain minimum state of health. Here, then, is the next great problem in racial progress, the prevention and cure of destitution.

The question is so far-reaching that I think we cannot do better than follow the chief points of the Report of the Royal Commission, which some time ago was appointed to inquire into the Poor Laws of the United Kingdom. Some phases of the evil may be more acute in America, others more acute in England. America, for instance, is worse than England with regard to sweating and housing, but far better with regard to the treatment of the feeble-minded. Human nature, however, is much the same all the world over, and the Supreme Power which selects the good and rejects the evil is absolutely the same: there is one God and Father of us all. The Commissioners, moreover, had abundant information from experts in the United States, in Canada, in New Zealand, in Australia, and on the continent of Europe. The report is divided into two sections, the Majority and the Minority.

*See *Sanctity and Racial Betterment*, in the September, 1912, CATHOLIC WORLD.

It occupies forty volumes, and contains one hundred thousand answers of the four hundred and fifty-two witnesses who were examined. Then there are fourteen reports of special investigators.

The Commissioners begin by declaring the cause of pauperism to be three-fold: physical, moral, and economic. But if we look carefully into the causes described as physical and economic, we shall find that they too have a moral cause. There are causes of causes. Nearly all the critics of the report have noticed this. Sir Oliver Lodge, for instance, writes: "But it is not to be supposed that legislation alone, however enlightened, nor administration alone, however efficient, can do everything. Human beings are the object of attention, and they can only be dealt with by human beings."*

This is one of the first principles which the Church has ever been proclaiming, and which was held up to the world some twenty years ago by Pope Leo XIII. The Pope, however, goes further than the Commissioners in so far as he indicates the whole principle of selection, and not merely its proximate and less important factor. "First of all," he says, "there is no intermediary more powerful than religion (whereof the Church is the interpreter and guardian) in drawing the rich and poor bread-winners together, by reminding each class of its duties to the other, and especially of the obligations of justice. Religion teaches the wealthy owner and employer that their workpeople are not to be accounted their bondmen; that in every man they must respect his dignity and worth as a man and as a Christian; that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them merely as so much muscle and physical power."†

The first cause of pauperism set down by the Commissioners is that of old age. This would at first seem to be something non-moral, something strictly physical. No one can help growing old. Hence there would appear to be at least one unavoidable cause of pauperism. This statement of the point is too bald. The question is not one merely of growing old, but of growing old without having provided for one's maintenance in old age. If we probe the question a little deeper we shall find that a further question needs answering, namely, as to what shortens or prolongs the wage-earning period of life. Has the man, either through his own or another's sin, grown old before his time? What opportunity

*Introduction to Prof. Muirhead's *Analysis of Report*.

†*Rerum Novarum*.

has he had during his wage-earning days of providing for his old age? Then, again, what are the obligations of the community when he has been unable or unwilling to provide for himself?

At once the question is shifted from the sphere of physiology to the sphere of morality. Certain it is that if the conditions of work are humane the wage-earning period will be prolonged; that if the man's wages are just, and if he is sober and thrifty, he will be able to provide for himself; that if through unforeseen accident he has been unable to help himself, it is the duty of the community to look after him; that if he has been unwilling to provide for himself, the community has a right to enact compulsory legislation accordingly. The principle of selection, acting through the cardinal virtue of fortitude, in securing for the workman a living wage, meets the greater part of the problem. Acting through the cardinal virtue of prudence, it ensures the worker shall do his full share in practicing thrift and laying by a store for the future. Acting through the cardinal virtue of temperance, it protects the worker from the ever-present temptation of alcohol. Then, again, acting through the virtue of justice in the legislator, it keeps the shirkers from preying unduly upon the workers.

In dealing with the aged, the Church urges that legislation shall do all that it can. But even when legislation has done its best, and when the worker has done his best, there is always a residue of aged destitute to be provided for. This ultimate residue the principle of selection lays hold on through the virtue of Christian charity. It is all very well for the Socialist to say that he has no more need for Christian charity. But the hard fact remains that Christian charitable organizations have far greater calls upon them than they can cope with. The Church indeed has expended her charity on multitudes of cases which ought to have been relieved by the justice of the community. The Church is only too anxious that the state shall do all it can, for she knows quite well that when the state has done its best, she, the Church, will always have her hands full.

The second cause of destitution named by the Commissioners is that of sickness and disease. Much time was spent in trying to find out how far disease was a cause and how far an effect of destitution. In the case of consumption one expert declared that after a careful examination of four thousand consumptives, nearly sixty per cent were paupers because they were consumptives, not consumptives because they were paupers. The limit of sixty per

cent leaves a wide margin for the other alternative. Alcohol and immorality are well known to be predisposing factors to this disease. Bad housing and bad cooking and over-work are all important elements tending to foster the evil. The disease, therefore, is almost entirely due to the neglect of duty on the part of the employers. But, again, the prevention and cure are to be sought in the principle of selection, the Divine Will working on the human wills, both of employer and employed. On the part of the employer it will act as justice, moving him to pay the living wage and provide healthy workshops and sanitary dwellings. On the part of the employed it will act as temperance and chastity, moving them to a state of improved sobriety and higher morality.

After consumption, the sickness which tends most directly and most degradingly to produce destitution is that of venereal disease. Very much of the physical incapacity in the larger towns is attributed to this cause. That the remedy must first and foremost be a religious one is obvious.

How far drunkenness is due to moral, physical, or economic influences cannot be determined. Nor is it necessary that it should. It is enough that we know that all three kinds of causes are at work, and that the physical and economic causes can be controlled by free will. Legislative enactments cannot make people sober, but they can help considerably to that end. But even when an enlightened legislation has done its best to restrain the sale of liquor, there is still ample need for the selective principle to act directly on the individual workers. It is said that the Catholic Church has more than her share amongst the inmates of workhouses and jails. That is a sign that the selective principle is acting in and through her. She has a peculiar aptitude for picking up those who are fallen. Faith is the root of all reform. Therefore she sees to it that her children cling to the Faith even though they are in the workhouse and in jail.

The Commissioners next call attention to the housing question. The common lodging houses and the "furnished rooms," which abound in the poor centres of population, are the proximate occasion of every kind of filth and vice. The so-called "furnished rooms" are the worse. They are occupied by one tenant after another without any cleansing. The sexes mingle together promiscuously. At the end of the year 1909 the English Parliament passed a *Housing and Town-planning Act*. Its aim was to amend the law relating to the housing of the working classes; to simplify and cheapen the existing procedure for acquiring land for housing purposes;

to deal with unsanitary areas and unhealthy dwellings; to extend and amplify previous Acts requiring landlords to keep houses let to working classes in repair; to give to the Local Government Board power to enforce the execution of the Acts. But that aim, after two years effort, is a very long way from being realized. In fact, its comparative failure is a standing witness to the uselessness of legislative machinery when there is no spiritual force to drive it. The selective principle works on the mind of the legislator and results in a beneficial act such as we have mentioned. But then its fruitfulness is hindered because the local administrators happen to be local property owners, and in them the appetite for gold obscures the heart and mind against the working of the selective principle.

The cause from which arises the greatest amount of pauperism is set down as economic. It is that of casual labor. To anyone, however, acquainted with the conditions of life of the casual laborer, the moral element in the problem stands out with distinct clearness. The dock laborer, for instance, feels more keenly the brutal driving of his foreman than the waiting about or tramping in search of work. Thus one of them writes: "It was misery to be out of work: it was murder to be 'on.'" Another writes: "The tyranny of the docks of Liverpool is such that human life is thought nothing of, and men are bullied and driven to such an extent that at times they do not know what they are doing, so that instead of avoiding danger they rush into it and are either maimed or killed. In many cases foremen are appointed not through any good quality of character, but rather for their ability as slave-drivers, where ruffianism is at a premium and brute strength is the standard of fitness."

The Poor Law Commissioners declare that the pools of stagnant labor can to a large extent be drained by the establishment of labor exchanges, by a little more good will on the part of the employers to regularize their work, and by an organization among the men to dove-tail their work. Different trades have different seasons. Each industry is at its highest in a particular month. By means of the labor exchanges the men can be moved about from the slack places to the busy ones. Already the labor exchanges have justified their existence. But the "little more good will on the part of the employers" which the Commissioners ask for is something which the Government cannot create. It can start a labor bureau, but it cannot start a human will. That is the privilege of the Divine Will. It is well known how a chairman of a public company will agree to certain conditions before the world, and

before the representatives of the men, and before the Board of Trade, and then secretly tell his foreman that he is not getting half enough out of the men. Hence both the Majority and the Minority Reports have confessed that legislation without humanization can do little to solve the problem. Thus is the state constrained by the exigencies of its own needs to come round to the doctrine of the Church that "it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power."* Or is it perhaps the selective principle operating there?

The question of casual labor leads to that of boy and girl labor. Boys leave school at the age of fourteen, and are immediately offered work at wages which seem high. They become messengers and van-boys, spending four or five years doing that kind of work when they ought to be learning a trade. The work involves little or no mental discipline, but on the other hand involves long hours of uninteresting routine. At the age of nineteen or twenty the boy drifts away to become a casual laborer.

The problem of the girls is not quite so acute. They obtain work at packing, labelling, and bottling. They begin at one dollar per week, but never rise higher than \$2.25. Worst of all, they never, as the future wives and mothers, learn cooking and household management. Continuation schools are suggested as a remedy. That, however, does not touch the root of the matter. The foundation of the family must be the starting point. The selective principle, acting through the virtue of justice, must be allowed scope nearer to the fountain head of life. The father must have sufficient wages to keep himself, his wife, and family in reasonable and frugal comfort. This all-important Catholic principle humanizes the whole situation. It implies, on the one hand, that employers must not use children to do men's work at children's wages. It implies, on the other hand, that parents must not sacrifice the future of their children merely for the sake of a few dollars during the first years after the children have left school.

The same answer must be given also to the question of unemployment amongst women. On this point the Commissioners declare themselves nonplussed. "The problems," they say, "arising in the course of our inquiry from a consideration of the employment of women are too complex for us to attempt to offer any solution of them." Once again the state is forced to look to the Church for guidance. The solution is to be found in a recognition of the

*Leo XIII., *Rerum Novarum*.

Christian ideal of marriage. "They [women]," writes Leo XIII., "are not suited to certain trades: for a woman is by nature fitted for home work, and it is that which is best adapted at once to preserve her modesty, and to promote the good bringing up of children and the well-being of the family." It is very hard to drive this doctrine home even to well-meaning Catholics. They are so infected with the spirit of the age that they think the preacher is impertinent who would tell them of the obligations of home life when they want to see the world. But listen to Cardinal Manning's interpretation of the Papal Encyclical: "As we read these words," he writes, "the chainmakers of Cradley Heath, the pit-brow women of the mines, and the mothers in our factories rise before us. Here is a moral case to be solved. A woman enters for life into a sacred contract with a man before God at the altar, to fulfill to him the duties of wife, mother, and head of his home. Is it lawful for her, even with his consent, to make afterwards a second contract for so many shillings a week with a mill-owner, whereby she becomes unable to provide her husband's food, train up her children, or do the duties of her home? It is no question of the lawfulness of gaining a few more shillings for the expenses of the family, but of the lawfulness of breaking a prior contract, the most solemn between man and woman. No arguments of expediency can be admitted. It is an obligation of conscience to which all things must give way. The duties of home must first be done, then other questions may be entertained. Till then, nothing."

Here, then, we must say how heartily we agree with Dr. Saleeby, that the true economics and true politics is true domestics. This principle of the home life of the mother is equal in importance to the living wage of the father. It accounts for one-third of the destitution problem. Infant mortality is still a scandal to our civilization. One-third of all blindness is due to neglected infancy during the first three days of life. Some people seem to think that our statute law is of high perfection because it forbids mothers to return to work for three weeks or a month after child-birth. By a higher law, the law of nature, the whole care and time of the mother are due to the child for its mental and bodily nurture. And by a still higher law, the law of grace, the mother's care is wanted for the spiritual nurture of the child. God's will acting on the mother's will chooses to subordinate pleasure to duty, material culture to psychic culture, and psychic culture to spiritual.

In the department of relief the Commissioners make a dis-

covery which has ever been a commonplace in Catholic teaching and practice. It is that indiscriminate and unorganized relief tends to increase rather than to diminish destitution. The case is related of a lady who, after hearing a sermon on the conditions of life among the poor, drove down in a carriage to a very poor street in the neighborhood, and there distributed a dozen half-bottles of champagne and a dozen half-pound bunches of grapes.

Now if there is one characteristic of Catholic charities it is their happy combination of personal service and economic efficiency. They have a special aptitude for seeking out the really needful cases and of making a little go a long way. Mr. Rockefeller bears witness that of all the charitable institutions which he has observed, it is the Roman Catholic ones that get the most for their money. And why is it? It is because they are human. It is because they are inspired by some saint, say like St. Vincent de Paul, in whom the Will which organizes the whole universe has had unhindered sway. When Frederic Ozanam formed the first conference of that world-wide society which bears St. Vincent's name, he made it a first condition that they were not to be content with doling out alms. That was a cheap and unwise charity. They were to go and make friends amongst the poor. They were to give personal help such as their better education enabled them. In no case was a visitor to give money directly from his own pocket, but he might recommend a case to the local Conference. The one thing to be guarded against in the distribution of help was lest it should destroy rather than promote self-help.

In the last item Ozanam seems to have anticipated the chief difference of the Minority from the Majority Report. Throughout all the Minority recommendations there is the fundamental conception that what is necessary is to prevent destitution by grappling with its causes.

Next comes the scheme for converting the shirkers into workers. The most humane remedy to apply to laziness is starvation. Let us not blink the word. There is good authority for saying that if a man will not work neither shall he eat. Again the root of the evil lies in the will. The will power has dwindled so low that only a low motive will quicken it. Acting under higher motives the legislator applies to the shirker the lower motive of appetite for food. The Commissioners propose the Detention Colony. A voluntary colony must be provided first for those whose wills are not so completely atrophied. Then the voluntary colony must be supplemented by a compulsory one. The function of this depart-

ment is to reform those who wilfully refuse or neglect to maintain themselves or their families; or, after receiving public assistance, wilfully refuse to perform the work or observe the regulations prescribed in regard to such assistance; or who give way to gambling, drink or idleness, with the result that a person, or his or her family, becomes chargeable to the community.

The Church would go further. She teaches that parents are not only bound to educate and clothe their children, but are also bound to see that they learn a trade or profession suitable to their state in life. She condemns as grave sin the offences of gambling, drink and idleness leading to neglect of family. She is very explicit in forbidding the state to interfere with the family when unnecessary, but equally explicit in urging the state to interfere when necessary. Once more has the Pope anticipated the Poor Law Commission. "True," he says, "if a family finds itself in exceeding distress, utterly deprived of the counsel of friends, and without any prospect of extricating itself, it is right that extreme necessity be met by public aid, since each party is a part of the Commonwealth. In like manner, if within the precincts of the household there occur grave disturbance of mutual rights, public authority should intervene to force each party to yield to the other its proper due; for this is not to deprive citizens of their rights, but justly and properly to safeguard and defend them."*

We are now able to make a true transvaluation of all bodily necessities. The body must be an apt instrument of the spirit, and therefore must not be hampered by starvation and disease. The things needful to keep men from destitution, since they are destined to minister to an eternal end and purpose, acquire a correspondingly high value. So also must there be a transvaluation of all those things which are designed to improve the mind of the race. Whether we have to deal with legislatures, or county councils, or universities, or colleges, or schools, or factories, or workshops, or dockyards, or hospitals, or jails, or houses, or gardens, or drainpipes, they are all vastly more important when viewed as the means of attaining everlasting life than when viewed merely as the means of attaining natural happiness upon earth. Therefore no obstacle must be put in the way when the Holy Spirit, acting on the mind of man, chooses this or that natural or industrial process for its eternal purpose. When we hear a bookish theologian, for instance, lamenting that so many priests waste their time at municipal meetings discussing water-works and drainage, we may bid him put his hand over his

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mouth and reflect that the Heavenly Father knoweth we have need of these things.

Mere existence, however, in a state of bodily health is not enough for man's well being. He must cultivate his mind aright. And this he cannot do if all his energy is absorbed in seeking and caring for the bare necessities of life. The constant fear of hunger paralyzes the mind against the higher interests of life. The first economic reform, then, which is needed for man's psychic well-being is the establishment of an all-round minimum living wage. The mental freedom which could be thus secured is necessary, too, for man's religious life. It is true that we find deeply religious souls amongst the very poor. But, normally speaking, paupers tend to adopt a bread-and-butter religion.

The time, however, is gone by for arguing the necessity of a living wage. The present coal-strike in Great Britain has proved that the men mean to have it, that the majority of owners wish to give it, and that the Government intends to legislate against those employers who refuse it. Naturally it must be met with a minimum output of work. But what is not yet clear is the reason why a living wage should be paid. These men who are now clutching so tenaciously at their natural right would never have thought of asking for it if more enlightened minds had not put it into their heads. What remains now is to set the right on a permanent basis. The living wage is a means of enabling the collier, for example, to have sufficient food, clothing, shelter, and medical attendance. It is also a means to provide him with opportunity to improve his talent as a workman and his worth as a citizen: he must be free to attend mining schools and political meetings. It is also a means to provide him with leisure for necessary amusements. Certain means of recreation are demanded by all; and, when they are kept subordinate as means to their proper end, are admirably adapted for preparing the mind for the Gospel and the sacraments. The sport and the religion must not be divorced, else both will suffer.

By putting the industrial machine under the influence of the Holy Spirit a higher sanction is given to the natural moral laws governing the industrial process. Industry itself is thereby rendered more productive. Sound economics cannot clash with sound ascetics. Slowly but surely the truth is crystallizing out that Catholic principles are economically successful. The latest admission is that the living wage has an economic basis. The industrial organism is a living whole. It does not come into existence and die

out with each generation of men. If it is to be kept efficient, therefore, it must be renewed by a constant supply of energy. As the older workmen die off, so must younger workmen be trained to take their place. But before there can be young workmen there must also be children—and babies; and mothers. And these are a primary charge upon any individual process which is to be permanently successful. The very efficiency, therefore, of industry as such postulates a living wage. The danger is that the passion for personal indulgence will interfere with industrial efficiency. The selective principle, if not deliberately hindered, counteracts that passion.

The industrial system, thus properly treated, produces more than its keep. Here we are brought to the inmost recess of the social problem. How is the surplus product of industry, where it can be proved to exist, to be equitably distributed? It is at once the most complex and most difficult question in economics. We cannot attempt its solution here, but we can discuss it intelligently and observe which way the selective principle is moving.

In the first place, any solution whatever which does not allow for the working of the selective principle, is hopeless. Before any suggestion can be made as to a proportionate distribution of surplus, there is wanted a correct declaration of balance sheets. Nothing short of the direct action of the Holy Spirit upon the minds of owners and legislators can assure this. Nature alone is quite unequal to such a miracle of sincerity. The British railways, for instance, are at the present moment on the horns of a dilemma. By an Act of Parliament of 1844 the state has a right to take over the railways on payment of a sum equal to twenty-five years' purchase of the annual divisible profits estimated on the average of the three preceding years. On this count the temptation is to declare as large divisible profits as possible. But, on the other hand, if the directors do this, they will attract the attention of the tax-gatherer and the employee. Hence there is discovered a number of ingenious ways of evasion. The chief is the way of overcapitalization. The *Times* calculates that railway stock has been watered by at least eighteen and one-half per cent. Then there is the distribution of bonuses, the writing off of capital, the sinking of reserve funds, and the like.

Again, supposing that an approximately correct statement of the value of surplus product has been arrived at, there comes the question as to what proportion should be distributed by the government and what by individuals. All external things were made by God to supply the needs of all mankind. Whoever owns wealth

carries with it also the duty of seeing that it does its appointed work of supplying the needs of men. In designing a method of distribution, two besetting evils have to be avoided. On the one hand both master and workman have to be protected each against his strongest appetite, the appetite for gold. On the other hand the state has to be protected against its tendency to substitute mechanical contrivances for personal effort and ingenuity. In order then to leave as much scope as possible for the development of each man's individual personality, the aim of the state will be to absorb as little as possible of the wealth of the nation. If it confines itself to the correction of abuses, even then it will have more than it can accomplish. And not only must the individual mind and will be allowed a full healthy development, but the very appetite for gold, inherent in every man, must be allowed its due proportion of development. That, too, must be utilized for the common weal. It is not something bad in itself, but only something which becomes bad when it rebels against the law of reason and the law of God. It is indeed a normal and legitimate motive power, having its own proper function to perform in the working out both of the industrial and spiritual process. It is raw material for the natural virtue of thrift and the supernatural virtue of prudence, and is utilized by the selective principle when directed to these ends. A man is not an isolated intellect nor yet an isolated will. He is a human being with intellect, will, tastes, appetites, feelings; and all these faculties and functions must be ordained to his ultimate salvation. Moreover, this plain psychological fact must be taken into consideration in any scheme for the apportionment of the surplus product of industry. The scheme that will succeed best will be the one which appeals to a man's faith, reason, love, and lower appetites, particularly the appetite for gold, but to all, of course, each in its own order.

Now it would seem that there is a scheme already taking shape which fulfills these conditions. It is not Socialism, for that appeals only to man's lower appetites, and must eventually result in the reign of brute force in the form of a servile state. Nor is it that already existing in which the surplus product is kept by the comparatively few. That ministers too readily to the indulgence of appetite amongst those who are in possession. It is an incitement, moreover, to the passion of those who are not in possession. It is the strong weapon of the Socialist agitator. At present it is at grips with the organized forces of labor. The desperate struggle is a menace to the whole community. The straitness of the situa-

tion, however, is obliging our statesmen to use their wits if haply they can find out what is the right scheme in itself, rather than what is the opportune scheme for political purposes.

Earl Grey, for six years Governor-General of Canada, has just returned to England, and there expressed his surprise at finding his fellow-countrymen so distrustful of each other. Everyone, he says, seems to think that it is the chief end of man to do as little for anybody else as he possibly can. But there is a ray of hope visible in the very intensity of the gloom. Co-partnership, says Lord Grey, in an interview with the *doyen* of English journalists, is the only key which will unlock the doors of our Doubting Castle. Co-partnership implies common sense and the Ten Commandments. The present social unrest is a symptom of the divine discontent with the existing social order, which is becoming intolerable. There will undoubtedly be difficulties in its application. The gas companies have tried it and found it successful. At present over thirty gas companies, representing nearly £50,000,000, or one-half of all the gas stock owned by companies, are working on co-partnership lines. The laborer receives every year a share in the profits, which he invests in the business. Thus he has not only an interest in the concern, but also a share in the responsibilities of management.

Moreover, the arrangement is a success from the merely commercial standpoint. Sir George Livesey, the man who first started the experiment with the South Metropolitan Gas Company, says that there never was a prouder moment in his life than when he was able to stand up before his shareholders and tell them as a result of co-partnership, *and the spirit of brotherhood which it engendered*, the company had been able (1) to pay their employees higher wages than were paid to any other gas workers in the kingdom; (2) to pay the shareholders a higher dividend; and (3) to sell gas at a lower price.

Surely all this is a symptom of the divine principle of selection working in the political and industrial world. True, we do not hear the name of God mentioned explicitly; but we do hear the echo of the voice of the Vicar of Christ. "We have seen," writes Leo XIII., "that this labor question cannot be solved save by assuming as a principle that private ownership must be held sacred and inviolable. The law, therefore, should favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many as possible of the humbler class to become owners."

Listen to the business man again. Sir Benjamin Browne once

objected to Sir George Livesey that profit-sharing made no provision for the sharing of losses. Sir George asked Sir Benjamin whether he thought the difference between a shop full of contented men and one full of discontented men would make a difference of five per cent. "Not five per cent," said Sir Benjamin, "but twenty-five per cent." "That," replied Sir George, "is the workman's contribution to the reduction of the master's losses: in bad times they are giving twenty-five per cent better work and receiving no addition to trade union rates of wages." Here again is the echo of the voice of the Vicar of Christ. "Men always work harder and more readily when they work on that which belongs to them; nay, they learn to love the very soil that yields, in response to the labor of their hands, not only food to eat, but an abundance of good things for themselves and those that are dear to them. That such a spirit of willing labor would add to the produce of the earth and to the wealth of the community is self-evident."*

Whether it is owing to the stress of the laws of nature, or whether it is owing to the leaven of papal teaching, certain it is that a reaction has set in towards the papal ideals. "I don't think this," says Earl Grey, "a question of percentages so much as it is of mutual confidence. It is as true in business as in religion. By faith are ye saved. Faith in each other is essential if the best results are to be achieved. It is the old doctrine which our friend Mr. Stanley Lee expressed with such force when he said, 'The men who can be believed in most will get the most business, and, what is more important, the men who can make men believe in them most will be able to hire employees who can be believed in most, and will get a monopoly of the efficiency of the world.'" And what is most promising in this reaction is that those who are taking part in it, statesmen, employers, journalists, are keenly alive to the principle that although profit-sharing means increased dividends, yet it is unprofitable to adopt it merely for the sake of increasing dividends. The gospel paradox strikes home, that he who would save his life shall lose it. "It is the spirit of mutual confidence," continues Lord Grey, "what Mr. Stanley Lee calls 'the evolution of the genius of being believed in,' which is the secret of co-partnership. It is a practical and tangible sign that you do care for the welfare of the worker. Without that you may try what dodges you like, you will not succeed."

So once again the gospel is justified in its saying. We must absolutely seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and then

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the dividends in due and proper proportion will be added unto us. This is a hard saying, because dividends are so very tempting. "After all these things do the heathen seek." But the Holy Spirit seeks for the Kingdom of the Spirit. Acting through the spirit of man He seeks to adjust the industrial process to the spiritual process. The sole function of dividends is to enable man to improve his mind and enlarge his heart in order to his fuller salvation. For this reason then must the wealth of the world be more widely distributed and more equitably divided.

On the one side we have seen a small party holding power because it held wealth, grasping the whole of labor and trade, manipulating for its own benefit and its own purposes all the sources of supply, working even through the councils of the state. On the other side we have seen a needy and powerless multitude, broken down, and suffering, and ever ready for disturbance. Now we see the Spirit of God moving over the face of the deeps. Through its mouthpiece, the Sovereign Pontiff, it bids the working people to look for a share in the land, so that the gulf between vast wealth and sheer poverty may be bridged over, and the respective classes brought nearer to one another.

History, too, has recorded in favor of the Holy Spirit. See where the Socialistic theory flourishes most. It is in the industrial societies of North Germany, of the Northern United States, of England, of the lowlands of Scotland, precisely those countries where Protestant individualism has had most sway. The exaggerated individualism, the theory of man's self-perfectibility, which derived a religious sanction from the sixteenth century revolt, could have no other logical issue. Compare this industrial spirit with that of the Catholic societies. Their whole tendency, derived from or fostered by the Holy Father, is towards a state in which capital and land is owned by the greater part of the citizens. The instinct of the Irish race, for instance, is for the people to own the land. The French, the Belgians, and the Italians are moved by the same appetite. Its intellectual equation is the unanswered challenge flung down to Individualist and Socialist alike: Prove that a society in which the wealth is divided amongst the majority of the citizens is not a stable society. Dynamic stability is the sign of industrial, social, and religious happiness. The spiritual factor fuses all other factors into one white glow, the organic life of one magnificent eugenic society of supermen, the Kingdom of heaven on earth.

THE VOLTAIRE OF PORTUGAL.

SEBASTIAN JOSEPH DE CARVALHO, MARQUIS OF POMBAL
(1699-1782).

BY MARY H. ALLIES.



THE announcement by some of the radicals that the new Portuguese Republic would follow the policy of Pombal was pregnant to the few, but meaningless to the majority in America and elsewhere to whom Pombal is not even a name. Was he, as the present writer was informed, "the greatest general who ever lived?" In gathering together a few facts connected with Pombal, I am merely writing a *mémoire pour servir*, first to produce a gleam of recognition, and then a further knowledge of the man. The prime minister of a pleasure-loving king in an unconstitutional age, he worked out his own will to the destruction of the four cardinal virtues in Church and state.

Portugal was made and then unmade by her colonies. Her sun rose when the "Great Captain," as Vasco da Gama was called, revealed India to his mother country, and founded those Portuguese possessions of which Goa alone now remains. Brazil poured gold into the country, and in so doing impoverished it by weakening home initiative, trade, and agriculture.

"Home staying youths have ever homely wits." Gold mines abroad were at once an inducement to the homely wits to remain homely, and to the active minds to wander away from Portugal. Gold poured into the country to its undoing, and Philip II. was able to humble the national sentiment to the dust. In 1580 he annexed Portugal to Spain, strengthening the antagonism which has always existed between the two countries. Sixty years later the Duke of Braganza became King under the title of John IV., and gave us our only Portuguese Queen, Catherine of Braganza, who brought her heart, as well as Tangiers, to Charles II.

Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho e Mello was born in 1699 during the reign of Dom John IV. According to Portuguese custom, he added the name of Mello, a maternal ancestor, to his own. His second brother was named Francisco Xavier de

Mendonça, his mother's name, and the youngest, Paul de Carvalho e Mendonça.* Sebastian Joseph was created first Conde d'Oeyras, and in 1770 Marquis de Pombal, the title by which he is commonly known. He adopted the career of diplomacy, and whilst at Vienna lost his first wife, Donna Theresa de Noronha, to whom he was much attached. In 1739 he was sent as Portuguese minister to England, at a time when the court language was French rather than English, during the reign of the second Hanoverian King, George II. The country was no bed of roses for Catholics, even for Catholic ambassadors. A proclamation had been issued in 1744 "to put the laws in execution against all Papists and non-jurors, and for commanding all Papists to depart from the cities of London and Westminster, and from within ten miles of the same, by the 2d of March."†

Carvalho was recalled to Lisbon in 1745, and shortly afterwards went to Vienna, where he eventually married, as his second wife, Countess Leonora Daun of a distinguished Austrian family. Carvalho enjoyed the favor of Maria Theresa, both on his own account and on that of his wife. Whether he used the said favor in the interest of religion is difficult to determine. It seems certain, however, that Carvalho did not greatly distinguish himself either in London or in Vienna.

Dom Joseph succeeded his father, John V., in 1750, and through the favor of John's Austrian Queen, Maria Anna of Austria, Carvalho was called to the ministry. At first he took the portfolio of foreign and military affairs, but by degrees he came to represent the whole cabinet, so that historians have asked the question whether it was the reign of Joseph or of Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal. The King began, as he continued, by making only a show of transacting business. The Queen was Anna of Spain, a daughter of Philip V., and consequently a great-granddaughter of Louis XIV. Queen Anna was a sportswoman, and spent her days in the saddle by preference! Her one thought out of it was to keep the King's affection and to pander to his love of pleasure. The Queen Dowager looked on in disapproval. If she had wished to strengthen the ministry by the introduction of Carvalho, she had overreached herself. The King gave up all cares of state, Queen Anna lived in her saddle, whilst Carvalho drew into his own hands the reins of government. The cabinet,

**Marquis of Pombal. Conde da Carnota*, p. 19.

†*Id.*, 24.

which had been composed of Diego de Mendoza and Pedro da Motta, soon represented one man alone—Carvalho.

Gold fields had drawn off husbandmen and laborers from home vineyards, so that Portugal's rich soil and fine climate had never been turned to good account. The commercial spirit was at a low ebb, and Carvalho wished to revive it by strengthening the ancient alliance between England and Portugal. Carvalho organized wine companies as a spur to trade. Unfortunately, as monopolies, they paralyzed individual effort. A few profited and grew rich to the detriment, it would seem, of the wine trade itself. The best known of these companies was the Port Wine Company. A contemporary describes the disaffection produced at Oporto by the measure, in 1757, as nothing short of an insurrection. "Formerly," says the Austrian Ambassador Khevenhüller, "every man sold his wine to the highest bidder, consequently chiefly to the English. The price of wine rose or fell according to the vintage. Now, however, only one company is authorized to accept customers. The wine is priced every year by the company itself, and the proceeding being beyond dispute, the cultivators are obliged to sell at a loss."

The companies placed trading with foreign nations in the hands of a few, thus offering no recourse against destitution in the case of the individual cultivator. Resistance to these monopolies was punished by imprisonment, which often meant confinement in dungeons at Carvalho's pleasure. In 1757 Oporto was under martial law, every house with its contingent of soldiers, who were to stamp out discontent and grievances. Sixteen ring-leaders of the public disaffection were condemned to death, as death was then inflicted, by torture.* A few years later, in 1761, the wine company of Oporto petitioned the King to allow a tax on every pipe of wine to be levied for Carvalho's benefit. The favor of the few was in proportion to the disfavor of the many. Under Dom Joseph's successor, Donna Maria, the abolition of Carvalho's companies was followed by a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving.

Carvalho feigned to patronize home manufactures. That he did not forward them in reality is proved by his methods, which were expensive and vexatious to the country by excessive taxation. The resources which he commanded over and above taxation were—the fortunes of great nobles executed on the unproved

*This practice was in accordance with the Criminal Law in European countries generally, as carried out until modern times.

charge of high treason; the capital and possessions of the Jesuits in Portugal as also in their provinces for the missions of Goa, Japan, China, Malabar, Brazil, and Maranhao, and further, the property of the numerous clergy whom he consigned to perpetual imprisonment. He succeeded in confiscating to the state the revenues of many religious houses. The Tavora episode illustrating, as it does, his dislike of an ancient house, was, however, preceded by the catastrophe of the earthquake.

The 2d of November, 1755, broke over Lisbon without a warning of coming disaster. It was a perfect Summer day, sky and water of that deep blue which seems to hold a promise of eternal beauty. In a few hours all was changed: the fair city was in ruins, the Tagus swollen to a torrent, which helped on the work of destruction. Fires, too, broke out, and consumed those who might have escaped the yawning chasm or the falling masonry. The royal family were at the palace of Belem in the suburbs of Lisbon. Carvalho found them in tears and consternation.

"What is to be done to meet this infliction of Divine justice?" exclaimed the King.

"Your Majesty," was Carvalho's reply, "let us bury the dead and help the living."*

Sixty thousand perished in the destruction of Lisbon. Criminals no longer held by prison bonds walked abroad, seeking booty amongst the dying and the dead. Burying the dead was no small enterprise, owing to the fear of plague. These are the grim accompaniments of the earth's upheaval; *from the scourge of earthquakes, O Lord, deliver us* is a petition, not fifty years old, in our liturgy. Carvalho displayed great courage and presence of mind in the emergency. On him devolved the labor of rebuilding that portion of Lisbon which had suffered most from the catastrophe. It is the quarter on which the Rocio Square now stands.

Dom Joseph's blind trust in his prime minister was considerably strengthened by Carvalho's energy over the smoking ruins of Lisbon. The King lived for pleasure and the self-indulgence to which pleasure leads. Carvalho pandered to it by holding the reins of government in his own hands. The one reigned in name, the other governed in deed. But in the moral order the powerful prime minister had more capacity for pulling down than for building up. A few years after the earthquake, in 1758, an incident occurred, which has always been enveloped in lugubrious mystery.

*Carnota, 46.

The King was paying very marked attentions to the young Marquise Tavora. He was returning one evening in September, 1758, from a visit to her, accompanied by a chamberlain named Texeira, of doubtful character and evil reputation.* A shot was fired at the royal carriage by the Duke of Aveiro, and the King was wounded. It was really aimed at Texeira, not at the King at all, for Texeira had grossly insulted the duke, and made the King's downward course as easy as possible. For three months nothing was done: then retaliation fell heavily on some of the noblest in Portugal, notably on the Tavora family. The young marquis bitterly resented Dom Joseph's visits to his wife, and it may be that his attitude explains the fearful fate which overtook his family. His father, the old marquis, came home from a ball in the early morning of December 13, 1758, to find his house surrounded by soldiers. In his bewilderment he went straight to the King, who was closeted with Carvalho. He was arrested then and there in the royal palace. A month later, after a summary trial, the victims were brought to execution. The number of persons implicated in the so-called attempt on the King's life ran into a hundred, the Tavoras heading the poll. This ancient family was stamped out in shame and ignominy.

Early in the morning of January 13, 1759, the condemned were led out to suffer a horrible death. The old Marquise Tavora was the first, and in consequence of her sex she was merely beheaded. In some countries the criminal law sentenced murderers to be broken on the wheel. It would seem not to have been current in Portugal before Dom Joseph's, that is, Pombal's, reign. The second Tavora son, José Maria, was stretched on a block in the form of a cross, his arms and legs smashed by twenty-two blows dealt by an iron weight. The third victim was the Conde de Atonguia. The fourth the young Marquis de Tavora, who loudly asserted his innocence, but was not allowed to speak. Next followed two servants of the Duke of Aveiro, and a corporal in the service of the old marquis, who suffered the same hacking as his young master, José Maria. The old Marquis Tavora and the Duke of Aveiro received nine deadly blows. The tenth, a servant of the Duke of Aveiro, was compelled to look at the ghastly remains of those who had been already executed, and was then cast into

*A contemporary Jesuit, Eckart, who was in Portugal from 1758, gives an account of this in his *Historia Persecutionis Societatis Jesu in Lusitania*, XIII., p. 361. Quoted by Duhr, p. 82.

the flames, together with the bleeding limbs and bones, to be burnt alive. His agony lasted a quarter of an hour. The Austrian Ambassador, Khevenhüller, thus described this terrible miscarriage of justice to Kaunitz, the Pombal of Austria. Twenty years later the memory of the Tavoras was not cleared. Restitution was not made during the lifetime of Queen Anna, who justly feared the aspersion it would cast on Dom Joseph's own character.

An unfortunate man of Italian birth, Pele, by name, had planned an attack on Pombal. He was betrayed and punished in the same appalling fashion as the Tavoras. His hands were cut off, and he was torn in quarters by four wild horses, and then burnt (1775).*

Ten Jesuits, as confessors to the parties concerned, had been implicated in the Tavora trial, although no just cause of complaint had been found against them. The year 1758 marks the beginning in Carvalho of a more active dislike and distrust of the Church, which he sought to uproot and to replace by a national establishment, as if he could legislate for Portuguese souls. He determined on the suppression of the Jesuits. No one of the Catholic powers, not even Maria Theresa, put out an arm to prevent him. On the contrary, the atmosphere was charged with disaffection, and it is perhaps owing to this circumstance that Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal, was able to carry out his design against the Church, and against the Jesuits. The Tavora episode was a tragedy of state absolutism. Pombal also marked in a dramatic manner his attitude to the Inquisition. He secured the management of this tribunal by putting it into subservient hands, and eliminating the ecclesiastical element.

The appalling Tavora sentence had its parallel in the trial and conviction of Fr. Malagrida, an aged Jesuit missionary, who had spent himself in the forests of Brazil, and nearly fallen a victim to heathen savages. Still more cruel hands awaited him. A Jesuit contemporary describes him as a man of the greatest unselfishness and simplicity. Long suffering in the prison of Junguiera was his portion for his supposed implication in the Tavora attempt, itself a misnomer. Thus weakened and enfeebled he was given up to the Inquisition in September, 1761, and burnt to death in his habit at the age of seventy-four. The spirit, which had braved the toils and dangers of missionary life, had become weakened in Pombal's dungeon, and this was in fact the only

*Duhr, *Pombal, Sein Charakter u. Seine Politik*, 86, 96.

reproach which could be made against the aged religious. It was not customary to deliver the religious habit, with the criminal, to the Inquisition. The act in Malagrida's case was typical of special degradation and dishonor.

A bitter hatred characterized Pombal's dealings with the Jesuits because they thwarted his plans in two particulars. He wished to depreciate the priesthood as well as the religious life, and to break with Rome. To this end he dealt summarily with the Jesuits, and thought to suppress them in Portugal and Portuguese colonies before Clement XIV. had formally issued his Bull. In a dispatch to his government, in July, 1760, Kail remarks: "No disaster, nothing unpleasant of any kind, can happen here nowadays, which is not at once put down to the hated Jesuits."*

Pombal sent them either into banishment or into prison. He destroyed all activity in the Jesuit missions, whether in Asia, Africa, or America, damaging his own country no less than the colonies in the process. From 1760 onwards he was striving to draw the Church in Portugal from the Holy See, and to give to the Portuguese sovereign what the Parliament of 1535 gave to Henry VIII. A decree of expulsion against the Jesuits was issued in 1767, after their existence had been recognized as legal. The proceedings bear a strong resemblance to the state authorization of the French government, which has scarcely saved one teaching body of religious in France from banishment and confiscation. With the Jesuits, and even before them, suffered those bishops and priests who would not submit to state interference in matters of conscience. In 1760 the Archbishop of Bahia refused to accept the suspension of Jesuit faculties without the consent of the Holy See, and he had in consequence to leave Portugal. A man of much learning and holiness, he retired into solitude in Portuguese America. Not only were priests and religious of independent minds removed, but whole convents were dispersed for having incurred Pombal's displeasure.

The Bishop of Coimbra had condemned certain books in a pastoral, for which crime of *laesae majestatis* he was seized and imprisoned in an underground dungeon. The Augustinian Order, to which he belonged, was punished in the same degree with military visits and seizure of papers. The bishop had been guilty of denouncing Voltaire's works, and others, in the pastoral, which was burnt by the public executioner. Dom José, taking his orders

*Duhr, p. 107.

from Pombal, wrote to the chapter of Coimbra, recommending a new nomination in consequence of the bishop's proceedings. The tribunal which sat upon the pastoral (1768) gave its opinion in no equivocal terms: "To tell a man, 'You must not read this book without the Pope's leave' means 'you must believe in matters of government only what the Pope chooses, an absurdity which shatters the foundation of all government.' ""*

A certain book, which was drawn up by Pombal's orders, the *Tentativa Theologica*, sets forth his conception of making bishops independent of the Holy See and dependent on the Crown. First of all admission to the priesthood was much restricted, and not left to the bishops' discretion. Candidates for Holy Orders had to obtain the King's permission for their ordination, and in the same way monasteries were forbidden to receive novices. Marriage dispensations of whatever kind are properly referred to the Holy See, yet there were Portuguese bishops who acted against their conscience and usurped the power which belongs to the Pope alone. The Archbishops of Evora and Braga issued dispensations in the third and fourth degree. A certain Dom José da Camara, wishing to marry his deceased wife's sister, was dispensed by the Bishop of Elva, who constituted himself and his canons commanding officers as reservists in case of a war with Spain. Kail's secret dispatches to his government note these particulars as a consequence of the breach with Rome, which was consummated at last by the treatment inflicted on the Papal Nuncio.

In June, 1760, the Princess of Brazil, heiress to the throne, married the Infante, Dom Pedro, in the midst of great rejoicings. The Papal Nuncio, Philip Acciogoli, was a man of moderation, and had shown himself compliant on many occasions. As a consequence of receiving no invitation to the wedding festivities, he did not illuminate his house. The omission was seized as a pretext for his abrupt dismissal. On June 17th, his house was surrounded by detachments of military, and he himself was required to quit the kingdom within four days. Cardinal Acciogoli did not tarry, but left at once with a few intimate friends, taking nothing with him. Thus the Papal Nuncio was hurried from Portugal, and Pombal effected a breach with Rome, which was most displeasing to King, royal family, and people.

If the Jesuits upheld the Holy See, the Holy See upheld the Jesuits, but in 1760 the Society of Jesus was approaching the fatal

*Duhr, 113, 114.

hour when Clement XIV. would order it to disband. This hour, it seems, was prepared and made possible by Pombal. He had outlawed, banished, and imprisoned those who thwarted his designs. In 1769 Clement XIV. became Pope, and in 1773 he consented to suppress the Society. Those Jesuits, therefore, who escaped alive from Pombal's dungeons, came back to find themselves no longer a body corporate when their prison doors were unlocked after Dom Joseph's death.

In the meantime, in 1770, Portugal resumed diplomatic relations with Rome. Pombal, who had made the breach, repaired it in his own fashion. The Archbishop of Evora, da Cunha, and Paul Carvalho received the Cardinal's hat, whilst the Bishop of Coimbra, who had fought a good fight, was suffered to remain in solitary confinement. Lemos de Farina was consecrated as Bishop *in partibus* with the right of succession to the See of Coimbra, and confirmed by Clement, who was misled by Pombal's representations. The Pope's act is said to be unique in the annals of the Church!* Other nominations were equally disastrous; in fact, Pombal seized the opportunity for filling vacant sees with his nominees. Cardinal da Cunha, as Archbishop of Evora, had taken upon himself to give marriage dispensations, which are properly reserved to the Holy See. Pope Clement did not remember this against him, but allowed him to live out of his diocese, provided he occasionally visited it. He was an absentee for six years, one of his avocations being the presidency of a Jansenist Club, distinguished for irreligious opinions. Pope Clement, again misinformed, nominated da Cunha to the post of Grand Inquisitor in the interest of the general peace of the Church (1770). These were some of the proceedings which marked the return of the Papal Nuncio and the years of power still reserved to Pombal. These lasted as long as Dom José lived. The King expired on February 24, 1777, expressing great contrition for having trusted Pombal over much, and thus caused the miscarriage of justice throughout the kingdom.

Donna Maria, who ascended the throne, received her father's inheritance from Pombal's hands. Dom José spoke from the fullness of his heart on his death-bed, and charged his daughter to release prisoners, to pay his court, and to keep peace with the Church. The imprisoned Bishop of Coimbra was released shortly before the King's end at the request of his confessor. He had suffered

*Duhr, 135.

nine years imprisonment for doing his duty. The number of persons imprisoned on a false charge of high treason was no fewer than eight hundred and fourteen. Lebzeltern describes the opening of prison doors a few days after the King's death: "Through the release of an endless number of prisoners, people reappear whose memory has been forgotten. These people have endured the horrors of a terrible captivity from eighteen to twenty years long: it is an image of the rising from the dead. This minister [Pombal] is not only forsaken, but there is no class in the state who does not bring bitter reproaches against him to the feet of the throne, and load him with the most grievous charges." In a dispatch in cypher, the ambassador gives an account of what priests, religious and Jesuits, had been called upon to endure. "It is stated," he says, "that the Queen has made up her mind to free the Jesuits also. Amongst them there is a certain Fr. Timothy, her former confessor, whom she has always greatly missed,also there are subjects of our gracious Sovereigns."

According to Lebzeltern their greatest crime was the fact that they were Jesuits, and knew too much about Brazil. He reminded his correspondent that they would leave prison in rags, and would require decent clothes and traveling expenses. A month later, Lebzeltern reported that all prisoners belonging to the nobility had been set at liberty. Wishing to test the nature of the captivity inflicted on the Jesuits, he visited in disguise the Fortress of St. Julian, built at the mouth of a river, and saw dungeons which froze the blood in his veins with horror. Underground holes, four feet long, almost impervious to the light, occasionally flooded by two feet of water, constituted the dungeon in which these Fathers had managed to exist for eighteen years. Their food consisted of half a pound of bread, two ounces of meat, and a little salad daily. A shirt each, yearly, was contributed to their clothing. Lebzeltern found nine German Jesuits amongst the number, one P. Kaulen, whose sufferings filled him with compassion, and another, P. Szenmartone, a brilliant mathematician.

After much correspondence and many negotiations, Lebzeltern finally succeeded in helping the German Jesuits out of their prison, and sending them back to their own country. P. Kaulen remained at St. Julian, together with thirty Portuguese Jesuits, whose destination could not be determined. One and all were ex-Jesuits: their religious family no longer existed. Fr. Carelen had labored in the Portuguese missions, with other German Jesuits, at the solicitation

of the Crown. He had converted a whole tribe on the banks of the Amazon, toiled during seven years to make some provision for his people. The material fruits of his labors were swept away by Francis de Mendonça, Pombal's brother, and he himself was shipped off to Lisbon, where imprisonment was the reward of his devotedness. Dungeon rigor lost him the nails of his hands and feet, and reduced his body to a mass of sores. When by force of patient endurance he had somewhat recovered, he was transferred to the underground hole, which Leibeltern had seen and shuddered at. Many succumbed to their inhuman imprisonment, and amongst them Fr. Butger Hundt. After twenty years of missionary labors, he spent fourteen in captivity, and died of its horrors.

Donna Maria's inheritance cost her one million. The court officials had received no salary for fourteen years, but money grievances were the lightest part of the woes with which she had to contend. The Queen could not unmake what had "been made" any more than the gods of old. Now at least Pombal's iron grip on public affairs was loosened. It is said that the Bishop of Beha remained his friend; not so Cardinal da Cunha, who broke with him in his fallen fortunes. The Marquise Pombal became seriously ill through much weeping. In 1781 a royal decree banished her husband to Pombal, where he died on May 14, 1782.

And now to show how faithfully Pombal's spirit has been evoked, I may quote recent events and the protest against them uttered by the Jesuit provincial in Portugal. "It is passing strange," says the provincial, "that to this moment not a single offence has been alleged against us. The law of October 8th (1910) assigns none, but appeals to the ancient obsolete legislation of Pombal (1758) and Aguiar (1834)."

It is true that imprisonment in 1910 cannot vie with the underground dungeons of 1760. Still the provincial has something to say about "treatment in prison." "As to the sufferings of my beloved brethren, I will only say that in the artillery barrack which was under the control not of the military, but of the dregs of the populace, not even a spoon was given to the prisoners wherewith to eat their mess of food; that they were allowed to withdraw privately but once in eight hours, and poor invalids to whom such tyranny might prove fatal were told that they only sought a pretext for retirement. At night, the guards threatened to shoot any one who attempted to get up. Finally, these warders had the

brutality to bring in abandoned women, but these were compelled to retreat before the calm and dignified bearing of my worthy brethren. As to their furniture, I will only say that afterwards when, being transferred to Caxias, they were there provided with a mattress laid on the ground, a hard bolster and a single blanket, they thought themselves in comfort by comparison.

"In a dungeon of the Town Hall, before their removal to the central prison of Limóiro, some of the captives were still worse treated, being crammed together to the number of twenty-three, where there was scarce room for three or four, and they had for five days to breathe foul air, not being suffered to leave the chamber, and there being no ventilation save through one small aperture."*

Again, to turn to even more recent events of the drama, which is history repeating itself: "Dom Antonio Barroso, the Bishop of Oporto, has been arrested on the charge of ordering the Joint Pastoral of the Portuguese Bishops to be read in the churches of his diocese. On his arrival in Lisbon on March 6th, he was greeted by an expectant crowd, who had been thoroughly demoralized. The misrepresentations and calumnies of the republican government have done their work, and the people in their ignorance have turned against their best friends. At the cries of 'Down with the Jesuits!' 'Death to the Bishop!' Dom Antonio, perhaps remembering his long years of missionary work in South Africa and his struggle in Oporto for the reform of abuses and for the good of his people, turned to Dr. G. Martins and said quietly: 'And is all this for me?' "†

"All this" is for the followers of Malagrida, the Bishop of Coimbra and their companions, who may lose the fruit of their labors in this world, and reach the higher plane of suffering persecution for justice' sake.

Since the Bishop of Oporto's arrest, we have witnessed the joint protest of the Portuguese Bishops against the Decree of April 20, 1911, separating the Church from the State. We have read the Encyclical Letter in which Pope Pius X. enumerates the evils of the present legislation, a too faithful reproduction of Pombal's procedure. The one remedy lies in obedience to the Holy Father, and the obedient man will yet speak victory.

**London Tablet*, December 24, 1910.

†*Id.*, March 25, 1911.

IS SATAN THE HERO OF PARADISE LOST?

BY EMILY HICKEY.



FROM the time of Dryden, who, in the Dedication of his translation of the *Æneid*, proclaimed Satan the hero of *Paradise Lost*, the assertion, or at least the opinion, that such is the part that he takes in Milton's great epic has been by no means unusual.

In the *Saturday Papers* on *Paradise Lost*, published in the *Spectator* just two hundred years ago, Addison considered the question of Satan's title to be the hero of the epic, and dismissed it on the ground that it was impossible for the hero to be degraded; that is, degraded in character, aim and end. "The hero need not be faultless, but should be noble."

It is strange that Dr. Garnett, who, in his *Life of John Milton*, maintains that Satan is the hero of *Paradise Lost*, appears to have forgotten the essential ignobleness and meanness of Milton's Evil One: for the same writer rejects the claim of Adam to be the hero on the ground that when "he begins to wrangle with Eve about their respective shares of blame, he forfeits his estate of heroism more irretrievably than his estate of holiness." Is "wrangling" for the moment (if we consent to call what passes between the first guilty ones at that sorrowful time by that name) more greatly ignoble than the determination to ruin the beautiful innocent Eden dwellers for the sake of "spiting" the Creator whose punishment Satan is under, and endeavoring to make out that the ultimate blame rests with that Creator Himself?

Dryden saw, as many others later than he have seen, the magnificence of Milton's conception of the Great Apostate; he, like them, was so obsessed by the faded splendor of the "archangel ruined" that he must have lost sight of his intense selfishness developed from his intense egotism, his evil meanness and falsehood, so well symbolized by the "black mist low creeping" whose likeness he at one time assumes, his cruelty and his degradation. He has been seen as a hero because of qualities which are so specially interesting that their presence seems to throw into oblivion, or at least non-consideration, the side that is low and mean. The lowest among God's servants shines with a fadeless splendor

before which the "archangel ruined" shows but dark with the deepest depth of darkness. Should this be forgotten, or ignored, even in the face of "the unconquerable will," the strength of leadership, the greatness of his language, the lingering beauty of his form? All these things have fascinated men, inspiring them with admiration, and even more; and to their effect in themselves has been added their having been set for us in the magnificent poetry of him whose style has given to the language of English speakers a synonym for "sublime" in the word "Miltonic." We must remember, however, how few know their *Paradise Lost* as a whole. Most of those who have any acquaintance with the poem, knowing only a few of those passages which are "selected" and among which those dealing with Satan, especially that most splendid one beginning with the *Address to the Sun*, must form a very prominent part.

Can any character be called the hero of an epic which sees him beaten and repulsed, not through those outward circumstances among which defeat may be the highest success, but from the necessity of God's good triumphing over the evil which that character has taken for his good? Can a hero of an epic be shown to us degraded at the first, and going down into degradation deeper and yet deeper, until at last the bestial change that overtakes him as a part of his punishment is the outward sign that he has reached the extreme of the deep still lower than the deepest?

Let us try to trace the character of Satan, as shown us in the poet's description, in his own words and actions, and in the words spoken of him and addressed to him by those of whom he had once stood the peer.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind,

* * *

Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence.

This is the description given at the beginning of the Second Book of *Paradise Lost*, which tells of the holding of the infernal council in Pandemonium. We cannot but place Milton's Satan on an eminence; there is nothing insignificant about him; the poet's conception is so vast, so mighty, that we feel how these lines set before us, in few words, the power of evil. It is indeed on an eminence that the Adversary sits; and it is indeed a bad eminence.

Pride, with its offspring, ambition, and its result, disloyalty, with the corruption of others, and the audacity of disobedience, dyed deeply with the dye of ingratitude, we know to have been the cause of Satan's fall. His own lips tell us of his pride, and with pride in that pride. He could not bear the rule of a superior; he hated even to imagine that he could have a superior. It is in the Archangel Raphael's story of the Fall of the Angels, related to Adam for his aid and warning, that we find the fullest account of the beginning of that fall.

On such a day as Heaven's great year brings forth,
the Imperial summons called the host of angels before the Almighty's throne. Splendid was the great army with its standards and gonfalons; the great army with its distinction

Of hierarchies, of orders and degrees.
.....Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliss embosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

The Father declares His Son, His Anointed One, that day begotten, appointed as the Head of all. The infinite Father has sworn that to Him all knees shall bow: whosoever disobeys Him disobeys the Eternal Father,

.....breaks union; and that day,
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.

All seemed well pleased: all seemed, but all were not. Satan the hypocrite, the seemer content, wakes in the ambrosial night, full of angry envy against Him Who that day had been proclaimed Messiah: his pride cannot bear this, and he thinks himself impaired by the exaltation of the Son. He resolves

With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworship'd, unbey'd, the throne supreme.
Contemptuous.

Satan wakens his next subordinate (Beelzebub), and tells him that he is sure he will be at one with his leader. Thus he plays on his "loyalty," he whose own loyalty is flung away. New laws, he says, have been imposed.

New laws from Him Who reigns, new minds may raise
 In us who serve, new counsels, to debate
 What doubtful may ensue.

Beelzebub is directed to assemble the chief of the legions of which he is leader, and for this assembling a lying reason is assigned. They are to haste, by the Most High's command, with their leader to "the quarters of the north"

.....there to prepare
 Fit entertainment to receive our King
 The great Messiah, and His new commands,
 Who speedily through all the hierarchies
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

Bad influence is infused into the breast of Satan's associate: the Regent Powers under him Regent are called, as by the summons of God Himself: and the suggested cause for the assembling having been given out, the ready false tongue of the Adversary

.....casts between
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
 Or taint integrity.

The legions obey their Potentate.

.....for great indeed
 His name, and high was his degree in Heaven:
 His countenance, as the morning star that guides
 The starry flock, allured them, and with lies
 Drew after him the third part of Heaven's host.

In Satan's attitude to service we may find much of warning for ourselves.

Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven

is his conclusion. He despises service, which by him is described as servitude and slavery, to which his pride will not bow; and in this, as all through, we see the contrast to the Divine Master Who took on Himself the form of a servant; Who served in all ways; Who commanded service as the lesson and meaning of social life; and Who left to His Vicegerent to bear through many a century the title of Servant of servants. So too, the flawless Lady whom next to Him we honor; she who proclaimed herself the handmaid, or even the bondmaid, of the Lord.

A characteristic of him who is considered to be the one and

only man whom Shakespeare has given to us as unredeemed by a touch of goodness, Iago, is hatred of service. And here is Satan's blindness transmitted to his followers: he cannot see that to serve is to be exalted; that to be the servant of God is to possess the highest freedom.

The apostate taunts Abdiel, the one found true among the myriads under his Regency whom Satan had made false, who comes against him in the war which is waged between high Heaven and those who are to inhabit Hell; taunts him as a slothful being, one who knows no liberty.

At first I thought that Liberty and Heaven
To heavenly souls had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Minist'ring spirits, train'd up in feast and song;

it is just the poor "ministering spirits" who are against him, he says; servility contending with freedom. And in Abdiel's reply we come to the kernel of Satan's sin;

Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd.

There it is, the egotism, the being centred in self, with all the blindness, the cruelty, the weakness which springs therefrom, es-saying to assume the form of strength. We notice how he who rages against service is accused by the Angel Zephon of base servility.

And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawned, and cringed, and servilely adored
Heaven's awful Monarch?

Even in Heaven the false one had given to service that note whose dishonesty had turned its outward manifestation into despicable servility. We may be quite sure that the other side of pride is meanness; meanness perforce instead of humility by will.

The first speech of Satan, to his followers, delivered in Pandemonium, from his throne of royal state, reveals this intense egotism of his. His claim to the first place he puts forward as a two-fold one. Just right and the fixed laws of Heaven have, he says, created him their leader, along with their own free choice; and the loss of Heaven has further

Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent.

Let us note carefully what follows. In Heaven dignity commands a happier state, which might indeed "draw envy from each inferior;" but from this envy he is now safe; for being

Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim

as their bulwark, and being condemned to the "greatest share of endless pain," he thinks that envy cannot touch him. There is an uneasy consciousness in his mind that he who has envied may be the mark of envy; and he therefore puts it to his companions that "none sure will claim in Hell Precedence;" there is none that will covet a larger share of pain. This, he proclaims, is the advantage

To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven.

Thus an infinite loss is to be part of the basis of his power. We shall again see his egotism in his taking the part of pioneer and his reasons for so doing. Here, too, his meanness comes out. When he undertakes the terrible journey to seek out the means to injure the Almighty by injuring His creation, he imposes on his followers the belief that in so doing he despises his own safety for the general safety, and he receives the homage which their admiration for this offers him, as they bend towards him "with awful reverence prone."

It is true that he excels the other fallen spirits in courage, for none of them had dared to undertake "the dreadful voyage;" it is also true that the fear comes upon him that, after he had announced his resolution,

Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refused) what erst they fear'd;
And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn.

This is his "prudence!"

Take Satan as a reasoner. We have to think of him either as illogical, which would not fall in with the height of his intellectual being, or else as blindly sophistical, which indeed he is, being the father of lies. In his speeches to his followers, to the angels, and to Eve, Satan sets things in a wrong light. It is when he is alone that we find from what he says how truly he can see,

although to others he has spoken falsehood in the guise of truth. As an instance of this, we may compare what he says to Beelzebub concerning God, with what he says in the speech which begins with what is known as his *Address to the Sun*. In the former speech he appears not to understand why God must be supreme; he builds His claim to supremacy on force.

He
Who now is Sovereign can dispose and bid
What shall be right: furthest from His is best,
Whom reason hath equal'ed, force hath made supreme
Above His equals.

How different from this assertion is what Satan says in the later instance:

.....pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King:
Ah, wherefore? He deserved no such return
From me, whom He created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with His good
Upbraided none; nor was His service hard.

* * *

.....all His good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit.

The debt immense of endless gratitude,

So burdensome; still paying, still to owe:
Forgetful what from Him I still received,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?

The whole of the address to the sun is most important in any study of the character of Milton's Satan. We see how vividly awake he is to the truth, and how determined to reject it. If, he says, he had been some inferior angel, he would have stood happy, for his could have been no "unbounded hope" to raise ambition. Yet, even then with none of that greatness, which, as he argues, has been his temptation, he knows well that he might have sinned as a subordinate angel as well as a leader.

.....some other Power

As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.

Curiously, in this one passage, he acknowledges "other Powers as great" as he.

Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?

That "free love" Satan acknowledges, and holds accursed,

.....since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.

He sees clearly; there is now no sophistry, for he has none to blind by it, and he goes on to say,

Nay, cursed be thou; since against His thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

* * *

Oh, then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission.

And this submission never will be his.

Many of the sayings of Satan, taken from their context, and quoted not as from the lips of the Arch-liar, who knew so well that a truth misapplied becomes a lie, are household words; and words they are in which the ultimate expression is reached of what must ever in the right sense be true. Such are:

The unconquerable will.

.....to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen.

.....who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Unspeakable desire to see, and know.
All these His wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour.

.....at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads.

These utterances, and the like, apart, as I have said, from their context, and outside of the personality of their utterer, give some clue to the admiration lavished on Milton's Satan, who aims at making Hell of Heaven. But the words that he speaks, of treason, of defiance, of encouragement to treason and defiance, are indeed what are spoken of as

.....high words that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance.

This "semblance of worth, not substance," describes the position of Satan in *Paradise Lost*.

Wordsworth says, "We live by admiration, hope and love:" and a French writer, Theophile Gautier, has said, "The distinguishing characteristic mark of Satan is that he could neither love nor admire." This is true; he cannot love; he cannot admire; Hope he has none. He stands alone in his desperate pride, knowing nothing of love. He is his own object: how should he have admiration for any other? In his eyes there is none like himself for might and glory and beauty. There is evidence of this all through the poem. In his madness of pride he declares that force alone has made God Sovereign above His equals. Mark—"His equals." Over and over again the assertion is made of power, leadership, greatness, magnificence. What does he say to the accusing angels, who have found this glory of angelhood "squat like a toad" at the ear of Eve? Yes, "squat like a toad!" Oh, meanness! Oh, degradation! What does he say when the touch of Ithuriel's spear has made him return "of force to his own likeness," but that the angels had once known him no mate for them; "there sitting where ye durst not soar." Then, abashed, awed before the power of good, feeling how lovely in her shape is virtue, Satan sees and pines his loss; and his chief regret is the hearing from Zephon's lips how his shape is no longer the same as it was in heaven; how his brightness is diminished; how the glory has departed from him, with his goodness, and how now he resembles his "sin and place of doom obscure and foul." For all Satan's claims are lies: power is not his; true leadership is not his. The greatness he had has dwindled to a shadow; and the excellency of his beauty had fled from him.

.....To find here observed
 His lustre visibly impair'd

grieves him most: the external sign of its loss is far more to him than the loss itself.

It is in comparison with what he once was that he is without beauty; the obscurity and foulness of his sin have not yet ruined entirely that which distinguished him of old; for Gabriel says when he announces the return to Heaven of Ithuriel and Zephon from their mission to Eden,

And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendour wan.

The bearing is still regal, and the splendor has not quite departed, faded as it is, and wan. But we have always to bear in mind the remembrance that the beauty remaining to Satan is but a mere shadow compared with the unspeakable, unthinkable beauty of high angelhood, itself as a shadow of the eternal beauty of God Himself.

It is Gabriel who exposes Satan as a liar in his excuses for having entered Eden: he has therein said and straight unsaid; he has pretended

.....first

Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy.

And this

Argues no leader, but a liar traced.

He has lost his high name for that of Adversary; he who was of the first, if not himself the first, Archangel; and so surely as God is Truth, His Adversary is Falsehood, His Enemy is the great Lie.

In Satan's hatred of gratitude, though indeed he knows that this hatred is ignoble, may we not be reminded in some faint way of what is in those among us who do for others what their pride will not suffer them to allow to be done for themselves? those who are desirous to give what they would not willingly take? This, too, is a lighter shade of that painful dislike "to be under an obligation" which we know of; but it is a shade of it, and it marks an ignoble tendency, which its possessor often mistakes for a noble one.

We must not forget the touch of nobility which is seen in Satan in the sorrow that comes to him for a little space when his cruel eye is softened, and remorse and passion are his as he beholds his followers

.....condemn'd

For ever now to have their lot in pain;

Millions of spirits for his fault amerced

Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung

For his revolt.

He sees them yet faithful to him, standing their, "their glory withered." His speech is stayed by his emotion.

.....He now prepared
To speak;
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn.
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth:

but his pity is of no avail, for he wills to be followed; he wills to be obeyed; he wills that his followers should be lost in his loss and damned in his damnation; and this struggle against the pity that for a little space took hold of him becomes by his resistance to it only the means of plunging him deeper in his selfishness supreme. In the exquisiteness of Eden he sees "undelighted all delight." There is no room in him for sympathy with beauty and joy; and as he looks on the lovely ones whom he has come with intent to destroy, he can say, as he sees in them divine resemblance and the grace that

The hand that formed them on their shape hath poured,
that his thoughts pursue them with wonder, and could love. What love! What wonder!

He can appreciate grace poured out upon them, and the likeness to God which is shining in them: but he is unmoved from his purpose, and in bitterest irony he speaks of the league which he seeks to make with them, and the "mutual amity, so strait, so close," that henceforth he and they must dwell together!

Mark too his falseness here. They must, he says, accept Hell for their dwelling as the work of their Maker. Satan is, he says, no purposed foe to them; he, himself unpitied, could pity them in the forlornness that is to come; but the revenge on God through these His creatures is for "public reason just."

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.

Let God have the blame. It is He Who has brought things to this pass! It is He Who has ruined His Archangels! It is He Who has wrought the ruin of this His new creation!

"Evil, be thou my good," Satan has said. As good is to the unfallen, so shall evil be to him, the fallen one. He has no hope to be less miserable himself, but only desires to make others such as he, even though worse things come upon him thereby.

For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyed,
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to think in weal or woe,
In woe then; that destruction wide may range:
To me shall be the glory sole among
The infernal Powers, in one day to have marred
What He, Almighty styled, six nights and days
Continued making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving.

Here is the contrast; the Creator; the Destroyer; He Who makes; he who mars. Ever and ever to make will be higher than to mar; the Creator sits above; the Destroyer lies below.

The various shapes and disguises which Milton's Satan assumes afford much study in themselves. Doubtless Milton had in his mind St. Paul's word of Satan transforming himself into an angel of light (2 Cor. xi. 14), when he shows him as the strippling cherub, graceful of limb, in whose face youth smiled celestial, who deceives even Uriel

.....held

The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in Heaven,

and learns from the abode of Man and the way thereto. It is when anger, envy and despair marring his borrowed visage betray him counterfeit, that he is recognized as "one of the banished crew."

When he enters Eden, he sits in the likeness of a cormorant upon the highest tree in the midst of the garden; using the very Tree of Life itself as a lookout while he devises death to the loving. Here he sees "undelighted all delight." In the likeness of a toad he squats close to the ear of Eve, trying to injure her by ill dreams; those ill dreams against which the Church lifts her prayer in her Compline hymn.

Let dreams depart and phantoms fly,
The offspring of the night.

Next, to elude the vigilance of God's angel guardians of Man, he glides obscure, wrapped in mist of midnight vapor, to find the serpent, and hide himself in its mazy folds. This disguise is indeed a horror to him.

O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
 With gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
 Into a beast; and mix'd with bestial slime,
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the height if Deity aspired!
 But what will not ambition and revenge
 Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low
 As high he soar'd, obnoxious, first or last,
 To basest things.

In this shape he wins a seeming victory; in this shape he
 shrinks back to the thickest of the serpent's lair.

But he deems himself Victor;
 Victor over God as over Man.

The terrible offspring of Satan, Sin and Death, those inseparable comrades, hasten to take possession of the new world to be inhabited by them; making a great way for the passage of foul spirits, those ill beings who wander through the world for the ruin of souls, those spirits against whom we pray.

They meet Satan "in likeness of an angel bright," the likeness he had before assumed to deceive Uriel, the Regent of the sun. They know him through his disguise; they well know it to be but a disguise, that of "an angel of light," and he is congratulated on his "magnific deeds." Satan commissions Sin and Death to go to Paradise and thence exercise their dominion,

Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declared,
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.

Vain command, whose vanity was one day to be proved, when the bruising of the head, of which Satan makes so light, should come. Then soon comes the last scene in which Satan makes his appearance. Through the midst of his hell-doomed followers he passes

.....unmarkt
 In shew plebeian angel militant,
 Of lowest order;

invisibly he ascends his high throne and sits there for a while, unseen

At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
 And shape star-bright, appear'd or brighter, clad
 With what permissive glory since his fall

Was left him, or false glitter: all amazed
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was the acclaim:
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
Raised from their dark divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won.

Drunk with pride in what he believes to be his great and ultimate success, mad with wrath and malice and all that is unholy, he tells of this success. In the shape of a brute serpent he has seduced Man from his Creator—has seduced him by fraud,

.....and, the more to increase

your wonder, with an apple. God, he says, offended at this his offence, worth your laughter (ay, worth the laughter of fools and devils), has caused him to surrender.

Both His beloved Man and all this World,
To Sin and Death a prey.

So can his followers now possess that World given over to them by its Creator!

Their universal shout, and high applause,
which he expects does not go up to fill his ear. Instead, there comes

A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.

It is the hiss from his innumerable followers, now mysteriously transformed into the shape their Leader had once assumed. He himself is changed in shape into the serpent whose likeness he had borrowed. Still he is predominant in shape and size above the others, as he has been predominant all through.

Thus Milton symbolizes that lowest degradation which Satan has reached: thus does the outward at last attain to the full manifestation of the inward, not yet, indeed, forever, but as a fore-taste of the period wherein the Power of Evil shall be deprived of every vestige of attraction, being broken, and broken for evermore.

THE WOUND.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.



IGNORINA had a narrow escape. An inch lower and the wound would have been a serious matter. She had best not try that cliff path again. It is fraught with dangers.....A scar? Yes, the reminder will be life-long.....That is true; there are worse misfortunes than such a wound. Yesterday I was down at the Santo Spirito Hospital: the sufferings, the tortures there—

Oh, *that* was the Signorina's meaning! But, my poor skill is of no avail in that province. Only the great Physician himself can cure the wound in the heart—one more turn of the bandage, Signorina.....there.....Yes, indeed, God's surgery is a deal more painful. Still we have the consolations of.....but a thousand pardons! Signorina, perhaps, is not of the Faith?

Ah! A convert.....a fortnight ago.....and in Rome! That was an enviable experience.....No, indeed, life is a great puzzle without such a Faith.....Its greatest gifts? But, I am not versed in such things. Our parish priest, Don Vincenzo, he would be able to get at the heart of a question like that.....The spirit of self-sacrifice? That is certainly a great gift. What has it not accomplished!

But—Signorina would come into the garden to rest awhile? Good. She is at the Albergo Briganti? A very modern house. They tell me it is “quite up to date.” Time was when it would have been a foolish luxury. But we have been *discovered*, and are now a part of the great route. This way, Signorina; here on this bench under the peach trees. Look—what a magnificent sweep! The color; the lights; and there to the left—that tiny fishing fleet wearing out upon the blue waters. Over there to the right see how the roofs and the towers flash and fade under the drifting shadows. And here, between these two mulberry trees, behold how the dome hangs above the City that for all the world.....Signorina, perhaps, recalls the lines?

Rome, in the ages, dimmed with all her towers,
Floats in the midst, a little cloud at tether.

Signorina marvels that I should speak her language? Well, I am indebted to one of her own countrymen for the blessing. It has more than once served me a good turn. It has given me the thoughts and feelings of a great people. It was difficult, naturally; and one at three and sixty is slow to learn. Yes, my tongue was very stubborn in its allegiance to the mother speech. Still, I persisted and your countryman was patient. I finally succeeded. I found myself sitting here one Spring morning thinking in English. Believe me, *that* was a sensation. In a few days I was no longer merely reading, I was tasting the real flavors of your prose and verse.

Now, I follow with increasing wonder and interest the life of America. It is grossly material? Well, all youth is that. It must have its dolls and mud pies. Signorina smiles; but it is true. Your great American people? Oh, they are arriving. Very slowly? That is a hopeful sign. Besides, there can be no hurry and . . . and "hurrah"—is it not?—in things of the spirit. We all of us come to them the long way about. They follow the dolls and the playthings—the sawdust and the chagrins.

Eh, Signorina, patience, patience! The philosophy of leisure is not to be taken on the jump. Your people will eventually pause in their labors and mad processions. They have yet to see the marvels of daybreak on the hills; the star of a flower in the ditch; heavens afire in the west; the awful beauty of His white worlds trailing across a soundless night. And when they are spiritually aroused, to what heights may they not attain, what emotions, what happiness!

Signorina surely doesn't doubt *that!* Secret? There is none. The gateway stands wide open. Beyond living according to the conscience, there is no secret. Signorina says true. The step forward *is* very difficult. The life of your countryman was an instance at point. He, too, was a convert.

If it were yesterday, Signorina would have the pleasure of getting his point of view. No, early this morning he was up and off to Monte Cavo. Always on—"on the go." His restlessness is very marked of late. It disturbs me. Only last evening, as we sat here in the cool airs, I said to him half-jokingly: "Why not try the contemplative life?" He looked at me, and then I regretted my words. I understood. He was trying not to think. He had not yet forgotten. I, too, for all the six and forty years

that lie between, sometimes find myself remembering. But he is in the very noontide of life. And I can understand what it must be for him—my poor David.

Signorina is pale as death. She is not hiding some secret injury? One moment, then. A glass of water. No, no, I insist. It is only a step. There—Signorina feels better? Yes, indeed, the heat is very oppressive at this hour of the day. She will not think of returning to the hotel just yet? She is to stop over night with the Signora Carlucci! Now that is strange. That was where my David lived till the signora fell ill, and I persuaded him to come and stay with me. It was a happy thought.

He has great gifts. Signorina should hear what he can draw from Don Vincenzo's old violin—the depths, the feelings, the spirituality! And always, at the end, the sudden flash, a stir, as of some old familiar hope. It is very suggestive. Time and again I have wondered at it. Sometimes I think I have caught its meaning and—*presto*—it is gone! At first I used to think that it was a mere trick of expression; but it goes much deeper than that. Only once did it fail, and that on the day he was received into the Faith up in our little church of San Silvestro.

Never had he given us such music as that night here in the garden under the starlight. We were charmed. I was back in the springtime of life. I was listening to voices that had been hushed for years—that of my lost Elizabeth among them. It seemed that I had only to reach out my hand to feel the touch of hers when—*pian piano*—with a sudden catch and sob the music fell in ruin.

I jumped up, startled at the touch of my hands against each other. For the moment, I was dazed. Then I heard Don Vincenzo's voice saying: "That was a sweet song." And, when I looked around, David had left us. Don Vincenzo held out his snuff box, and when he bade me "Good-night," I saw that his eyes were wet. The sudden ending moved me profoundly. I could not understand. It was so very unusual. I sat thinking for a long time, but could make nothing of it. And as I went up to the house, I recalled Don Vincenzo's emotion and wondered. For he is not at all easily moved.

Well, Signorina knows that dawn comes to us early up here on the hills. The shock of the fresh morning air is a tonic that I never like to miss. The next day I was up before sunrise. I was standing on the walk over there behind the shrubbery when,

suddenly, I felt that I was not alone. I could not master the feeling. So I retraced my steps and came down this path. And there, true enough, sat David—right where the Signorina is now.

I turned aside, meaning to withdraw, but he called my name. I came, and, wondering, sat down beside him. I tried to say something and could not. Some minutes passed. Then, without looking at me, he asked:

“Did you ever love a woman?”

Believe me, Signorina, I was dumbfounded. It was the last thought I should have guessed was in his mind. I was just on the point of passing off the question with a laugh, when I chanced to look at him. The laughter on my lips died away and I said:

“You are going to leave us?”

It seemed hours before he answered. And I have often since found myself repeating the word he uttered. We have nothing in our language that says quite so much.

“Home?” he said. But the way he said it! It touched me closer than tears. Suddenly I thought that I knew. Laying my hand on his knee, I whispered:

“She is dead.”

He looked at me strangely for a second, shook his head from side to side, and then:

“Conscience is a costly possession, is it not?”

In a flash, Signorina, I realized the truth.

“Your conversion?”

He simply nodded his head. I had not the heart to say another word. I could not even look at him. I sat beside him, waiting. When he spoke again it was to say:

“Strange, is it not, she was the first to turn my thought to such a matter. We studied the subject very carefully. In time we had arrived at a point where it was either one thing or the other. I accepted the inevitable. When, suddenly, she told me the whole thing was impossible. We argued. We went over the ground again. We quarreled. And I went abroad. You know the rest. I had not heard of her in almost a year and a half until one day...”

For a long time David sat staring across the valley—silent. I realized then what it was he had been telling us in his music the night before. Not for worlds would I have pursued the subject further, had I known the truth. As it was, I said softly:

"God is good, my child, patience."

He hesitated a moment and then: "This day two weeks she is to be married."

What could I say? I could only sit staring out into the white dawn—silent.

Well, that was eight or nine months ago. We have never spoken of the subject since. And yet I know it is uppermost in his mind, very vivid, very real. One can't forget such things in a day. After a few years, perhaps, my David will look back with less bitterness. It is possible that he may even forget this hour in the presence of another and a deeper.....What? You must return to the hotel at once! But I thought that.....don't, Signorina! See, you have started the wound; it is bleeding afresh. You are *crying*! There.....there.....What!You....*you*! But the marriage announcement?.....False! Then you never.....ah, the pity, the great pity.....Yes, yes, I do understand. I understand all. And if.....but quick, Signorina, look! No, no, this way: coming down the mountain path. See he is turning aside at the spur. In three minutes he will be here.....Nonsense! Signorina will stay right where she is. She will pardon me? I have an imperative engagement with Don Vincenzo. A thousand regrets, my dear, and.....and felicitations!

OUR PAST.

BY M. PHILIP.

I come from where night falls clearer
Than your morning sun can rise,
From an earth that to heaven was nearer
Than your visions of Paradise.

* * *

From the heart of an ancient garden
Girt fast with four walls of peace,
Where he who is set for warden,
From his vigil shall never cease,
Nor quench the flame of his sword,
Till the trumpet shall sound release.



NOT the least token of Shakespeare's genius is his care to put you in touch with the past of the principal characters in his plays, and to give you by subtle and artistic means the sense of continuity in their regard. You meet them at some violent crisis of their lives, but it seems partly to arise out of their character and ordinary circumstances, and is not a meaningless bolt from the blue. Macbeth and Richard II. have a past that leads up to the catastrophe of their present; and the failure of Brutus, for instance, was to be expected in the man of theories, living in an ideal of the past, and realizing nothing of the changed conditions of the Rome of his day.

In the case of the good men cut off quickly, we feel their end to have been a sudden tragedy in one sense, but never a meaningless one to them. The "sainted Duncan" had, in Shakespeare's mind, the best of it. It is part of his tragedy that Macbeth realizes this. We do not find it out of place that one who "died daily" should have gone swiftly from a world above which he lived. And so with the other victims of men's passions—we know that the end of their lives will be fulfilled beyond.

"What is past is Prologue." It is three hundred years since he wrote that! We are now more conscious of the fact that we are the "heirs of all the ages," and that in a sense "each of us has all the centuries in him" than Shakespeare was. Individually we often realize that a man's heritage from his own and his an-

cestors' past isolates and differentiates him. It is this background that makes the difference—this stream of influences and tendencies that finds his soul, fresh from the hand of God, and which started long ago to claim him. It meets him out of the background that had its beginnings with the thousand years behind yesterday, even outside the gates of old Eden.

It is this mysterious background that accounts for so much of the difference between people of seemingly similar characters and tastes. Apart from the eternal distinction of soul from soul, there is the widely separating difference of the tradition, the association, moral and social, that have come down to us with a spiritual atmosphere we have lived in and carry with us.

"The earliest and the longest have still the mastery over us," says George Eliot. Still, from the hills that surround our homes, or the streets of the cities our forefathers knew, invisible tentacles reach us, touching nerve and fibre of spirit to a melody that is only ours.

Again, the strong aesthetic bias, which may be brought out by education, and which tends to govern a man's choices, his rejections, his appreciations in the work of others, as well as in his own, has its beginning in "the dark background and abysm of time." Why he chose this and not that, we feel to be justified by some tendency of his character we can neither analyze nor define—unless we call it the law of truth to his own temperament, or the result of the subtle currents that stream on his will from the heritage into which he was born, and out of which he must save his soul.

To each his own background, as well as his own vision of life! Out of this come, too, the charming differences in style, which are the personal aura in art, in literature. Elusive style! who can define it? As the author of *Dreamthorp* says, "It is never a separate quality, but rather the amalgam and issue of all the mental and moral qualities in a man's possession, and bears the same relation to these that light bears to the mingled elements that make up the orb of the sun." This is perhaps as near to a definition as anyone can go. It but says, what Buffon said before, "Le style, c'est l'homme." It is surely generated by the beating, living wings of the past that touch the spirit of the writer to fine issues, whose essence distils through his pen to our soul's stirring. In a subtle way it reveals a man, and we know people we have never met through the delicate communications of their style alone. I think one acquainted with the writings of Newman, or Browning,

has a picture of each in his heart that no "Life" can take from. It is not what they have said, so much as the impress of their style, that causes me to be glad at heart that I have known the one or revered the other. What they never told has come to be the truth of them to my judging soul—the moral, traditional, and educational background.

This is what makes the difference. This it is that every teacher, more or less, consciously contends with, which demands his attention and reckoning. The mind and soul of the pupil! who knows the alchemy that is ever at work there? making strange new combinations with old ideas that the teacher knows nothing of. The boy or girl who sits to-day on our school benches brings each his or her background with him, and into that scene and into the atmosphere blown in, so to say, from their past, you, and every fact you teach them, is viewed and fitted with, if you could but see it, very different results from what your mind would naturally tell you to be the expected ones. In the intellect, even, the proposition of Euclid you place before them is apprehended in as many different tones of light and shade as there are individuals in the class. I do not speak of mere comprehension—but of its setting against the background of the mind. Much more, as Euclid says, the passages of history they learn, or the literature you expound to them, for these evoke more than mere intellect. They call in from the lanes and alleys of the past a thousand tones and touches of light and shade: a thousand spirit hands paint in the new picture on the quivering background they have prepared. Could some cinematograph reveal to us the living pictures thus formed as they move across the spirit's landscape, what fascinating hours would be afforded us!

To each his own vision of life, his own temperament! This territory no one can rob us of. Others may enter, but they cannot explore. Influence may modify the tone and atmosphere, in part, personal magnetism may disturb or overlay, but the *ego* emerges enlarged, or blighted it may be, but conditioned still by temperament, which is always our own heritage. You may wish to change, to influence, to educate in your sense of the word. You may do much—but you will never do what you think you are doing. The mental or moral handicaps that may seem to you so easily dropped have their cords from the past, and if you ruthlessly cut across them, you may injure the life and not lessen the burden. You may, of course, come to gauge the intellectual capac-

ity, the proximate amount of will power, but all the subtle forces that make up the temperament and condition the natural vision are only fully known to the Giver of the daily grace.

We have all known various types of people whose past has not been prologue to their present, but is always with them. It remains the drama, the rest is but epilogue! They lived once—vividly—but not since; they only exist now. They blossomed once, and everything is measured by the height to which they then grew. Their mental backgrounds are, as far as their will is concerned, as fixed in tone and atmosphere as the scenes in some old theatre. They would keep at all costs the “unities,” if not of time and action, at least of scene. The chorus neither grows old nor changes, but eternally chants a commentary of unvarying motif. They remind us of a passage in one of Galsworthy’s novels. “A new idea invading the territory of the Squire’s mind was met by a rising of the whole population, and either prevented from landing, or, if already on shore, taken prisoner!”

To understand, even in small measure another, is to pardon much. Even a slight realization of the, to us, foreign tone and atmosphere around each differing soul should contribute to sympathetic tolerance of our neighbor. To each his own background—and who but God can know the strange inner drama into which each soul has entered, and to which his Past was Prologue.

THE LITERATURE OF RELIEF.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.



SINCE the days of Christ, the genuine Christian has no need of research in order to discover the spiritual nature of service of the poor, the supernatural motive which inspires it or the reward which follows it. Our Lord used plain words and homely illustrations. They took on majesty and force from His personality. Centuries have not dimmed the clearness with which He stated His law, nor have the vicissitudes of history changed the inspiration which reinforces it. Christ taught the infinite value of the individual soul, and the deeper brotherhood which ignores differences of culture, talent, station, and charm in the blessed democracy of service. When He identified the poor with Himself, He astounded the world. Preachers may arouse us anew; scholars may elaborate their commentaries on Gospel texts; accidental experiences may arouse our dormant sympathies to splendid action; but no result of preaching or writing or explaining can excel in simple directness and compelling clearness the original teaching of Christ concerning the poor. He stated the law, the motive, the inspiration and the reward of charity for all time for those who believe in Him.

Now just because the organic spiritual character of charity is so clear in the Gospel; just because it has been fundamental in the Church's consciousness throughout the ages and it remains so to-day, it is not always easy to keep this great truth in mind. Prevailing tones of thought and expression tyrannize over us. We catch the atmosphere of current discussion, and we find attractive what is new and conspicuous and popular. The sociological features of poverty command attention to-day. The world attempts to set aside, by either neglect or denial, the spiritual character of the problem of poverty and the spiritual law of its relief. New views, new terms, novel explanations, many of them of a very high order of merit no doubt, appeal to many among us, and when we are under the influence of their presence, we incline to be silent about the original inspiration and law of charity as Christ delivered them.

Of course, inspiration alone is not enough. When the young

man answered Christ correctly and stated the law of service, Christ approved of the reply. Then when the questioner asked for knowledge of conditions and for interpretations, saying "Who is my neighbor?" Our Lord answered him by describing a condition, an understanding of it, a service and a spirit. The situation to-day is analogous. The Christian comes to the work of relief to-day well informed as to its law, its principles, its spirit and motives, all of which he has from the Gospel, but he needs knowledge, understanding and direction. In a simple civilization, one's neighbor is easily known and served. In a complex civilization, one's neighbor is known with difficulty and served with tedious effort and much sacrifice. When social relations are few, simple and personal, relief is not complicated. But when poverty is massive and complex, and relations are impersonal, we have need of knowledge and of interpretation in seeking out our neighbor, just as we have need of careful direction in serving him well.

The modern emphasis lies along these sociological lines. There is demand for knowledge of conditions, for understanding of them, for wise direction in dealing with them. Hence, there is, generally speaking, relatively less insistence on motive and relatively more on method in charity. There is less reliance on religion, and more on science and statesmanship. There is more attention to relieving the poor, and less inclination to pray for them as spiritual brothers. The zealous Christian will endeavor to obtain the greatest possible advantage out of everything good and helpful in the modern temper, but he will, at the same time, seek to protect the precious inheritance of the teaching and law of Christ concerning the poor. He will seek knowledge and understanding and direction, but he will not lay aside his spiritual inspiration. To the end that he may profit by what is strong and helpful in the modern movement, a hurried sketch is here offered of the lines along which the literature of relief has developed.

Poverty presents to modern society some of the most serious problems which confront it. It is a travesty on our civilization, an acid test of our religion, a challenge to our culture, a commentary on our statesmanship and institutions, and a radical menace to our moral integrity, our spiritual peace and our social progress. If we ignore it and its thousand implications, we abandon shamelessly the standards by which our institutions are defended. If we deal ignorantly with it, we impeach the wisdom of our social leadership, and void its claims to recognition, while, at the same time, we

justify the terrible indictment that radicalism draws against the established order. If we face modern poverty with honesty, intelligence and courage, we must be prepared for far-reaching changes in our views of rights and obligations, and for tedious modifications of institutions and of laws, all of which, looked at in the aggregate, are little short of revolutionary.

Everything has contributed to cause poverty; everything must serve to combat it. Poverty which implies only lack of food, of clothing and shelter presents rather simple questions of relief, which may be dealt with simply. But the atmosphere in poverty, the state of mind without incentive or hope, the absence of the congregation of social forces on which culture depends, the lack of outlook for ambition and of motive for discipline, the crushing exclusion of the poor from all that is gentle, secure and inspiring in life—these and similar implications of poverty will not be remedied in a day, nor may we expect to allay them through the generous giving of food and clothing where these are needed. Poverty is an organic disease of the social body, and it must be dealt with as such.

It is a definite result of the conjunction of principles, philosophy, social organization, and social conditions which characterize our civilization. It is the outcome of a social process, and it itself exhibits a hundred other social processes. Every orphan, every working mother, every ignorant, illiterate child, broken-down drunkard, deserting husband, cheerless hovel, is a cross section cut out of the social process telling social history and foretelling conditions as definitely as the cross section of a muscle or of a nerve tells its story to the scientific mind. This is now generally recognized by those who deal with poverty in the light and in the strength of modern knowledge. Municipalities, states, industries, social classes, trade organizations, schools, religious societies, individual thinkers, commercial and civic bodies understand this fundamental truth, and obey with varying degrees of intelligent fidelity the precepts which flow from it directly. Each has its own angle of vision. One differs from another in emphasis, in interpretation and in method, but all are practically agreed in accepting the fundamental view referred to and in accepting direction from it. But poverty is more than the outcome of a social process. To neglect the element of sin in it; to reduce sin itself to mere sociological terms, is to abandon the only philosophy which includes God within its circle.

Many observers miss certain factors in modern life which bear very directly on our conflict with poverty. The social classes which are ignorant of the actual facts of poverty greatly hamper the work. Their ignorance insulates them from the currents of sympathy which sweep through the world. These classes lack social imagination and knowledge. They enjoy life, foster ambitions, achieve distinction, and live as though there were no poor, or at least none to whom they are beholden. The literal ignorance and lack of sympathy in this relatively large class hinder progress in dealing with poverty by robbing the work of its support, and by furnishing a medium in which misunderstanding, false assumptions and misleading views flourish with unhappy vigor. These are not asking Christ, "Who is my neighbor?"

There are other classes which know sufficiently well the facts in modern poverty, but feel no responsibility for them, and are conscious of no obligation to coöperate in remedying the situation. These are individualists who are misled by their narrow, uninformed views, and blame the poor entirely for their poverty. These classes remind us frequently of the orphan who became a governor, of the bootblack who became a bank president, of the newsboy who became a great churchman, and of the section hand who became division superintendent. The fallacy in this appeal is too obvious to merit refutation. Unfortunately, the view is effective in hindering sympathy for the poor in many representative circles. False philosophy and misleading experience hinder this class from understanding neighbor as Christ understood the term.

There are other classes in modern society who know the facts of poverty, and who correctly understand them; who feel called on to work bravely and honestly for the poor, but who do not know how to begin or what to do. These feel helpless, but would seek guidance and follow it were they to find it. One meets many of this type who are inactive merely because they are confused, and not because they are unenlightened. Our organization and our leaders have not found them. No one has called them, and they have remained idle. They share the yearning of him who asked Christ, "Who is my neighbor?"

Finally, there are those who are active in working among the poor, but who work among them unwisely. They do harm by narrow views, isolated service, and misdirected sympathies. It is nothing short of distressing to the last degree to find "unwise

philanthropy" enumerated among the more important causes of poverty and pauperization.*

Thus we find ignorance in one social class, lack of sense of responsibility and of spiritual understanding in another, lack of leadership and organization in a third, and blundering methods in a fourth, standing in our way when we attempt to wage our warfare against poverty. Fortunately, however, the movement toward the relief and prevention of poverty has taken on such proportions and such momentum as to promise a conquest of these obstacles, at least in a qualified way, in a reasonably near future. The character of leadership and the quality of thought and power now developed in this tremendous struggle will often compare favorably with those found throughout the entire range of movements serving the cause of human progress. Were it always inspired by the law and spirit of Christ, we could dismiss the reservations under which we praise it.

So-called organizations of charity or relief associations have not been alone in this work, nor has its force been derived from their isolated efforts. Christ, first of all, gave the world its correct understanding of the poor. The modern judgment of poverty and of the poor, the modern estimate of society's obligations toward these and the principles upon which this whole movement rests, cannot deny their debt to Christianity. In addition to religion, however, economics, political science, ethics, medicine and sanitation, psychology, history, sociology, anthropology, commercial and industrial sciences, biology, not to mention others, have contributed their compelling principles to this movement, and they will not be denied. The typical leader dealing with poverty is not a sentimental visionary; not an impulsive and impractical philanthropist. Keen vision and wide horizon, subtle interpretation and fine analysis, scholarship and personal force, have always been found among the champions of the poor. Principles, definitions of duty and right, and details of service of them, are as conspicuous in the *Summa* of St. Thomas as they are in modern sociology.

It was inevitable that this movement should create a literature. Charity has had a literature since the Gospel was written, and it has had a commanding inspiration and a law supremely sanctioned since the days of Christ, but the modern literature of relief is on its sociological side unique in its aims and quality, in its origin and uses. No wise friend of the poor in these days will

*See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, September, 1910, *Problems in Charity*.

wish to remain in ignorance of it. No tempered view or clear understanding will be had of the complicated problems, that confront relief work without comparison, observation and appeal to the experience of others. These may be had on a small and uncertain scale by personal observation, but they will be found most reliable, most representative and helpful when drawn from the whole range of the literature which the movement has created.

This literature may be reviewed briefly as it appeals to the individual worker from a four-fold standpoint: that of investigation, interpretation, direction, and inspiration. The review is made rather to bring out the way in which problems may be approached, than to describe in any detail the range of contents of the literature to which reference is made.

I.

There is widespread demand for accurate knowledge of the facts in modern poverty. The cold-blooded individualist and the indifferent classes who have constantly denied that serious conditions exist, or that when found they are typical, have conferred a great favor on the movement to conquer poverty through the attitude of opposition which they have taken. As a result of it, we have a relatively exact literature of investigation. Vague and general statements are no longer desired. Sentiment and emotion, splendid in appeal, are useless in drawing an indictment. The statistician replaces the orator. Understatement and overstatement lose their standing. Men and women have investigated the conditions thoroughly and honestly, and have proclaimed them with tempered zeal. Facts and not guesses are demanded, and they are at hand concerning hungry children going to school; the death rate of the babies of the poor; income and expenditure; hunger and nakedness; wages and conditions of unskilled labor; about work of women and of children, homeless men and involuntary idleness, housing and sanitation; about occupational diseases, normal death rate in trades, accident and death in hazardous trades; about wife-desertion, non-support and the disintegration of the family; about drunkenness and crime, education and ignorance, fraud and debt. These and a hundred similar features in the life and lot of the poor are studied with exact care, and are presented in this literature of investigation with such charm as high-grade scholarship and serious study can impart.

City, state and federal governments; universities and schools

of philanthropy; privately endowed bodies and individual investigators, are working everywhere in this line of research. Their results are presented through this literature, and in turn they filter through the newspapers and magazines, through sermons and appeals, through books and lectures, into the mind of the public, and exert a tremendous, silent pressure which is awakening society to a realization of the injustice and inhumanity of it all. Public and academic libraries make collections of this literature, and place it at the service of the thoughtful public as well as that of the professed worker in the field of relief. Thus, the public comes to know of these investigations, then to know them, then to respect and to use them, then to be aroused and guided by them. Ignorance of the facts of poverty is melting away in the face of compelling knowledge. The individual worker in the field accustoms himself to judge his individual problems in their larger relations, and he is thus led to breadth of view and correctness of understanding which promise well. Many of the publications of the Federal Bureau of Labor, notably the recent investigation of work of women and children; the reports of the Russell Sage Foundation; notably the Pittsburgh Survey; in some respects the Chicago Vice Commission Report, and similar investigations as to lodging, sanitation, unemployment in many cities, suggest the nature of this literature clearly.

II.

Facts as facts carry us but a short distance in this world. The passion to understand follows closely on the passion to know. The active mind seeks to organize its knowledge, to correlate and interpret facts and relations. Statistics cannot satisfy the soul. Investigation has revealed to us the masses of facts in poverty, and it has led us to see individual problems in their place in these masses. But we must explain, classify and interpret. The effort to do this has given rise to a most impressive literature of interpretation.

We seek to learn the condition in which facts occur, to find the relations of cause and effect among them. When we find one class of facts accompanying another, we do not rest until the relation of concomitance or sequence is discovered. Thus, for example, it is the literature of interpretation that leads to the discovery of the relation between drunkenness, bad cooking and exhausting labor; between infant mortality among the poor and filthy dairies; between sweatshop clothing and outbreaks of disease; between

sickness among the poor and sloppy backyards, indifferent collection of garbage and defective plumbing; between faulty administration of city government, retarded legislation and out of date laws on the one hand, and the persistent exploitation of the poor on the other. Thus, we are taught to judge the single case of distress, disease, dependency, or neglect and shame in the whole mass of facts of the same kind. We then take the whole mass and view it in its place in the whole social process; we seek for its relations to conditions and to other facts, and we are led thereby to discover heretofore hidden meanings in the complex field of poverty. That one metal polisher dies of tuberculosis may not startle us. If we realize that a thousand metal polishers die of it, we are aroused. We then study conditions and endeavor to find out the relation between that kind of occupation and that kind of disease. This is interpretation. This is the work of the literature of which we speak. One orphan raised in an asylum may turn out badly, or one dependent child placed in a home may do so, but not until we examine the career of a hundred or of a thousand orphans similarly placed can we understand the merit or the demerit of either the institution or the home, and only then can we deal intelligently with the particular problems that present themselves in our care of dependent children.

Much of this is now so commonplace that even reference to it appears superfluous, and yet the interpretation of the mass of the facts of poverty is far from final, far from complete. The point in mind, however, is that they who would understand poverty and serve intelligently in the warfare against it, must cultivate the habit of seeing problems in their relations, of acquiring information concerning related facts, and of being guided by the interpretations which this literature offers.

It is through this literature of interpretation that prevention has attained to its prominence in modern work among the poor. It is through this literature that the organic relations of poverty to political philosophy, to industrial conditions and jurisprudence, have been made clear, and it is this literature which is the chief aid of religion, forbidding the conscience of society ever again to forget the claims of the poor for social justice. It is this literature which has explained to us the social causes of poverty, and has eased the bruised shoulders of the poor from the cruel blame which we have falsely placed upon them. In doing this, it has swept away many gross illusions and false assumptions. It has intro-

duced a few of its own, but these are by no means so threatening as to cause us any worry, if we except the mistake of eliminating sin in explaining poverty. It is a source of infinite consolation to the friends of the poor to realize that nowadays many a political chief and legislator, many a landlord, statesman and executive, many a loan shark and lord of the sweatshop, many a heartless employer and soulless corporation, stand burdened with the guilt for poverty which heretofore we have generously imputed to the poor. The literature of interpretation has brought truth, justice, wisdom, and intelligence where they have been sadly needed. It has placed in their right relation many institutions of individualism which we have uncritically and blindly worshipped. It has brought odium on many material aims which were once our pride, but are now our shame, as the torrent of literature loudly proclaims.

It may be well not to overstate the achievements of this literature of interpretation. Analysis and interpretation of social conditions are extremely difficult. Forces interact at so many points that it is not easy to trace conditions back to causes, and to understand the relations unerringly. There may be in this literature much that is fantastic in form, inaccurate in detail, and misleading in construction. Allowing for all of this, we must admit that its contributions to the understanding of poverty and the mastery of it are fundamentally sound and helpful. It is largely in its interpretation that literature shows its departure from Christian traditions. We look in vain through its pages for recognition of sin as a factor in poverty: for causes in the human will deeper than institutions, and reached by grace alone. The Christian interpretation of poverty will not eliminate human passion in its interpretations, nor divine grace in its plans of reform.

III.

New and complex social conditions have naturally occasioned new and complex interpretations of them. Our manner of dealing with any social problem is governed largely by the way that we view it, and our understanding of the elements in it. It was to be expected, therefore, that this newer literature of interpretation would be followed by an equally impressive literature of direction. By means of it we are guided in our aims and methods in relief, and by the aims and methods which we follow in endeavoring to hinder the processes which cause poverty constantly to recur. We

are taught now that there is a technique in dealing with poverty, as there is in dealing with commerce, diplomacy or lawmaking; that there are wise and unwise methods, safe and unsafe impulses, mistaken and approved views of the work between which we must always distinguish. We are assisted in this duty by the literature of direction. On the theoretical side, we are taught the obligations of state, of city, of church, and of the public; we are taught the reciprocal relations of these in the field of relief, and we are informed as to the limitations under which each may operate. On the practical side, this literature sets aside the unfounded presumptions against the poor, which so often mislead us and places before us, instead of them, the well-founded presumptions through the influence of which we may work efficiently in the field. Here we find proclaimed the wisdom of organization as against isolated individual service of the poor, the advantages of systematic as against haphazard work, the fundamental need of specialized training as against the impression that anyone without training or insight can serve the poor efficiently; the necessity of observing the results of our work as against the habit of working, indifferent to results.

We are taught in this literature to charge ourselves with the logical consequences of our methods, and to surrender them when we find them wrong. Here we are taught how best to deal with orphans, when and how to place them in homes or in institutions; how to observe and treat the juvenile delinquent, and to adjust the system of courts in a way to serve him best. Through this literature, in a word, the finest and highest results of research in sanitation, in medicine, in economics, in education, in technical training, in housing, and in a hundred other lines, are placed at our disposal in working in the interests of the poor. Thus, too, we are led to realize that every present-day case of distress with which we deal is best understood through its own history, and that our practical aims in dealing with it must be directed in the light of that knowledge, and in view of the approved aims which this literature sets forth for all such work. It is unnecessary to insist more on the character of the service of this literature of direction. It summarizes the best results of our current experience and wisdom. It organizes our activities toward approved ends. It disciplines the strong, good impulses to service which so often hinder results, because the heart which loves the poor and would serve them is more impressed by the goodness of its impulses than by their wisdom.

If we wish to distinguish between the unworthy and the worthy poor, and to treat each class intelligently, and in a way suitable to its needs, method is necessary, and method implies direction. If we wish to restore normal social and domestic relations among the poor who have any resources; if we would be tender, thoughtful, just and wise in caring for the helpless poor; if we would do all of this work with economy, promptness and efficiency, method is necessary, and method implies direction.

Differences occur in this field as in others. Varieties of temper, ability, imagination, philosophy, prejudice, religion, and politics will lead the friends of the poor to disagree in immediate aims, in interpreting particular conditions and in emphasis on elements in them, and these differences will reveal themselves in the methods employed or directions given in concrete cases. We have abundant evidence of this in practically all fields of relief. Even where agreement on principle is frank and unqualified, differences in the judgment of conditions will at times disrupt harmony and lead to criticisms which do not lack bitterness. This, however, is the common lot. In all of the history of statesmanship, religion, science, art, and education, equal differences have appeared with similar results. The net agreements, however, found in the literature of direction are of highest importance and of fairly wide range. A tendency is everywhere to be seen these days, to look for and emphasize the points of agreement in all questions of method and direction, and to give diminished importance in a certain sense to the permanent disagreements which we may not hope to extirpate. Within limits this is praiseworthy. But we may not at any time forget Christ's law and spirit, nor the spiritual nature of the work which we perform. The tendency nowadays to federate city, state, and national organizations of charity into corresponding conferences, and the generally peaceful and satisfactory issue of their meetings, encourage us to hope for even greater harmony in spirit and endorsement of principle and method than we now boast. The numerous publications of these organizations constitute a conspicuous portion of the literature of direction.

IV.

All great movements in human history are directed by ideals. Standards are derived from them. Inspiration is due to them. All of the high motives which lift man above himself and organize his

life toward the seeking of great and exalted aims are derived in one way or in another from ideals. Charity has not lacked its ideals. They are proclaimed in its literature of inspiration.

The faithful Christian who serves the poor in any capacity takes Christ as the ideal, and he recognizes this service as an organic part of his spiritual experience. The Gospel is the first volume in his literature of inspiration. Not only as an inspired narrative is it such, but as well in the service which it gives him in organizing his motives and controlling the spirit of his relation to the poor. The fundamental law which the Christian draws from the Gospel is that strength must be sanctified by serving weakness, and his first principle is that the service of the poor is service of God. The Christian's earliest heroes in this work are the saints, and the leaders through whose providential action the Church has been directed and inspired in her monumental charities. The religious communities which have honored the history of the Church were led and inspired by our traditional understanding of the law and the ideal which Christ gave to us. Wealth is sanctified by serving poverty; learning is sanctified by serving ignorance; virtue is still more sanctified by serving sin; health is sanctified by ministering to the sick. This law and inspiration is the key to the understanding of the great religious communities in the history of the Church which gave themselves entirely to the service of the poor under the warrant of the Gospel itself. And so the faithful Christian does not depart, and wishes not to depart, from Christ as his ideal, nor from Christ's law as the guide to his action. Even in the face of the spiritual disintegration through which the world is going, the faithful Christian holds still more sternly to his spiritual understanding of the service of the poor. And it is well for the world and for religion that he does so.

Other ideals present themselves, and they do not lack distinguished following. Some friends of the poor are inspired by the ideal of human progress. Others are stimulated by the compelling nature of human sympathy as the lot of the poor calls it forth. Others follow as their ideal a self-sufficient standard of social justice. Others, perhaps, find their ideal and inspiration in the name of philanthropy divorced from the supernatural in principle, and dealing with it merely as an assumed natural social force like any other.

As ideals differ, standards, motives, methods, and aims will vary. Differences of ideals go back in last analysis to differences

of religion, of philosophy, of psychology, and of science. But while we differ in these respects we are all human, and consequently identical in nature and in our way of dealing with motives and ends in everyday life. All have need of ideals and inspiration. All require standards of judgment and principles by which decisions are guided. It is the function of this literature of inspiration to meet that need, but it is the duty of the Christian to hold with undiminished loyalty to his own spiritual ideal and law at all times.

V.

The literature of relief may in the light of the foregoing be looked at from a four-fold standpoint, that of investigation, interpretation, direction, and inspiration. The works which make up the body of this literature are not labelled thus, nor are they written expressly to verify such a classification. However, the individual who undertakes to enter actively into the field of relief will prepare himself most wisely, and will develop efficiency most easily by approaching his problems through these standpoints, and by reading on them in the same way. The recorded experience of others in our times, in other times, and in other fields, are of the highest value to all of us. Knowledge of like conditions, and understanding of them, cannot fail to be the greatest service when one offers one's talent in any field of relief. Hence, some knowledge and understanding of the literature of relief is an elementary necessity in preparing for this work.

One may object that all of this is academic; that one can feed the hungry and minister to the sick poor without a library of statistics and philosophy, and without surveying the universe before yielding to the impulse of sympathy. This is, no doubt, true, and it would be a sufficient refutation of our point were that all that relief involves. It is one thing to obtain a milk and egg diet for a tubercular dependent, but that is the least of the problems in dealing with tuberculosis as the curse of the poor. Only by investigation, interpretation, and direction carried on in a hundred directions by an army of learned and careful observers have we obtained the knowledge that we require in dealing with every particular case of tuberculosis, and only through the achievements of these high-grade scholars and friends of humanity has the promise of the conquest of tuberculosis been given to man. When we

shall have conquered it, we shall have removed one of the great accompanying curses of poverty.

Again, it is only by investigation, interpretation, and direction that we have been able to discover the conditions in which it is wise to place the orphan in a home instead of in an institution, or in an institution instead of a home, and the kind of watchfulness that must hedge in the child even in the home that has welcomed it. It is not a difficult matter to break up a family, scatter the children, send the mother to work and care for her when she falls ill, but investigation and interpretation have taught us that this may be but a last resort, and that every effort must be made to preserve the family in its integrity, and to maintain the normal family relations among its members at almost any cost. It is an easy matter for us to sit by our firesides and utter pharasaical comment on the daughters of the poor who lead lives of shame, but investigation and interpretation have opened our eyes to the pitiable truth that not they but environment and industrial conditions are often to blame. And most of the wisdom of direction that we now accept in dealing with this distressing problem has come to us because we have investigated, and we have interpreted, and we have faced the truth with courage and honesty, and we have not been unwilling to surrender the lazy presumptions under the influence of which we have seen so many go down to shame without stretching forth a hand to save them.

One might take up a hundred such situations in anticipation of the objection that an exposition such as this represents the service of the poor as too learned, too pedantic, and too theoretical. It requires, however, little good will and easy analysis to discover that very many of the axioms which are found in the service of the poor have been discovered simply because many have investigated with painstaking care, and they have interpreted with honesty and courage, and they have proposed methods and views in the light of these interpretations. Experience teaches. Memory after all is but the accumulation of experiences of one. Literature at heart is but the record of the experiences of many, whether these experiences be subjective merely or objective. Organization has made it possible to draw together the experiences of many. Meetings of organizations have carried the process still farther. When papers are read and discussions are encouraged; when men and women of wide experience and approved judgment are asked to address gatherings, they are doing nothing but transmitting their

own experience, presenting to wider circles the results of their investigations, of their interpretations, and of their experiences in dealing with large situations.

Investigation and interpretation of the facts of poverty have done much to modify our legislation and our institutions. It is through their influence that the prevention of poverty has come into a commanding place in the imagination and the thought of modern life. The very foundations of the social order have been stirred because the conscience of humanity now insists on the prevention of poverty as far as prevention is possible, and after that on the humane and tender care of poor who cannot of themselves escape their lot.

It would be a mistake to imagine that investigation, interpretation, and direction are purely modern discoveries. We have had them throughout the centuries, but they have varied as conditions have varied, and as sociological knowledge has increased in quantity and improved in accuracy. Of course, when the world was treating the poor and the helpless without mercy, inspiration and ideal were needed in order that they should obtain their destined place in social and in individual imagination. Hence when Christ came to us, He fittingly offered inspiration and direction. It required many centuries for the world to realize the ideal and law. In simple civilization, interpretations are simple and relations are local and unchanging. Where conditions remain identical decade after decade, and where the world assumes that existing institutions are permanent and stable, the primary work to be done for poverty is to relieve it. There is practically little place for interpretation, little need of it. Direction is relatively simple, and one is patient of results without far-reaching judgment of their bearing on the wider life of society.

But when poverty becomes massive, dynamic and subtle; when far-reaching and complex social relations stretch back until they touch every point of the social circumference; when the organized exploitation of the weakness, ignorance, and diffidence of the poor becomes known and violates conscience and the standards of justice and decency; when converging streams of knowledge flow from every point in the world of thought, bringing to us new knowledge of social relations and new interpretations of them, new views on the changing nature of institutions and the contingent quality of all social conditions, then it is natural to find supreme emphasis placed on investigation, interpretation, and direction. Hence it is

that to-day these phases of the work stand out in a position of commanding eminence. Charity is scientific. It must be so. The suspicion with which the phrases "scientific charity," "organized relief," are met is in principle but little justified, although often enough justified in practice.

The poor as a class will not have social justice until the processes which overwhelm them shall have been mastered by the accredited leadership of society. In as far as they are the victims of blameless ignorance, the conditions that control it must be mastered. In as far as they are the victims of wretched and corrupt and inefficient city administration, city government must be improved before we may hope for progress. In as far as they are the victims of industrial accidents and diseases, these, in as far as preventable, must be prevented, else little may be hoped for. In as far as the poor are victims of false social philosophy which controls the relations of the social classes, such false philosophy must be uprooted from the mind and heart of society if we would gain the victory that we seek. One might mention a dozen other factors in the lot of the poor, many, if not all, of which enter in one way or in another as causes or as conditions in the misery of practically every dependent family or individual that we meet in the work of relief. Surely this a world-embracing task. The habit of investigation and of interpretation; the practice of basing direction of our work for the poor on interpretations established by careful thought, and based on wide knowledge, cannot lack sanction in the mind of an intelligent public. We owe our best equipment in sympathy, in knowledge, and in method to our work for the poor. That alone will enable us to obey the inspiration which we proudly take from the law and the example of Christ.

New Books.

SOCIALISM AND CHARACTER. By Vida D. Scudder. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

Wide reading, good power of analysis, and social sympathies deep and sincere, make Miss Scudder a capable guide in the province to which she introduces the readers of her latest volume. She is keen to detect and untrammelled in interpreting each point of contact between literature and the developing conscience of the modern world. The gradual growth of that new sense of social solidity, which has been one of the most hopeful phenomena of our time, is shown in a series of convincing estimates of men who have echoed or formed the spirit of their contemporaries. Out of the ever-deepening discontent with the existing order there has finally come the recognition of certain principles which, as the author affirms, must necessarily control any successful process of reconstruction. The burden of her message we take to be, that the coming order will require and will enforce the prevalence of a spirit of service, so unselfish and so fine, that the common type of noisy agitator will be disciplined out of sight, if not altogether utterly out of existence.

For the larger portion of the volume—that portion, namely, where the writer is in her proper domain—we feel and we take pleasure in expressing admiration. There is a deeper love of truth and a nobler devotion to the common good, a nearer approach to the Christian spirit of consecration, and a far more persuasive appeal to the upright conscience than we find in many written and spoken assaults upon Socialism. Her indictment of what we fear is still the state of mind of a certain comfortable class of professing Christians, and her convincing plea for a new conscience and a new policy of social justice, contain pages which the serious student of society cannot disregard.

In accomplishing what we understand to have been her chief purpose, the author has succeeded so splendidly that no one with an intelligent interest in the common life and the common welfare can fail to receive from the reading of these pages some helpful direction, and to be touched with some sentiment of holy enthusiasm. But she goes beyond this, apparently because bent upon being outspoken, and upon setting forth the whole contents of her mind.

She is not content with analyzing present conditions, nor even with giving us a searching retrospect and illuminating forecast—although this surely would have constituted a wide enough field of activity, and have sufficiently taxed her powers. Unfortunately—perhaps inevitably, since her love of whole truth is so characteristic—unfortunately, we say, the volume ranges the heights and depths of philosophy and theology, insisting much on those largely personal conclusions to which private study and experience and meditation have inclined the author's mind. For this reason it happens that one is unable to express entire satisfaction with the book, unless, with regard to the great principles of philosophy and the truths of revelation, one has arrived at the same convictions as the author.

In spite of our thorough agreement with what seems to us most pertinent and most important in her book, we must regret that she has rushed us into fields of discussion where we cannot but feel and express dissatisfaction. The readers best adapted to appreciate the good points of Miss Scudder's unquestionably fine work will probably close the book with a sigh that she has not had that advantage of position which the Catholic possesses. Her book, revised by the standards of a sounder philosophy, would be no less objective, no less inspiring, and for practical purposes of social regeneration—which after all is the aim of the book—of immeasurably greater value.

MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES OF CALIFORNIA. By Rev. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M. Vol. II. San Francisco: James H. Barry Co. \$2.75.

The utter unselfishness of the Franciscans in California, their infinite patience, their unwavering gentleness towards the Indians, and their unflinching hostility towards the white robbers of the redskins, the deep affection of the Indians for their true friends, and the faith and virtue which that affection and example inspired, form a history which reads like a romance. But every line of Father Engelhardt's history is founded on documentary evidence, the burden of which, however, is saved the casual reader, and the verification of which is assured the student by the use of copious and exact references, foot-notes, and appendices.

The first volume of this most important work appeared in 1908. It dealt with the missions of Lower California. The present volume is the first of three on the general history of the Upper or American California missions. It comprises the history

of the three first presidents of California missions, Juniper Serra, 1768-1784; Francis Lasuen, 1785-1803; and Stephen Tapis, 1803-1812. These names should be as familiar to well-informed Americans as are the names of Jogues, Marquette, and de Smet.

Few men are so well equipped as is Father Englehardt for the work of writing the history of Indian missions. He has himself labored for thirty years as a successful Indian missionary in Michigan and Wisconsin, Arizona and California. He has published works for Indian readers in Chippewa and Menominee, Spanish and English. He has established schools, built chapels, tilled the soil, laboring with the Indians to teach them after the manner of the ancient missionaries. He has lived their life, spoken their tongue, sat about their camp fires, presided at their councils, entered into their homes and hearts.

He has had at his command not only the knowledge of the Indian tongue and character, but he has had constant access to the best historical documents, thanks to the well-earned leisure which has been granted him for several years by his religious superiors, and which he has improved with a marvelous literary activity. One instance will suffice to show the value of the service performed by Father Engelhardt. He copied out most of the matter of value contained in the original Bancroft library, which served as the source of Bancroft's work, of which no other considerable copy besides Father Engelhardt's exists. The Bancroft library was destroyed in the San Francisco fire. Henceforth the extracts of Father Engelhardt, which he has utilized for his published history, must become the court of last appeal for many points of California history.

The style of the book is exact and clear rather than elegant; the mechanical work is neatly and substantially done; the illustrations are unusually good and numerous; the price is moderate. This work should be in the library of every Catholic, and in every public library in the United States.

DAVIDÉE BIROT. By René Bazin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

Davidée Birot, the young heroine of M. Bazin's new novel of the same name, is the product of a materialistic home and education. She becomes a teacher in one of the national schools. Very young, and full of pathetically young ideals, Davidée has a heart that includes all her small pupils, and after them all the

world outside. But she soon begins to feel herself handicapped at every turn. Her own instincts are good and pure, and she can pray dimly to a dim Father in heaven, but how is she to teach these children right and wrong when she possesses no fixed code of morality? How is she to decide the problems of her own life without such a code? She approaches slowly to Christianity: not so slowly, however, as to escape the notice and the reproof of the supervisors, whose aim it is to keep religion carefully out of the schools. *Davidée Birot* is a calm, logical study of the inevitable results of godless education. That it is also a novel finely constructed and charmingly written, goes without saying.

ONE HUNDRED MASTERPIECES OF PAINTING. By John La Farge. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$5.00 net.

Works upon art and matters relating thereto written by persons more or less capable are quite common. But a volume dealing with the masterpieces of painting, and written by one who was himself a great painter, has its own unique, exceptional value. Such a man can never be dull or commonplace. To visit an art gallery wherein hang the world's masterpieces, in the company of a capable teacher, is both instructive and pleasant; but to view such paintings under the guidance of such a writer as John La Farge is a blessing to be seized upon and enjoyed. *One Hundred Masterpieces* gives us not only the paintings themselves in beautiful reproduction, but the learned, penetrating and very personal estimates on them of John La Farge.

"The contemplation of art," he says in his preface, "is a form of study of the history of man, and a very certain one. Its records are absolutely disinterested from any attempt at proving anything. . . . It is all the more accurate that it is confused like life itself. . . . He (the artist) hands to us a multitude of impressions with a greater unconsciousness than is given to us by the forms of writing. He is not suspected of intentions; perhaps he has none. The tyrant, who is the subject of the congratulations and praises of the poet and the clergyman and historian, is handed down to us in the bare fact of his nature by the portrait painter of whom he has no suspicion."

With these words of general introduction we begin our journey through this art record, "confused like life itself," companioned by this critic of rare charm and subtle insight. It is hardly possible to quote with justice from these chapters with titles such as "Por-

traits of Civic Life," "Dreams of Happiness," "Sacred Conversations," "The Sadness of Certain Portraits," "The Borgia Rooms," etc., etc. We should be looking at the pictures in the book to enjoy La Farge's talk about them. At the end of the chapter, entitled "Portraits of Civic Life," he says, "The little museum in quiet Haarlem where the Hals' are strung along the wall, has more energy, more testimony to struggle and success, than the living town itself. . . . They tell us of the solid reasons of a little country holding its own against its gigantic enemies—England, Spain, Austria, and France. The solidity of character represented carries us to our own day, and explains for us the strenuous resistance of Dutch descendants in South Africa, and the value of the blood which stiffened the courage of the Boers against gigantic odds."

THE LIFE AND THE RELIGION OF MOHAMMED. By Rev. J. L. Menezes. London: Sands & Co. 60 cents.

Father Menezes, a priest of the diocese of Mangalore, India, has written a life of Mohammed which he has compiled from the works of Sale, Bettany, and Stobbart. He treats in detail the life of the founder of Islam, the history and analysis of the Koran, and gives a brief account of the various Mohammedan sects. The author realizes well the imperfection of his work, for he says in the preface: "Since my chief aim has been a popular exposition of the subject, I have not aimed at style or at literary perfection. I am conscious of many repetitions of the same ideas, and of many defects both in language and mode of expression."

The book is poorly written, uncritical, badly punctuated, full of typographical errors, and Mohammed is pictured throughout as half impostor and half saint. We do not think its tone at all calculated to win over the Mohammedans of India, for whom it was written.

RETREATS FOR THE PEOPLE. By Charles Plater, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.50.

"Consider the significance of Silence," says Carlyle, "it is boundless, never by meditating to be exhausted; unspeakably profitable to thee! Cease thy chaotic hubbub, wherein thy own soul runs to waste, to confused suicidal dislocation and stupor; out of Silence comes thy strength."

Carlyle preached silence with a capital, observe, and wrote

more than any man of the nineteenth century. He did not take his own advice. And probably if the retreat houses now scattered over England had been in existence in his day, he would not have availed himself of the opportunity of taking a "dose of calm," as Father Plater calls it.

Yet we feel that the crabbed, cross old Scot would have approved the idea of people leaving the noise and excitement and hurly-burly of our modern civilization to spend a few quiet days in silent communion with God and their own souls. Never before, perhaps, were such retreats so necessary. "We see restlessness everywhere—among the idle rich, in the professional classes, among workingmen. The mania for freakishness, increasingly prevalent among the wealthy, the shifty ingenuity with which expensive new sensations are discovered, and the rapidity with which they pall, take us back to decadent Rome, with its mad quest for luxuries, its instability of character, its childish whims."

The remedy that is being offered and applied to this restlessness in France, England, Germany, Spain, Belgium, Holland, and to an increasing extent in our own country, is the plan of lay-retreats. Convents already built for school purposes are used during the Summer, and in some cases special buildings are erected simply for this object. A schedule of retreats to be given by priests making a specialty of this work is published, and persons engage accommodations at the retreat house.

In our own country, with the exception of the "Laymen's League for Retreats and Social Studies" on Staten Island, these retreats have been made principally by women. In Belgium, however, during the last ten years 97,868 men have made retreats, and the numbers in Spain, Holland, England, and elsewhere are very encouraging.

As Father Plater points out, these retreats have been made, and can be made to a greater extent still, a powerful weapon of social reform. To bring capitalists and laborers together for a week end of identical spiritual exercises under the same roof, to have them mix together freely during the recreations when speaking is allowed, will do more to foster a good understanding between all classes than the most convincing exposé of Socialism.

Father Plater deserves our thanks for bringing together a history of this movement throughout the Catholic world, and we venture to think that everyone who reads this book will resolve to make such a retreat himself at the first opportunity.

CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA. By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.25 net.

Miss Montgomery has written a series of short stories full of pathos and humor. *Old Lady Lloyd* and *Old Man Shaw's Girl* are quaint and original stories of foolish pride and perfect human love. We can see before us *Old Man Shaw* sitting on the old bench in the garden, wondering whether the little girl he sent away to be educated will return to him spoiled, as Mrs. Blewett informed him, "after three years of fashionable life among rich stylish folks at a swell school;" but we are glad when *Baby Blossom* returns "a little taller, a little more womanly, but his own dear Blossom and no stranger." "The world out there is a good place," she said thoughtfully. "There are wonderful things to see and learn, fine noble people to meet, beautiful deeds to admire," but she wound her arms about his neck, and laid her cheek against his; "there was no Daddy."

For quaint, clean sparkling humor, *The Winning of Lucinda*, *'Aunt Olivia's Beau*, *The Courting of Prissy Strong*, and *The Quarantine* are remarkable. The author is very fond of one particular theme, namely, the marrying of old spinsters to their lovers of twenty or thirty years ago. She succeeds in disposing of at least five such hopeless cases.

Frequently in these stories we are reminded of J. M. Barrie; the author has not his finished style, but she does share his sympathetic and kindly understanding of human nature.

CHRISTIAN SOCIAL REFORM. Program Outlined by its Pioneer, William Emmanuel Baron Von Ketteler, Bishop of Mainz. By George Metlake. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. \$1.50.

"The most difficult question, which no legislation, no form of Government has been able to solve, is the social question. The difficulty, the vastness, the urgency of this question fills me with the greatest joy. It is not indeed the distress, the wretchedness of my brothers—with whose condition I sympathize, God knows, from the bottom of my heart—that affords me this joy, but the fact that it must now become evident which Church bears within it the power of divine truth. The world will see that to the Catholic Church is reserved the definitive solution of the social question; for the State with all its legislative machinery has not the power to solve it."

These are bold words, and they were bolder still in 1848. It took a brave, confident, powerful nature, especially in the deplorable condition of the Church in Germany at that time, to *welcome* the social question as giving an opportunity for religion to prove itself. In looking back with the experience of sixty years, with almost the same problems confronting us, with poverty more widespread, with discontent growing, the whole system apparently more hopelessly at variance with the dictates of Christian justice, we cannot, to the same extent, rejoice at the opportunity afforded the Church, but we must, nevertheless, look with pride upon what Bishop Ketteler has done to justify these words.

Bishop Ketteler did not solve the social problem, and to our mind his chief work lay in the example he set of working for a solution. Hundreds, thousands, probably millions, have been inspired by his heroic figure to assume "the white man's burden," and labor zealously, bravely, hopefully for the betterment of men. The truly great live for all time, they have the gift of prophecy that makes their words ring down the ages, and the great Bishop of Mainz was one of these. May we not in this twentieth century find food for thought in some suggestive direction of the "fighting bishop?"

"It would be great folly on our part if we kept aloof from this movement merely because it happens to be at the present time to be promoted chiefly by men who are hostile to Christianity. The air remains God's air though breathed by an atheist, and the bread we eat is no less the nourishment provided for us by God, though kneaded by an unbeliever. It is the same with unionism; it is an idea that rests on the divine order of things and is essentially Christian, though the men who favor it most do not recognize the finger of God in it, and often even turn it to a wicked use."

The present work is the best English treatment of Bishop Ketteler. It will serve to correct the prejudiced and distorted view of Nitti's *Catholic Socialism*. But it is not entirely satisfactory. There are no thorough studies of the European and local conditions that surrounded and limited Ketteler's work, no study of the beginnings of scientific Socialism and the communistic movements of 1848. An index would add to the volume's usefulness.

THE STORY OF THE BRIDGETTINES. By Francesca M. Steele. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.80 net.

Miss Steele has made a complete study of conventual life

before the Reformation, as her works on the subject attest. The present volume evinces wide and patient research.

The Bridgettines, or "The Order of St. Saviour," founded at Wadstena on the shores of Lake Wetter, Sweden, in 1346, by St. Bridget, a Swedish Princess, enjoyed for more than two hundred years the favor of royalty and the nobility, and was an ever-present aid to the poor and needy. Candid Protestant historians bear witness to its influence as a centre of light, learning, and holiness—a well-spring of Catholicity for the whole of Scandinavia.

The Order spread rapidly, and at the time of the Reformation possessed over seventy houses scattered over the countries of Europe. Worthy of all admiration is the constancy of these religious in the days of persecution which followed the apostacy of nations. Pathetic indeed are the tales of sorrow, which beginning at Wadstena about 1524 extend to our own times; for the last victim of Russian persecution died in 1908. The suppression of Wadstena was preceded by many years of cruel suffering and temptation, in which the Abbess and her nuns manifested the courage of martyrs. Finally they were forced to leave their beloved monastery and go into exile. To English-speaking Catholics the most interesting chapters are those connected with the famous Syon Abbey of Isleworth. The tyrant's hand fell heavily on Syon, and in 1539 what remained of the community sought refuge abroad. The tale of their wanderings on the continent and their happy return reads like a romance. An unbroken continuity links the present Syon Abbey near Chudleigh, Devonshire, with the ancient foundation. Of all the glories of the past only four houses remain: one in England, one in Bavaria, and two in Holland.

SALESWOMEN IN MERCANTILE STORES. By Elizabeth Beardsley Butler. New York: Charities Publication Committee—Russell Sage Foundation. \$1.08 (cloth); 75 cents (paper), postpaid.

In 1908 the Consumers' League of Maryland, desiring to prepare a "white-list" of stores, asked the Russell Sage Foundation to send Miss Butler, who had recently investigated for the Pittsburgh Survey the conditions under which Pittsburgh women worked, to make a similar study in mercantile stores in Baltimore. The investigation was begun in January, 1909, and continued during several months. The present volume embodies the results. Thirty-four establishments were investigated. The material ob-

tained is clearly presented. It covers such points as store construction, comfort of employees, hours, wages, training, beneficiary societies. The data will prove useful to employers as well as to students of social conditions.

MY UNKNOWN CHUM. New York: The Devin Adair Co.
\$1.50 net.

By all the laws of bookdom, "Aquecheek's" volume should have died long ago. In the first place it is a book of travel, and such books are usually almost as ephemeral as guide books; and, secondly, it was published anonymously, or rather with the unattractive pseudonym of "Aquecheek." When a work lives in spite of such handicaps, and rises under a new and equally anonymous title, *My Unknown Chum*, it argues an unusual vitality for a book of this class. And, indeed, the book is too well-known to the discriminating public to need more than a word of introduction to call attention to this new edition. Those who are familiar with the delightful "Aquecheek," will be glad of the opportunity of purchasing a copy of the handsomest edition that we have seen, one really that shows as much improvement in the art of bookmaking as in the means of transportation since the day when "Aquecheek" crossed the Atlantic in a sailing boat.

The qualities that have kept it alive in the affections of many who welcomed it years ago, and have made one enthusiastic admirer reissue it now, may be found in a certain piquancy of style, a knack of apt illustration, some delightful gossip of old persons and places that are now only memories, a philosophical outlook upon travel, the value of which persists after the information is out of date.

And yet the mere fact that the scenes pictured here have passed away adds to its charm. To those who knew the Boston and New York, the London and Paris and Rome of fifty years ago, it will bring back many a tender recollection—Old Theatre Alley lives again, and the words of praise for old Bishop Chevereuses of Boston will be warmly seconded by many. It is said that this good, simple old soul left Boston to assume the red hat and live abroad with all his belongings packed in two dilapidated trunks. Dignities sat lightly upon him, and he was as approachable and simple as a prince of the Church as he had been as bishop and priest.

The reputed author of the book is Charles B. Fairbanks, a New England convert, and we think that his authorship has been

too easily set aside in the preface. Though this robs the many tributes to Catholicity of much of their apologetic value, it still remains true, that a book of this kind, where the references to religion arise naturally out of other subjects and are never over-done, will reach many who will not read a professedly Catholic work.

THE DELINQUENT CHILD AND THE HOME. By Sophonisba Breckinridge and Edith Abbott. New York: Charities Publication Committee. \$2.00.

Probation officers, social workers, and students generally, will find the present careful study suggestive. Though concerned almost altogether with the experience of the Chicago juvenile court, it has a wider significance than its immediate topic. For other juvenile courts will largely tell the same tale regarding the causes and occasions of the children's downfall. The philosophy underlying the book, however, is little in accord with Catholic principles. It is an indictment of many homes, and seems to infer that the State must be a sort of over-parent. To answer this we need a careful and ample exposition of the rights and duties of parents. There is a helpful abstract of juvenile court laws.

INCIDENTS OF MY LIFE. By Thomas Addis Emmett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.00.

Dr. Emmett will always be remembered as one of the most eminent gynecologists of the past century; he will always be honored by patriotic Irishmen for his work in connection with the Irish National Federation, and his book on *Ireland Under English Rule*; he will never be forgotten by New Yorkers for his forty-five years of untiring service in the Woman's Hospital; for the Catholic youth of the future he will ever remain an example of indefatigable energy, of spotless integrity, and of boundless charity to the sick and suffering. He has written a most interesting autobiography. He was born in Virginia, May 29, 1828. He is a grandson of Thomas Addis Emmett, a brother of the illustrious Irish patriot, Robert Emmett. He chats in a most entertaining manner of conditions in the South before the war, tells us about old New York and its citizens in the forties and fifties, describes his experiences as surgeon in the Woman's Hospital, and gives a full account of his great work furthering Home Rule for Ireland.

We are introduced in these pages to many eminent Americans

and many distinguished Irishmen; we are told many a good story; we listen to long discussions on the authenticity of the portrait of Robert Fulton; the burial place of Robert Emmett; the original copy of the Declaration of Independence, and the place of Nathan Hale's execution; we listen to the author's views on such varied subjects as education, Home Rule, England's treatment of Ireland, Civil War, the tariff, the high cost of living, Tammany Hall, and the management of hospitals. Many an old New Yorker will read this book merely for its mention of the old Bowery Theatre, the visits of MacCreedy and Jenny Lind, Barnum's Museum, the old Broadway stage, etc., etc.

Some pages of uninteresting details might well have been omitted, and more attention have been paid to literary finish, but we are too much in the author's debt to be hypercritical.

WHY SHOULD WE CHANGE OUR FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

Studies in Practical Politics. By Nicholas Murray Butler.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

The author of these six brief and readable essays, by keen analysis and clear expression, has done much to help the intelligent citizen towards forming a definite opinion upon certain momentous questions now engaging the attention of our electorate. Further than that, these essays, based upon patient study of history and developed with careful logic, should instruct many a reader in the constructing of political philosophy. Initiative, referendum, recall, trusts, railways, collective ownership are among the points which the author illuminates—not indeed by means of exhaustive discussion, but by pertinent and sage comment. The volume comes as a reminder of the need of adding sane and careful thinking to our political activity, lest we make progress towards disaster.

THE UNBELIEVER; A ROMANCE OF LOURDES. By a Non-Catholic. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25 net.

This story gives us a perfect picture of Lourdes, with its *train blanc*, its *dames hospitalières*, its *brancardiers*, its *bureau des constatations*, its *malades*, and its *miracles*.

Angélique is cured miraculously of consumption after a bath in the Grotto. Her friend, Andréé, to obtain this cure, and to bring about the conversion of her unbelieving lover, Dr. Felix, had made a vow to God to become a nun, or even to give up her own life, if

it were God's will. She dies rather dramatically; her lover is converted, and becomes a Franciscan.

No one will read this book for the story. But everyone who has been to Lourdes will appreciate the accuracy of the author's description of the shrine, the marvelous faith of the invalids, and the careful investigation of Dr. Boissarie. Zola and his book on Lourdes are stigmatized as they deserve, "Zola was a man of one idea, everything to him was unclean. It never struck him that the uncleanness was in himself—that he defiled everything he touched." "Zola lied from start to finish, no one could have witnessed what he witnessed and remained unconvinced." The story of Bernadette is told in brief, and the whole book bespeaks a most sympathetic attitude towards the miracles of the wonderful Grotto.

THE SON OF MAN—HIS PREPARATION, HIS LIFE, HIS WORK. By Rev. Placid Huault, S.M. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.10.

This volume from the pen of Father Huault treats with theological accuracy of the Fall of Man, the Expectation of the Redeemer, the Blessed Virgin, the Divinity of Christ, Miracles and Prophecy, the effects of Christianity, the Unity and Universality of the Church, etc. It shows a sound knowledge of these fundamental questions, and gives in popular form the teachings of the Church with regard to them. But we fear that the tone of the book, unnecessarily harsh at times, will not readily effect the worthy purpose of the author, which is to influence and win the souls of unbelievers.

FURTHER NOTES ON ST. PAUL—EPHESIANS, PHILIPPIANS, COLOSSIANS, PHILEMON. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.35.

In Father Rickaby's former volume, *Notes on St. Paul—Corinthians, Galatians, Romans*, published in 1898, he used the text of Challoner's 1752 edition of the Rheims New Testament. In the present work, he sets aside as unsatisfactory all our English translations, and makes a new and, we must add, a most excellent paraphrase of St. Paul's words. Even those who may not know enough Greek to appreciate a successful attempt to get at the meaning of difficult passages, will welcome this part of his work.

These notes are disappointingly brief, but they are always

clear, interesting, and scholarly. Realizing that some of our translations of the Apostle are enough "to drive the Christian to despair of ever understanding St. Paul," he does his best to suggest in a most modest way the needed corrections.

He points out corruptions in the Vulgate; suggests readings in doubtful passages; quotes the classics and the Fathers to bring out the meaning of a word; corrects mistakes in the interpretations of Clement of Alexandria, and St. John Chrysostom; calls attention to faulty translations; discusses various readings, etc.

His commentary on Col. ii. 16-23, which, as he rightly asserts, is "the crux of the whole epistle, and one of the most difficult passages in St. Paul," is a fair sample of the scholarly character of these notes. He frequently acknowledges his indebtedness to St. John Chrysostom among the Fathers, and to Bishop Lightfoot among the modern interpreters of St. Paul. A few misprints (pp. 140, 145, 146, 164, 193) should be corrected in a new edition.

DOGMATIC CANONS AND DECREES. New York: The Devin Adair Co. \$1.25 net.

This volume contains English translations of the important doctrinal definitions issued by the Church from the Council of Trent down to the present time. Catholic truth is here set forth in the authoritative words of Popes and Councils. And as Trent was forced to restate and clarify much of Catholic teaching, the volume forms an excellent epitome of doctrine.

The basis of the work is largely Cardinal Manning's translation of the decrees of the Vatican Council, and Canon Waterworth's translation of those of Trent. The latter work has long been out of print. An index facilitates reference to this useful volume.

THE HOLY MASS ACCORDING TO THE GREEK RITE. By Andrew J. Shipman. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 25 cents.

The increasing number of Slavic peoples of the Greek Catholic Rite now making their home among us, have brought to our doors the more elaborate and very beautiful oriental liturgy of the Church, and given it for us a personal as well as a Catholic interest. This English translation is, therefore, most opportune. Mr. Shipman prefaces the text of the Mass with a scholarly account of the Greek Rite, its followers, and appurtenances. This little pamphlet

of forty-four pages is within the reach of all, and cannot fail to appeal to every student and lover of the Universal Church and her liturgy. It contains, however, the translation of only one of the three forms of the Mass in use in the Greek Church—that of St. John Chrysostom. Upon its favorable reception depends the fulfillment of Mr. Shipman's promise to follow it with an English rendering of the *Mass of St. Basil* and the *Mass of the Presanctified*.

GOD, THE AUTHOR OF NATURE AND THE SUPERNATURAL. By Dr. Joseph Pohle. Authorized English Version by Arthur Preuss. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.75.

Those who wish to go deep in their study of Catholic Theology, but are handicapped by an inadequate knowledge of Latin, owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Preuss, who has translated into English from the original German Dr. Pohle's three volumes on God. The most recently published of these volumes considers God as the Creator of all things, natural and supernatural. The second, and considerably larger portion of the book, deals with the created universe—the earth; man; angels; and takes up of necessity such questions as the Biblical account of Creation; the unity of the human race; the immortality of the human soul; the nature, transmission, and penalties of original sin; the fall of some of the angels and their relations with men, etc.

The work of translation is very well done. It is but rarely that one happens on a phrase that could be set aside for a simpler or more idiomatic expression. Technical terms abound, it is true, but that is practically unavoidable in a work of this kind.

CHAPTERS ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE: Reason, the Witness of Faith. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. 75 cents.

As is stated in the preface, this book "aims to instruct American and English Catholics who are constantly confronted by both press and pulpit, and by daily intercourse with the ever-ready ridicule of their destructive views of life." As chapters of particular importance for our age and country, that on "Truth and Essentials" and that "On Purity" may be noted. As an aid in the task of instructing an intelligent and earnest convert, it will also be found useful. But it is doubtful whether the catechetical form, or the morning and evening prayers in rhyme, will appeal to adults. There is a lack of smoothness in the English which makes

it sound like a translation; constructions are sometimes foreign. Should it reach a second edition, an index would add to its usefulness, as the grouping of subjects is somewhat novel, making it difficult to find information. There is a good analytical table of contents, but an alphabetical index would be a help.

SANS LUMIÈRE. Par Jules Pravieux. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

Sans Lumière is a short tale of a French country village, robbed of its church and Curé by the bitter anti-clerical hatred of its Masonic mayor. Everything possible is done by the mayor and his pagan schoolmaster to teach the people that: "Science has vanquished superstition. Nature is the only true religion. The one god we know is reason."

They succeed beyond their expectations. While a few faithful souls go to a neighboring parish to Mass and the Sacraments, the vast body of the townsfolk totally abandon the faith of their ancestors. As a result, superstition takes the place of religion, thievery becomes common, the cabarets do a most flourishing business, discontent rules in place of the old-time peace and happiness, and the workingmen join the party of revolutionary socialism. One of the Mayor's sons becomes the leader in the revolt against his capitalist father, and, when jilted by his unbelieving fiancée, commits suicide. Another son goes to Paris, and becomes wealthy by stealing millions from the sequestered property of the religious congregations, only to be thrown in prison finally as a sacrifice to an aroused public sentiment.

A most pathetic scene is the meeting of the Abbé Brivet, the Curé of Larochebilly, with the Mayor after the burial of his son. The disconsolate official, angry at the logical outcome of his theories, is cursing the strikers as "savages and brutes," when the old Curé approaches him and says: "Pardon them, I beseech you; they deserve your pity rather than your hate. They are simply what irreligion has made them. It has taken from their hearts all resignation, all faith, all hope, all goodness—it has robbed them of their God. It has extinguished every light that used to brighten their path, and yet you expect them to walk uprightly as of old. They have nothing but hatred to guide them, and hatred in its implacable logic does nothing but destroy, pillage, and kill. Pity these men, for they know not what they do. Pity these men, for they know not what they desire. They are children of the night, walking in darkness. They are men *sans lumière*."

Such a book gives us a very good insight into present-day conditions in France, and, if its lesson is learned, will teach the modern French unbeliever that, without religion, man is little better than the brute. "In Jesus Christ alone," says the Abbé, "there is hope. He is the light, He is goodness, He is love, He is God."

LE MODERNISME SOCIAL-DÉCADENCE OU RÉGÉNÉRATION. Par Abbé J. Fontaine. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

Social Modernism is a continuation of the thesis defended in the Abbé Fontaine's last book, *Sociological Modernism*, published a year ago. This volume is both a strong indictment of Socialism to-day in France, which, as the Abbé clearly shows, means the destruction of the State with all true liberty, and an able defence of the Catholic social principles set forth by Popes Leo XIII. and Pius X.

While fully admitting the Abbé's honest endeavor to express accurately the Church's teachings, we find him often disappointing in his unfairness to opponents, who cannot see eye to eye with him on many open questions. In the *Revue du Clergé Français*, a few months ago, the Abbé Dubois pointed out clearly the injustice of his attack on M. Lorin of the *Semaine Sociale* of Marseilles.

Again his writings are always dominated by a bitterness against Protestant and Jew which is hardly Christian, and by an utter lack of sympathy with the aspirations and claims of modern democracy. He has a perfect right to be alarmed at the false social theories advocated by some of the over-enthusiastic Catholic Sillonists in France, but it is always in bad taste to question the sincerity of a man who has made his public submission to the well-deserved condemnation of Rome. He is, moreover, frequently as severe in condemning things debatable, *e. g.*, the income tax, as in denouncing things positively uncatholic, which is rather confusing to the average reader. A better use of the *distinguo* of the theological schools would have given us a more accurate and a more scholarly volume.

EDGAR ALLEN POE. Par Emile Lauvrière. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

This volume is an abridgment of a much larger work of the same author—*Edgar Poe, Sa vie et son Oeuvre*—published by Alcan of Paris in 1904. It is both a psychological study and a

literary appreciation, and from both viewpoints has been highly recommended by the Académie Française and the Académie de Médecine.

The life of Poe was cursed from beginning to end by his excessive fondness for drink and drugs. He came of bad stock originally, and the taint in his blood developed finally in a degeneracy of the most debased type. He seemed totally devoid of the religious sense. Drink cost him devoted friends like Burton, White, Briggs, and Lowell; it broke his engagement with Mrs. Whitman; it made him write and speak in so caustic a way as to engender the most bitter enmities; it worried a loving wife to death, and made a veritable slave of the devoted Mrs. Clemm; it caused him to become a proud, ungrateful, unreliable, erotic madman, who wasted not merely natural talents but genius of a very high order. As a man he is the most repellent figure in the history of American letters.

The best chapters of the book however deal with Poe's literary output. A careful analysis is given of his weird, imaginative tales, and an appreciative estimate of his melodious, fantastic poems. The author holds that most of Poe's morbid creations, whether in prose or verse, were due to the fumes of alcohol or the dreams of opium. *L'Amour désespéré pour une beauté morte* seems to have been "his habitual theme, the favorite formula of his morbid art, combining under the symbolic appearances of Beauty and Death both ecstasy and melancholy."

THE PLEASURING OF SUSAN SMITH, by Helen M. Winslow (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.00 net), is the story of a Miss Susan Smith, who in her fortieth year inherits a large fortune. She determines to go to a metropolis and enjoy herself. Her city cousins in Boston, who never give any money themselves, take her to all the charitable institutions in the hope that she will distribute her money freely. Cousin Jack introduces her to society and to many pleasures, etc. Of course she acts as fairy godmother to young Jack, whom she reconciles to his fiancée after a misunderstanding, and everything ends most happily.

BLUE BONNET'S RANCH PARTY, by Caroline E. Jacobs and Edyth E. Read (Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50) tells the story of a girl's life on a Texan ranch. A party of boys and girls from Massachusetts are introduced by their friend, Blue

Bonnet, to all the wonders of outdoor life; swimming, horseback riding, driving, lassoing cattle, camping out, etc. The heroine is not too exact in her deportment, and at times shows evidences of selfishness, bad temper, and lack of courtesy, which she always redeems by her quick repentance. The book is rather long drawn out, and disfigured by many poor attempts at wit, but still will be interesting to the average schoolgirl.

ENGLISH SONGS OF ITALIAN FREEDOM, chosen and arranged with an introduction by George Macaulay Trevelyan. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25 net.) By bringing together these songs, Mr. Trevelyan has done a service for those who love liberty and poetry and Italy, even if they cannot worship Mazzini and the Carbonari. Political verses are unusually ephemeral. The work of Byron, Shelley, the Brownings, and Swinburne in this field undoubtedly deserves re-reading.

A PRISONER OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, 1864-5, by George Haven Putnam. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents net.) Under an appearance of calm, judicial fairness, we think that Major Putnam has been decidedly unfair to the South in several places. "It was impossible for [the Confederates] to make appropriate provision for the care of prisoners," says Dr. Putnam; but he adds, without the least proof to support his assertion, there was no honest desire to do so. Again, he tells us that when walking through Richmond on parole in a Federal uniform, he "met hardly any instances of discourtesy." Why should he immediately theorize that a year or two earlier he would have met "abuse of some kind or other?"

ECONOMIC AND MORAL ASPECTS OF THE LIQUOR BUSINESS, by Robert Bagnell, Ph.D., D.D. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75 cents net.) This is a fairly handy presentation of interesting facts regarding the liquor business. The part dealing with the economic side is much more satisfactory than the seventy-five pages devoted to establishing the moral basis of state regulation.

AN excellent book for school use is *The Story of Christopher Columbus*, by Charles W. Moores. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents net.) It comprises short but careful accounts

of his four voyages, is written in a simple, interesting style, and has well-chosen illustrations. That Columbus was a mystic, that a divine impulse urged him, and that America was discovered by the Will of God—these facts have not been presented to the children in our public schools. This volume makes them clear, and for that reason, as much as for its general excellence, is strongly to be recommended as a textbook.

LORETTO: ANNALS OF THE CENTURY, by Anna C. Minogue, with an introduction by Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis. (New York: The America Press. \$1.50.) The volume is an elaborate and carefully compiled history of the Loretteine Congregation, which was founded in Kentucky one hundred years ago by the pioneer missionary, Father Nerinckx, and which was the first community of native American women. It traces with a wealth of detail the growth and achievements of the Congregation through its century of existence, and is supplemented by an unusually large number of illustrations.

REASONABLE SERVICE OR WHY I BELIEVE, by D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B.; adapted from the Italian of Dr. Mioni. (St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.00). "The purpose of these pages [less than two hundred] is to show conclusively that faith is entirely consistent with sound reason. . . . and that true science is not in contradiction with divine revelation." While heartily agreeing with the author's conclusions, we do not feel that this would be the most attractive book to put into the hands of an inquirer after Catholic truth. Its manner is too confident; its method too severely logical; its contempt for opposing views too evident.

HE IS CALLING ME; Helps in Visiting the Blessed Sacrament, by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. (London: Burns & Oates, 2s. 6d.) Years ago in a little book, *The Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, we came across a poem entitled *Omnia pro Te Cor Jesu*, and signed "M. R." It was such a whole-hearted offering of self to the Sacred Heart that it captured the youthful imagination, and was quickly committed to memory. Since then it has often proved a stand-by in short visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and this present book sounded like an appeal from the past. For many aids in the love of our Eucharistic Lord are we indebted

to the Reverend author; and not least for this latest reminder that Jesus is waiting for each one of us. The little prayers of other holy souls of our own generation must prove a spur not to be behind in our loving homage to Christ our King.

SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES, by Rev. T. P. Gallagher, S.T.L., B.C.L. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. 6 s. net.) In this volume Father Gallagher examines the principal passages of the Old Testament relating to the Jewish hope of a Redeemer. He shows that his hope of a Messiah existed through all the ages of Jewish history. We hope that in the next edition Father Gallagher will give us more explicit references to the authors and volumes quoted.

MANUAL OF CHRISTIAN PEDAGOGY, published by The Brothers of Mary, Dayton, O., is a modest little volume of about one hundred pages, confining itself to general principles of Catholic education, for it says, "books containing suggestions for the teaching of the various branches of study can be readily found." It consists of chapters on the objects of education, physical, moral, etc., and will be found helpful, especially by the young teacher. The article on surveillance seems somewhat stringent and overdrawn, especially in one particular. We note likewise that while the teacher is advised to encourage frequent Confession, no word is said of frequent Communion. The book concludes with the beautiful prayer of Gerson, the great Chancellor of the University of Paris, who devoted himself in his latter days to the souls of little children. The paper is not good, and that tends to obscure the type.

THE VITAL TOUCH, by Frances M. Schnebly. (Chicago: Laird & Lee. \$1.00.) This is a story of the conventional perfect hero falling in love at first sight with the conventional perfect heroine. She, however, rejects him once she discovers through her brother, a priest, that he was studying for the priesthood to follow out his mother's vow.

He in despair travels abroad, but is recalled to America by a cablegram informing him that the dear girl is sick unto death. Of course she recovers, the vow of long ago is set aside, and rightly so, and they live happily ever after.

None of the characters in the book are well drawn; there is a total absence of local color, Paris being undistinguishable from

Chicago; there is no grasp whatever of the spirit of Catholicity, or the moral or mental makeup of a Catholic priest. The old-maid cousin with a slanderous tongue leaves a bad taste with the reader, and adds nothing to the interest of the story. Altogether it is an uninteresting and insipid tale.

THE BOY AND HIS GANG, by J. Adams Puffer. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.00 net.) This is an objective and sympathetic study of some of those traits of boyhood which are to the average adult more irritating than interesting. That "sociological" phrases and theories are so frequently mixed with commonplaces, or intruded into keen observations, will scarcely lessen the usefulness of this really very practical contribution to the enlightenment of teachers and parents. The reader will learn to look with new patience on certain inevitable—if trying—manifestations of boy-life, and will get an insight into the possible ways of controlling and utilizing them.

SOCIALISM AND THE WORKINGMAN, by R. Fullerton. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.20 net.) In fourteen essays the writer touches upon the points of the Socialist position which seem most unbearable, and adduces counter arguments and illustrations that his own thought or the publications of Catholic writers have suggested to him.

THE price of the *Interior Castle* by St. Teresa, published by Thomas Baker, London, England, is 6s. net, not 4s. as stated in our July issue. The volume is sold in this country by Messrs. Benziger Brothers at \$1.90 per copy.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Future of Religion in England. By John Straight. The Church of England has lost twenty per cent in membership, and shows an annual falling away of 350,000; Nonconformity is declining; only Catholicism holds its ground. But its nine thousand converts a year are not in proportion to the increase in population, and are offset by an equal leakage. Even leaving leakage out of account, it would take at this rate four thousand years to convert England. The toleration the Catholic Church now enjoys in England must not encourage her to think the nation is ready for a wholesale entrance within her fold. She must arouse herself to vast missionary efforts against new foes—Christian Science, Theosophy, Esoteric Buddhism, indifferentism of every shade. Who can say that this awakening will not come, and Catholicism once more regenerate the world?—*Oxford and Cambridge Review*, September.

The Fourth Gospel. By Maurice Donin. What is the fundamental thought, whence arises the unity and the specific character of the Fourth Gospel? It is not the effort to convert the Jews by showing the blindness and the injustice of their fathers; to prove the superiority of Jesus over John the Baptist; to conquer the Gnostics and the Docetae; to complete the synoptic account of Our Lord's life, though all these are part of St. John's plan. He is not striving to produce a Christology different from that of the synoptics, to prove that Jesus is God while they sought to prove Him man. Such a view rests on an over-emphasis of a few verses of the prologue to this Gospel. The author's aim is to portray a psychological drama, to expose the growth of faith in the disciples in opposition to the growth of unbelief among the Jews.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, August.

Frederick Ozanam. By De Lauzac de Laborie. It was around Frederick Ozanam that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul grew, and to his guidance and encouragement was due, in greatest measure, the success of its beginnings. The Society was established in May, 1833. At Lyons, Ozanam met bitter opposition, but he was persistent in outlining the spirit and distinctive features which he wished to mark his Society—loyalty to the Church, humility, Christian solidarity.—*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, August.

Socialism in the Public Schools of the United States. By N. Noguer. The results of education where only science is taught, and no religion, is the cause of the increase of crimes among the young, as declared by a New York jurist, who states that forty per cent of the crimes in that city are committed by young men under twenty years of age. This increase of criminal ideas among the young people is the result of the socialistic training received in their schools—eventually where the religious and moral education is neglected, the generations will become corrupt.—*Razon y Fe*, August.

Eating Places for Women. By Abbé J. de Maistre. Young working women of small salary are confronted by dangers both moral and physical in the great city of Paris. Morally, because of the unscrupulous people they meet in their lunch hours at the various restaurants which they have need to frequent; physically, because many of the young women receive such meager salaries they are often forced to go without food or else to eat very little. These dangers were well studied out by Père Stanislas du Lac, and he strove to overcome them by establishing restaurants exclusively for women. Now the city of Paris has a net-work of restaurants for women, the idea of this thoughtful priest. At some gas, water, and cooking utensils are loaned to the women workers for the slight sum of ten centimes; the utensils are washed by the users at the completion of their meal. At other restaurants lunches are provided at a very low cost. Such an innovation has been greatly welcomed by the working women of Paris, as is evidenced by the attendance.—*Le Correspondant*, August 10.

Eugenics. By Mrs. Huth Jackson. It is a nobler thing to bear and rear five healthy children than to allow a dozen out of fifteen to die. Priests should preach self-control rather than the implications of the text, "it is better to marry than to burn." To leave births to "the designs of Providence" is as foolish as to refuse the use of disinfectants, "because if God wills us to catch a disease we ought to accept it." "Every child has a right to be born under the best conditions. And we, we who *know*, are shirking, if, for reason of the trouble entailed, we do not bring our fair share of children into the world." There should be no unnecessary suffering, it is true. "See to it that life is made a sweeter, better, nobler thing as each year goes by; but where pain

is inevitable accept it bravely, and even joyously, realizing that certain truths can be learnt in that way, and that way alone." Women must not "refuse that necessary suffering which is part of the inscrutable law of the universe, and which, bravely accepted, will bring us to the feet of Him Who, being God Almighty, yet when He took upon Him to deliver man, did not abhor the Virgin's womb."—*The National Review*, September.

Labor Problems. By G. de Lamarzelle. This article reviews the troubles of labor unions from their earliest days in England, with a complete study of the recent miners' strike.—*Le Correspondant*, August 10.

Conservation of Natural Forces. By Paul Girardin. A new chair has been founded at the College of France for the study of how best to conserve the natural forces, which are so important to the welfare of the numberless inhabitants of the earth. This article contains a complete account of this new study.—*Le Correspondant*, August 10.

Property Reform. By Hilaire Belloc. Has the process of confining property to a few (and consequently turning the many into a proletariat) (a) proceeded so far, or (b) resulted from such economic causes, that it is impossible for society to retrace its steps and to achieve a better distribution of property in the future? The author answers both questions negatively. In a future paper he proposes to discuss the means of reform.—*Oxford and Cambridge Review*, September.

Lessons of the War in Tripoli. By Earl Percy. The Italians have shown themselves a united nation with splendid military capacities. Their quickness in mobilizing and landing troops, their cheerfulness in bearing the cost, the remarkable coöperation between army and navy, have "revealed a remarkable national efficiency and discipline." All this means that Italy is no longer the child of the Triple Alliance. She is a Great Power, and her friendship or enmity must be reckoned with in case of war with Germany.—*The National Review*, September.

England's German-Phobia. By Navalis. Mr. Churchill's policy is "condemned as absolute treachery to the navy and the

nation." He has refused to keep pace with German increases; he has scattered the fleets so that it would take four days to mobilize in home waters; he has demoralized the whole force. The history of his administration can be written, "organization, re-organization, disorganization."—*The National Review*, September.

More German-Phobia. By E. Capel Cure. England was once almost adored by Italy. She was looked upon as the friend who had made Cavour's government possible. But the attitude of the British Press towards the war in Tripoli has nettled the Italian people. If England and France were at war with Germany, Italy might side with the Kaiser. England must strengthen her fleet in the Mediterranean, and strive by every possible means to lessen German influence in the Italian peninsula.—*The National Review*, September.

The Portuguese Revolution. By Homen Christo Filho. This article deals with the lamentable state of affairs in Portugal to-day, and gives an account of the monarchy, with a study of the Republican Party. In Portugal, as in France, secret societies have worked havoc. The activities of the Freemasons dates back to the eighteenth century. The explosive bombs of six different models are the work of one of the members of the Carbonaria—José Maria Nunes. Explosions killing dozens of people are reported daily.—*Le Correspondant*, August 25.

The Land of the Rising Sun. Unsigned. This article deals rather with the work accomplished by Mutsuhito, the late Mikado, than with his biography. In the sixteenth century Japan carried on extensive commercial relations with Portugal and England for eighty-seven years, after which its port was closed to all outside trade. It was only during the middle part of the past century that it was opened again. Mutsuhito worked wonders for his Empire. He introduced the most progressive reforms, and placed most capable men at the head of all departments of the government, allowing them to work unhampered. This he could do with safety, for the Japanese give the greatest homage to their Emperor. The article reviews the Russo-Japanese War, and shows the growth of the Japanese army and navy since that war. Japan strives to become the great naval power in the Pacific. The talk of a national religion is now stirring the country. The Emperor and

his counsellors have for years been striving to fuse the two religions—Shintoism and Buddhism. The writer of this article has resided in Japan for many years.—*Le Correspondant*, August 25.

George Meredith. By Alfred Austin. The author pleads guilty to not understanding much of Meredith's verse. He is consoled by the fact that Meredith himself did not understand it, and is reminded of how Jean Paul Richter, being called upon to explain some of his writings, said: "That once upon a time two persons had known what an arraigned passage signified, himself and Le Bon Dieu. But now only God knew." "That George Meredith's novels must have as novels very high qualities, I do not question nor doubt for one moment. But I believe it on the testimony of others, themselves of high literary repute, for to be truthful I cannot myself read them." The wine at Meredith's table is said, on the whole, to have been better than the conversation.—*Oxford and Cambridge Review*, September.

Cromwell and the Literature of the "Protectorate." By J. B. Williams. There was very little real literature produced during this period. Much of what was then written does not owe its inspiration to the "protectorate." Cromwell censored the press with a strong hand, and imprisoned the printers right and left. Through his licenser, Cromwell authorized one news-book that was "stuffed with profane and obscene matter." It was promptly suppressed under Charles II.—*Oxford and Cambridge Review*, September.

Parliamentary Oratory. By F. E. Smith, M.P. Persons complain nowadays that there is no oratory in the House of Commons. The trouble is that they are looking for something that is out of date. Parliament has become more business-like. We do not deliver long, florid perorations because we don't wish to. "In cultivation, in natural eloquence, in the subtlety of dialectics, there are probably at least as large a number of members entitled to a high place as have ever debated in the House of Commons at any period of its history." Balfour, Asquith, Lloyd George, Bonar Law, and others are discussed.—*Oxford and Cambridge Review*, September.

Coppée's Letters. By Jean Monval. The final installment of

the letters of François Coppée to his sister Annette end with this number of the *Le Correspondant*. They breathe of the tenderest sympathy between brother and sister, also describing the points of interest in his travels.—*Le Correspondant*, August 10.

Teaching Run Mad. By Isabel Henvey. We are too self-conscious in our theories of education, too much pre-occupied with the subject, too wedded to infallible "systems." Another fallacy is to think the child is indefinitely malleable, that it is simply clay to be moulded by the teacher in any shape wanted. As a matter of fact the teacher is probably producing entirely different results from those aimed at. A third mistake is to waste time teaching what a child has no talent for. This is especially noticeable in music.—*Oxford and Cambridge Review*, September.

A Valiant Woman. By Marc de Germigny. This article describes the heroism of a child of fourteen years of age—Marie Magdeleine de Verchères of Canada, who commanded a fort during the French and Indian Wars against a band of Iroquois Indians. She died in 1752 as Mme. de la Pérade, having seen the government of Canada fall into the hands of the English.—*Le Correspondant*, August 10.

The Tablet (August 31): Editorially *The Tablet* takes the position that the United States has violated the Hay-Pauncefote treaty by discriminating between American and British vessels as regards Canal tolls.—The French Government finds that it has nourished a serpent in fostering the state schools. Six thousand teachers assembled at Chambéry solemnly passed radical anti-patriotic resolutions.—Lady Edmund Talbot urges the necessity of Catholic women taking an active part in *Social Reform and Social Settlements*.

(September 7): Claude Harrison replies to Hilaire Belloc's anti-Jewish articles in the *Eye-Witness*. Mr. Harrison denies that the Jews form a distinct Semitic race in Europe. He attempts to prove from head-measurements, complexion, etc., that Jews intermarry with Europeans and conform to the racial type around them.—Miss Brégy's *Poet's Chantry*, a collection of papers that originally appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, is reviewed at length.—Text of Fr. McNabb's Norwich Congress paper on the *Mental Deficiency Bill*. He claims the Bill is based on

false data, faulty in logic, unscientific, and a menace to liberty.—The Roman Correspondent writes that *plura scripta* of Fr. Lagrange, O.P., have been declared by the Consistorial College to be unfit for reading or consultation in Catholic seminaries.

Le Correspondant (August 25): A biographical and character study of Raymond Poincaré, through every stage of his life to his present position as President of the Council of the French Government, is presented in this number.—Count De Ballore contributes a scientific study of the before and after effects of earthquakes.—*An Heir to a Throne*, by De Lauzac de Laborie, is a review and synopsis of a life of the son of Napoleon III. and Empress Eugénie.

Revue du Clergé Français (August): L. Cl. Fillion presents a study of the person and the redemptive work of Christ. Herein he shows the perfect harmony which exists between the teachings of our Savior and St. Paul. Paul has systematized and developed His Master's precepts. Even more than a theologian, Paul is a witness, a confessor, an apostle of Jesus.—L. Venard reviews the commentaries of Montefiore and Goguel on St. Mark; Buzy on the parables of Our Lord; Lilièvre on His teachings. Abbé Pasquier had thought to arrange the Synoptic Gospels as follows: the Hebrew version of St. Matthew, A. D. 41, identical with the Logia of Papias; St. Luke between 50 and 54; St. Mark, a combination of the two former, after 55. L. Venard shows the weak points of this theory, which is untenable since the decisions of the Biblical Commission.

Recent Events.

France.

The visit of M. Poincaré, the Premier, to Russia, and the conclusion of a Naval Convention with that Empire, are the chief events which call for mention. By the fact that M. Poincaré went by water, and in this way avoided passing through German territory, the feelings of many in Germany were deeply wounded. Its government, however, would not permit itself to be deprived of an opportunity of showing honor to the representative of France. The German Fleet waylaid the vessel in which the Premier was embarked, and gave to him the salute which is as a rule only given to Royal persons. In Russia M. Poincaré was received with special marks of honor not only by the Court, but also by the people. Frequent and long-protracted conferences were held with the chief ministers of state. The result has been to remove any anxiety that may have been felt by the recent meeting of the Tsar and the Kaiser. The terms of the Naval Convention were settled; but what precisely they were will not be disclosed before the meeting of the Assembly. The conversations which were held, according to the official statement communicated to the Press, enabled the governments of France and Russia not only to exchange views, but to arrange concerted action in a practical manner. Complete agreement, it is affirmed, exists between them: the ties uniting the two nations have never been stronger. The usual assurance is given that all that has been said and done is to furnish a guarantee for the maintenance of peace and of the equilibrium of Europe. In France the utmost gratification is felt, both on account of the visit and its attendant circumstances, and of its results.

Hopes had been entertained that the negotiations with Spain for the settlement of the relations of the two countries in Morocco would by this time have been brought to a conclusion. These hopes have not been realized, but there is reason to think that a settlement has been made of the chief points under discussion. The boundary of the region over which Spain is to have the control has been fixed. In this matter France has acted in a more liberal way than was at first expected. For the elimination, by means

of the grant of territory in the French Congo, of the German claims upon Morocco, there were those in France who were ready to demand an amount of compensation which Spain was unwilling to give. The difficult question as to the division of the Customs has still, however, to be settled, as well as the internationalization of the city of Tangier. In regard to the former of these questions, it is rumored that there has been another intervention on the part of Germany. But the good feeling that now characterizes the relations of the two countries prevents apprehension being felt that any serious complication will arise.

Mulai Hafid has carried out his purpose of abdicating the throne, and has followed his brother into private life. A third brother, Mulai Yusef, has been proclaimed Sultan under the auspices of the French. He has not, however, been accepted by the whole of the tribes that dwell in Morocco. There are, in fact, two Pretenders in the field anxious to rule their fellow-countrymen. It is wonderful how many are found to be willing to accept so ungrateful a task. The Pretender, in the South, El Hiba, has secured a large following, and claims to be a prophet. He has met with considerable success. The French are finding that the pacification of their recent acquisition is a work not of easy accomplishment. The whole country is in a ferment from Fez to Marakesh.

The conduct of the teachers of the secular schools to whom the Republic has entrusted the upbringing of the rising generation, must have deeply hurt the feelings of those by whom they were appointed; it may, perhaps, even have enlightened their minds. At the Congress of the National Federation of Teachers' Unions, recently held at Chambéry, the teachers unanimously threw in their lot with the semi-revolutionary *Confédération Générale du Travail*, and passed a resolution of lively sympathy with its efforts for liberty and education. With passionate attention the teachers watched, they declared, the daily struggle waged by the working class for the improvement of its lot and the defence of its dignity. "Sharing its anguish and its hopes, they are proud to fight in its ranks, and once more declare their solidarity with all the wage-earners united under the G. C. T." To the Syndicalist movement they gave their support, and to all victims interned in capitalist gaols they sent fraternal greetings. They went so far as to give the adhesion of the Federation to the anti-militarist organization known as the "*Sou du Soldat*," which seeks to spread disaffection

within the ranks of the army. So horrified was the government with these proceedings and resolutions that it issued a decree ordering the Teachers' Unions to be dissolved. In doing this it is not exceeding its power, for the Unions have no legal existence. It is thought that public opinion will support the government in the action which it has taken, and that the support of the less militant among the teachers will not be wanting.

Secret societies consisting of officers in the army is another evil with which the government has been dealing. The Minister of War has issued a circular informing officers of the Reserve who belong to certain so-called Military Leagues, that they must decide between giving up the league and ceasing to be officers. These leagues, one of which is Masonic, and the other hostile to Freemasonry, have acquired an aggressive and political character which is considered to be altogether incompatible with discipline.

The increase of crime which has of late been so strikingly characteristic of France has led the Minister of Justice to direct the magistrates to inflict severe sentences on rioters, drunkards, and all old offenders arrested with arms in their possession. Extenuating circumstances are not to be admitted so easily as heretofore, for by so doing the essential security of the community has been menaced. Great stringency is to be exercised in enforcing the laws already in existence as to carrying weapons until the stricter laws under discussion have been passed.

The serious decline in the birth-rate has led the Minister of Finance to appoint a Commission for the purpose of investigating the causes of what amounts to a national calamity, and to suggest remedies. M. Jacques Bertillon, brother of the inventor of the finger-print system, and himself a distinguished statistician, points out that whereas a century ago twenty-seven per cent of the population of the Great European Powers were French, to-day the proportion is only eleven per cent. Formerly French was the most widely-spoken language; to-day it is the mother language of only forty-five millions, as compared with one hundred millions who speak German, and one hundred and thirty millions who speak English. Prussia, Saxony, Norway, Sweden, and parts of Switzerland, M. Bertillon says, have passed laws for reducing the taxation upon fathers of three or more children in proportion to their number. For France he advocates the adoption of a similar plan.

Germany.

For Germany festivities have been the chief feature of which mention need be made.

The Krupp Centenary gave an opportunity to the Emperor to make a speech in praise of a firm which has done so much to make the Empire what it is. "Krupp guns," he said, "have been with the Prussian lines, and have thundered on the battlefields which have made ready the way to Germany's unity, and won it at last. Krupp guns are still to-day carried in the German Army and the German Navy. Krupp docks build ships which fly the German flag. Krupp steel guards ships and forts. Krupp war material is used by numerous foreign armies." Wider sympathies for the Krupps will be felt for another characteristic of the firm of which the Emperor spoke, that is, the ideal relationship which he said existed between the firm and its workmen. If the donation given by the firm in celebration of the Centenary is typical of its every-day conduct, the Emperor was justified in declaring the relationship ideal. No less a sum than three millions and a half was presented by it to be applied in part as jubilee presents to the officials and workmen, and part to benevolent institutions in the town of Essen, and to soldiers' and sailors' institutions. The firm began in 1812. Fourteen years afterwards its founder died, leaving the carrying on of the work to Alfred Krupp, to whom its subsequent success was due. He was then a boy of fourteen years of age, with a little workshop, and five or six workmen, the secret process invented by his father, a load of debt, and his mother and three younger children to keep. When he died in 1887 he was employing twenty thousand workmen. At the present time the firm is employing seventy thousand men, and is the owner not merely of steel works at Essen, but also of coal and iron mines, blast furnaces, and shipbuilding and engineering works in various places. Upon the present head of the firm the Emperor has conferred the somewhat singular honor of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, and upon his wife the Order of Louise.

His Imperial Majesty's indisposition prevented his making the visit which was contemplated to the King of Saxony. So quickly, however, did he recover that he was able to go to Switzerland in order to be present at the military manoeuvres. His visit is not considered to have any greater political significance than the desire to show to the Republic the friendly feelings entertained by him. The only event of any political importance that can be mentioned is the visit of the German Chancellor to the

Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, but of what then took place we have so far no account.

Austria-Hungary. Count Berchtold, the new Foreign Minister of the Dual Monarchy, has signalized his accession to the administration of his office by a reversal, in an important point, of the policy of his predecessor, Count Aehrenthal. It may be remembered that, when the latter commenced his career, the first step he took was to dissociate himself from the Power in coöperation with which Austria-Hungary had been working for a long time. Russia and Austria had had a common plan for the protection of their respective interests in the Balkans. They both expected that the Turkish dominion over the races inhabiting that district was not far from coming to an end. Little did they care for the interests of those races. Its own aggrandizement was what each Power had in view. How precisely each was to benefit had been settled between them. Without warning, however, Count Aehrenthal entered into a private agreement with Turkey, by which he obtained for Austria a distinct and special privilege. From that day to this Russia and Austria-Hungary have been more or less at variance, at one time to such a degree as to be on the verge of war.

Of late, however, something like a reconciliation has been brought about. Count Berchtold's recent action may result in the removal of all difficulties, and may put an end to that distrust of Austrian policy which has lately been felt by the Powers in general. In view of the accession to office of the recently-formed Cabinet of Ghazi Muhktar, and of its more conciliatory attitude to the subject races, Count Berchtold suggested to the various Powers that each of them should, not collectively, but severally, and in the way which each should judge best, make to the Porte representations of good will, and of their desire to support the new policy. At the same time, the various States in the Balkans, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, as well as Greece, were to be exhorted to have patience, and to give to the Turkish government a time for repentance, for the carrying out of the newly-promised reforms. While fault was found with the proposal as too vague and ill-defined, satisfaction was expressed at the return of Austria to agreement with the other Powers, and to its re-entry into a common line of action. This may indeed be the most important result, for like other countries, however weak and impotent they may be,

Turkey has resented the action of Austria's Foreign Minister as an uncalled-for interference with the internal affairs of the Ottoman Empire. In fact, Count Berchtold has put a weapon in the hands of the Young Turks, who are the opponents of the existing government. The advent to power of the Young Turks in 1908 saved Turkey, so they maintain, from the carrying out by Europe of a programme which had in view the breaking up of the Empire. During the four years of the Committee *régime*, no Power ventured to suggest intervention in any shape or form. Now that the reins of government have fallen into the hands of the opponents of the Committee, this menace from Austria has arisen, and the loss of Macedonia may ensue.

The chief criticism which was made of the proposal of Count Berchtold by the Powers, to whom it was addressed, was its extremely indefinite character. Hence a more concrete and better defined plan was asked for. Such a plan was promised, but at this writing these further proposals have not reached us. Little hope, however, is felt of any great success being attained. The problem is so complicated, the interests so many and so divergent, that it seems to be beyond the power of man to find a solution other than that of the expulsion from Europe of the brutal invader who has so long a time held in subjection Christian races. Even if this were brought about, the conflicting ambitions of the three kingdoms who aim at becoming Empires—Greece, Bulgaria, and Servia—do not promise a peaceful division of the spoils, even if Austria and Russia were to renounce every desire of their own aggrandizement. Hence the prospects for the future, although it may be interesting for outside observers, promise little of peace for the inhabitants of this long-suffering portion of the globe.

In internal affairs, not only Austria but Hungary are passing their existence in the enjoyment of peace and quiet. Even the arbitrary action of Count Tisza in his dealings with parliamentary obstructors has so far produced no reaction, and has not yet received the just punishment which such conduct deserved. The reason doubtless is that the parliament is having a recess. In Croatia the suspension of the Constitution is still maintained, and the Hungarian government is proving itself to be as despotic in its treatment of the Slavs as ever the Austrian was in its treatment of the Magyars. The would-be assassin of M. de Cuvaj, the Royal Commissioner for Croatia, has been condemned to death, although the reasons are strong for the belief that he is insane. The result

has made Croatians indignant, and has made Austrians ashamed of this exhibition of what is called justice. The government fears that there is a widespread conspiracy of Serbs and other Slavs to secure, if not independence, at least autonomy, and is determined by any and every means to suppress every such attempt. To prove the need of the dictatorship recently established, crimes and conspiracies are needed, and these the judiciary are ready to supply.

The Emperor, King Francis Joseph, has been celebrating his eighty-second birthday, and is said to be in perfect health, and as well able as ever to attend to his duties. On the fourth of last July his reign equalled that of Queen Victoria, and now, of course, it has exceeded that record. Francis Joseph has now reigned longer than any monarch ever reigned in Europe. Two rulers, indeed, the Elector Charles Theodore of the Palatinate, and Louis XIV. of France, were on the throne for a longer period, the former for sixty-six years, and the latter for seventy-two years. They were both, however, minors when they succeeded. The Emperor Francis Joseph has both reigned and governed from the day of his accession on December 2, 1848.

The increase of armaments has had its natural sequence in a deficit of some twenty-five millions, and there is a prospect of still further expenditure. During the last decade the public debt has increased by nearly four hundred millions. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that misgivings are felt at the expense involved in the recent programme for the expansion of the Navy, and that hopes have been expressed that such an expansion might be rendered unnecessary by an agreement with Great Britain, that in the event of a war with Germany the Austro-Hungarian coast should not be attacked by a British Fleet. Doubt must be felt as to the realization of this proposal. It has been widely believed that the Navy of Austria was destined to coöperate with that of Germany in the event of such hostilities, nor is that belief yet proved to be without foundation, although it is possible that the Treaty of Germany with Austria does not commit the latter country to the naval support of the former. As great uncertainty exists at present as to the real relations between Austria and Italy, and between the latter country and Great Britain and France; it is not clear who, in the event of war, would be allies and who would be enemies. Outside of the alliance between Germany and Austria-Hungary and of its counterpoise the alliance between France and Russia with Great Britain as a mutual friend, room is left for a variety of

conjectures. The Naval Convention recently made between France and Russia, the precise terms of which have not yet been disclosed, has raised suspicions in the minds of some in Austria that Russia wishes, with the support of France, to secure for her Fleet an open passage through the Dardanelles, and afterwards a Naval base in the Ægean. France and Russia might then coöperate with Italy and secure the control of the Mediterranean to the disadvantage of Austria. With anxious thoughts of this kind the old world is never allowed to be at rest.

The new world has been giving to the old a fresh manifestation of its influence, not, indeed, this time in the sphere of high politics, but by enabling Austrians to get better acquainted with their own country. The most delightful districts of the Austrian Alps have recently been opened by the construction of several new lines of railroad; but, so bad has been the management, travelers have not had the opportunity of enjoying the mountain and valley scenery. It has been left to the agents of the Canadian Pacific Railway to suggest a plan to put an end to this. Arrangements have been made for the construction and running of observation cars by the Canadian Pacific similar to those which have so long been used on their own road. The first of these trains made the opening trip in the middle of August. Before the train started a short religious ceremony was held on the platform of the Western Station at Vienna, when Father Burke of Toronto blessed the new cars. The inhabitants at every stopping place turned out in large numbers, and offered to the representatives of the railroad, who were traveling on the train, bouquets of flowers and baskets of fruit.

Turkey.

A few weeks ago Macedonia and Albania were described as having sunk into a chronic state of anarchy. But even then there had been an improvement. The outrages indeed continued to be numerous, but were isolated and partial: whereas in previous weeks something like a general revolt of the Albanians had taken place. The leaders of both the Northern and Southern Albanians, at the head of large forces, demanded the redress of their grievances; that an Inspector-General should be appointed for the Albanian provinces; that recruits for the army should in the time of peace perform their military service in their own districts; that the taxes levied in Albania for educational purposes should be spent locally; that a general amnesty for political offenders should be

granted; that the Albanian language should be the medium of instruction in all government schools, and that the houses destroyed in the recent fighting should be rebuilt at the expense of the government. Further demands included the increase of schools, the construction of roads, an improvement in the administration of justice, the restitution of arms, and the impeachment before the High Court of the Cabinets of Hakki Pasha and Said Pasha. All of these demands, with the exception of the last two, were conceded by the government, and even the restitution of arms was not completely rejected. After some hesitation, the government favors were accepted, and the Albanians returned to their homes. But this did not bring a restoration of peace. On the borders of Montenegro there has been carried on, without any formal declaration, a savage warfare. On the other side of the Balkans a more formidable enemy is, with difficulty, being kept back from an attack upon Turkey. A massacre which took place at Katchina has greatly excited the Bulgarians. In this case Turkish soldiers, in consequence of the explosion of bombs in the market-place, made a fierce attack upon an unarmed, unoffending crowd. They then proceeded, on a house-to-house visitation, to arrest every Bulgarian in the place.

It is hard to believe the degree of demoralization to which have sunk districts situated within a few miles of the chief centres of civilization. Utterly inexcusable as are the proceedings of the Turks, those of certain Bulgarians seem to be even worse. A revolutionary organization has been formed with the deliberate purpose of provoking these outrages, in order to inflame the minds of their fellow-countrymen, and if possible of Europe, and thereby to secure the liberation from the Turkish yoke of the Bulgars living in Macedonia. Nothing is, of course, more desirable than the end which they have in view: nothing more deserving of reprobation than the means they have chosen. A measure of success has, however, followed their efforts. Throughout Bulgaria meetings have been held, calling upon the government to declare war upon Turkey. The whole country was in a state of excitement, and King Ferdinand, who had just been celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession, had all he could do to restrain the people. A defensive alliance has been entered into between Bulgaria and Servia; the two States, however, declare that they do not entertain any hostile designs towards the Ottoman Empire; and that they have no intention to profit by the existing disturbances.

It cannot be doubted that all of these small Balkan States are being held in check by the counsels and influence of the greater Powers.

The existing Cabinet represents the victory which after long efforts has been achieved over the Committee of Union and Progress. This Committee violated every promise of equality and fair treatment which had been made to the Christian races when the revolution of 1908 took place. The recent change is so great that it has been called a new revolution. It has been brought about, however, by similar means—the revolt of army officers dissatisfied with existing conditions. These officers formed what is called the Military League to oppose the Committee, secured followers among the troops, took to the mountains, and became strong enough to enforce their demands. They have now been amnestied for any military offense of which they were guilty, and have re-entered the ranks. Such proceedings, of course, are very irregular from the point of view of the soldier, and a new military oath has been imposed upon cadets entering the army, by which they are required to swear that they will not join or follow any political party or association, and to abstain from all interference with the internal or foreign policy of the Ottoman government.

The new government's first act was to put an end to the martial law under which the capital had been placed ever since 1908. They were, however, obliged by the unsettled state of things to re-impose it for six weeks. In order to put a check upon recalcitrant members of the Committee of Union and Progress, Salonika had to be placed under martial law. Some members of the Committee were so dissatisfied with their loss of power that they threatened open rebellion, but they failed to meet with support, and have been driven into a sullen acquiescence. The second Parliament, which had been elected not more than two or three months before, was dissolved, it having been packed with supporters of the Committee. New elections are impending; the government has pledged itself to secure their perfect freedom. It will maintain a strictly neutral and conciliatory attitude towards the two parties. They are exhorted to cease regarding each other as deadly enemies, and to treat each other with the respect due to honest adversaries, and to devote all their energies to the service of the Empire. "The Revolution," so the Cabinet declares, "has ceased." Several resignations and rumored discussions have, however, cast a doubt upon the ability of the Cabinet to maintain itself in power. Its fall would be a matter of regret, for it seems to hold out the

only promise that Turkey will not revert to the loathsome state from which it has been making an effort to rise.

The political troubles of Turkey have so much engrossed the attention of the public as to divert its attention from an earthquake on the southern shores of the Sea of Marmora, in the region of the Dardanelles, which is said to have been as bad as that which took place at Messina three years ago. Forty thousand people were made homeless, and there was a vast destruction of life and property. The number of the killed and injured amounted to six thousand.

Little need be said about the progress of the war in Tripoli. The Italians remain in possession of the coast, but have not begun that advance into the interior which will be necessary for success. In fact, there is good reason to think that they are getting tired of the war, and apprehensions are beginning to be felt that what will have to be paid for it will not be compensated by any possible advantage. The informal negotiations which have been going on in Switzerland are said to have been initiated by the Italians. They have so far produced no result. Within the past few days, however, rumors are being circulated of a successful issue. It is thought that the meeting which has just been held between the German Chancellor and the Austrian Foreign Minister may lead to some step being taken to bring that end to the war which both parties so much desire. A dozen or so of the Ægean Islands remain in the possession of the Italians, but no recent attempts have been made in this region. An officer in the service of Italy has made the public declaration that none of the islands could ever again be subject to Turkey, but it is not known that he was authorized by his government. Other Powers will have something to say in this matter.

With Our Readers.

SANCTA simplicitas, has been long the favorite expression of saints. The man without guile was pleasing to Our Lord, and holy simplicity remains still a rare and beautiful virtue. When one possessing it can, in his writings, give his soul to others, he confers upon them a blessing beyond words. With such a one it is always direct and simple speech about the things that are worth while, and that all of us can understand. Though he have literary taste and rare ability; though he be widely read; though he be a poet of rare power—it is not for these things we are attached to him—it is because he has revealed to us the thoughts of his own simple heart to which our own heart responds. He has lightened our burden, he has refreshed our spirits, he has elevated our tastes—but above all he has revealed himself as a humble, saintly soul—and for this we love him. Such a one was Father Matthew Russell, S.J., who, after long years of labor, died in Dublin on September 13th.

His personality had gained for the *Irish Monthly* a unique and enviable place in Catholic literature. A new book from his pen was like a long letter written by his own hand, revealing to us the sanctuary of his soul. The childlike simplicity of his appeal was irresistible. His books became companions; their charm was contagious, and many are the souls who through them were led to converse familiarly with Our Lord. Father Russell is a light that has gone out of the literary firmament. The stilling of his voice means less of the song of heaven upon earth. The prayers and blessings of the many who have loved him and his books will follow him, and his works hold blessings for many yet unborn. May his soul rest in peace!

UNDOUBTEDLY, the question of when, how, and by whom children shall be instructed in sexual matters is an important and complicated one. In our days there is not a choice between ignorance and knowledge, but as to how the child is to be enlightened. If those having the immediate care of the child, particularly parents or the guardians who take their place, remain silent, in nine cases out of ten there will be others who will speak.

The agents of evil are everywhere and ever active, and a policy of silence often simply plays into their hands. Whatever else might be said, the omnipresent newspaper, the cheap story-paper and magazine, the easily-accessible book, have scattered and are scattering the

things of sex all over the world. We can no more get away from it than we can get away from the atmosphere in which we live.

Such being the case, it is essential that the proper person should wisely guide the innocence of childhood, teach the child himself how to preserve that innocence, warn him of pitfalls into which he too often unknowingly falls. In our judgment, the proper person to teach the child in these matters is the parent.

It is the parent who knows the child best, who is closest to it, who has its trust. To the parent the child looks to know the things it ought to know in order to safeguard it from evil. Other agencies—we do not refer now to the confessional—may give some help, but they are, as a rule, too irresponsible, too non-religious, too prone to rely simply on natural powers to give effective help. Instruction does not necessarily promote virtue. The love of parent for child will in itself tend to convey both instruction and holiness. Because the burden falls principally upon the parent, there is need that our fathers and mothers should be prepared to instruct their children at an early age in those matters of sex of which the children should not be ignorant. It is not necessary that parents should be skilled in physiology, nor do we mean by instruction in these matters anything like a detailed course in physiology. As some would rob this world of the supernatural, so would others strip it of that mystery and that privacy which make up romance. And the world without romance would be as unattractive as a museum of natural history.

We wish, indeed, that our children, while their souls are still strong with the grace of Baptism, of Holy Communion, and Confirmation, might know the things they ought to know from the lips of a worthy parent, and before they have been led by sinful companions into dangerous ways. We risk too much when we risk their entrance, in ignorance, upon a warfare in which we must all engage. Nor can we shirk before God the responsibility that rests upon us as the guardians of their souls and bodies. Each one of us, whether parent, priest or nun, will be held accountable for the little children intrusted to our care, and a policy of silence will not answer.

The parents, then, and those who stand in their place, must be prepared to undertake the duty of such instruction. But how are they themselves to learn how to perform a task that all admit to be peculiarly delicate? What we would like to see is a small volume, cheap in price, which would include not only the necessary physiological and hygienic information, but would show, together with this, the dignity of the human body in all its members from the first act of creation by God to that abiding fruit of the Redemption—the transcendent glory of the body as the temple here of the Holy Ghost—a book that would instruct parents how and what to teach their children.

No one book, as far as we know, does this. But a volume that in some measure answers such a demand has just come to us. It is the work of two Jesuit professors at Innsbruck.* Their treatment is sane and courteous, yet frank enough to meet the desire of any save the most radical. The authors pass lightly over the physiological side, and dwell especially upon the religious safeguards to be thrown around the child. They point out the usefulness of lives of the saints, of ideals of chastity and virginity, and especially the powerful influence of the Blessed Virgin. We regret, however, that in its present translation, a long, rambling, ill-digested appendix of notes and quotations has been added. A simple translation of the original would have been much more satisfactory.

Another book recently sent us is by Dr. Philip Zenner,† and consists of three talks to school children and to college boys, with added chapters on the mode of teaching and the teacher. Dr. Zenner's exposition is simple, clean, and healthy. The spirit of the book is good. He recognizes the benefits and also the dangers of instruction. On the physical side he covers the ground well; yet is becomingly reticent. His intention was to expose only the physiology and hygiene, but he is inevitably led into the moral, and here, of course, a Catholic may well take exception—not to anything actually present in the book—but to vital matters that are absent. Though with regard to one thing that is present, we feel that it is emptying religion of all positive value to put it on a basis with "beauty, truth, friendship, honor, heroism."

In all discussion of this matter we must never forget that if ignorance is not virtue, neither is knowledge in itself salvation. We must avoid the dangerous error of many modern writers that mere exposition of the evil and man's unaided natural power are sufficient to keep him pure and undefiled. History, past and present, universal and personal, tells emphatically a different story. Man has cried from the beginning for a Redeemer to help him and to save him in that warfare of which each one is fully conscious—wherein the flesh lusteth against the spirit. Only in the light of those great truths which man could never know and which Christ has revealed to us; only by the power of those Sacraments whereby a greater strength than we possess is given to us, can man attain the victory. In the dignity of the sacrament of matrimony, made indissoluble by heaven; in the worth and saintly examples of virginity and chastity, can man find the answer which lifts him out of shame and despair; which enables us to honor and love one another, and which proves to him the immeasurable worth of the body when glorified by the dominion of the spirit.

**Educating to Purity.* By Dr. Michael Gatterer, S.J., and Dr. Francis Krus, S.J. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. Price, \$1.25.

†*Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene.* By Philip Zenner. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. Price, \$1.00.

To understand fully the height and depth of these truths, we must know the laws of physical life. Unless we know them, we can never comprehend the sublime purposes of God. Fortified by faith in them, and armed with the knowledge of the make-up and the care of our bodies, our sons and daughters will be strong indeed in their fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

KEGAN PAUL AND HIS ESSAYS.*

(WRITTEN BY LIONEL JOHNSON, MAY 2, 1891.)

A SERVITE father lately gave from his pulpit the following exhortation: "My children, if the devil ever tempts you to think yourselves very superior persons, and to give good advice to poor sinners, who would be much better without it, say an *Ave Mary*, that you may have the grace to keep quiet."

This excellent warning might well be applied to men of letters, in their critical capacity. The present age swarms with superior persons, enamored of their own virtues, and ever set upon preaching the way of salvation in literature to poor simple folk, who are merely worried by fine theories and subtle expositions. And sometimes, wearied and confounded by the hubbub of voices, all confident and clamorous, the simple reader longs to forswear the reading of all books but the great classics of the world. Yet we cannot always live at that great height; the immortals cannot be our constant companions, because we are unequal to them. Who would read Milton at odd moments? Milton, before reading whom, said Lamb, there should be "a solemn service of music." And so, to take Congreve's phrase, we "refine upon our pleasures:" and, instead of reading the great classics, we sometimes like to read wise and pleasant things about them.

It is because criticism in this age has become arrogant and tedious that we welcome the more heartily such a book as this collection of essays by Mr. Kegan Paul. It is sane, and it is simple; and how ill-used many an essayist would consider himself upon receiving that praise! For, whereas sanity and simplicity were once counted for good gifts, in these days an obscure and unwholesome manner is preferred: to be sensible is to be inartistic, and to cultivate sobriety is to hinder beauty. Could but an Horace or a Pope, a Quintilian or a Dr. Johnson, come among us, and visit our affectations with the scourge of his wit! Failing that, the best thing is to cherish those books which quietly and pleasantly put before us the forgotten virtues of sound reason and of common sense. Mr. Kegan Paul has here gathered

**Faith and Unfaith, and other Essays.* By C. Kegan Paul. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

together seven essays from among his contributions to various magazines. Four of them, *Faith and Unfaith*, *Thomas à Kempis*, *Pascal's Pensées*, and *The Story of Jean Calas*, deal with matters of religious sentiment; the rest, upon *What We Know of Shakespeare*, *The Production and Life of Books*, and *On English Prose Style*, deal with literary things. These are somewhat varied topics; but the careful reader will assent to the writer's claim when he says:

"To myself there appears a spiritual affinity in most of them, in that they were the outcome of doubts and difficulties now at rest. It has seemed right, however few the matter may concern, that since the record of inward strife was given to the world, the same essays should be published with trifling necessary changes, showing that the strife is over, and with the intimation that if I have been in error in what I have said concerning any of the Church's doctrines, I submit in this, as in all things, to Her teaching."

The book has, therefore, this especial interest: that it is the work of one who has handled the great records of spiritual life and history in the spirit of inquiring liberalism; and who has found an answer in the august doctrines of Catholic Christianity.

*Plurima quaesivi: per singula quaeque cucurri:
Nec quidquam inveni melius quam credere Christo.*

Now the signal merit of the first essay, *Faith and Unfaith*, lies in its clear (p.412), broad statement of the facts; it has no patience with elaborate compromise, and nice calculation, and precarious balance. There are certain things in which the mean must be wrong, and one of two extremes must be right. In the question of Faith and Unfaith, the mean is tentative Christianity in all its forms; the extremes are the Catholic and Roman Church, and Positive Science. Probability is, indeed, as Butler and as Newman insist, the guide of life; but probability has its degrees, and a probability which is merely the expression of cowardice, prejudice, or fear, is worth little. The countless sects and heresies of Christendom have just this sort of probability on their side; religious truth, they say, is uncertain, and Rome must be wrong, because to think so is a first principle of common sense; let us scrape together what beliefs we can, and trust in Providence. So, in the hope that what they hold will prove enough for safety, the severed churches and congregations abide in their narrow borders. Mr. Kegan Paul appeals primarily to such believers, showing that from the first premises of faith follow in logical order and in grand procession the whole array of Catholic doctrines. "The first step, I am master not to take;" but, that step taken, the whole journey is undertaken. You may halt here and there, and imagine that you have found a home in some half-way house; none the less, between the complete suspension

of judgment and the complete venture of faith, there is no tenable position. This is worked out by Mr. Kegan Paul in detail; and, while there is no question of his strong assurance that truth lies only upon the Catholic side, he shows a generous appreciation of whatever is estimable in the doubts and difficulties of other men. Those who know his earlier volume of *Biographical Sketches* must have admired the cordial sympathy which, with no sacrifice of logic, could discern and respect the various excellencies of Catholics, Anglicans, Protestants, Latitudinarians, and Agnostics. In the two essays upon Thomas à Kempis and upon Pascal, there is presented to us a fine contrast between two spiritual characters: the profound peace of cloistral meditation, and the profound faith of a soul long troubled by philosophy and by the world. Quietist and enthusiast! both Thomas and Pascal have something of either spirit; but the one gives us a calm consolation, and the other a consuming ecstasy; and those in modern days, whose minds are restless and ill at ease, can find much to help them in these two teachers *de contemptu Mundi*. In contrast with such unhappy and querulous thinkers as Amiel and his fellow-mystics of science, Thomas and Pascal are healthy and practical, for all their withdrawal from the noisy world; for, as St. Bernard said, "*Si de fatuis virginibus es, congregatio tibi necessaria est: si de prudentibus, tu congregationi.*" Wherever the *Imitatio* and the *Pensées* are read, Thomas à Kempis and Pascal have their congregations.

The essay upon *The Story of Jean Calas* naturally induces the reader to compare it with Pattison's essay, written, we imagine, at the same time, and certainly suggested by the same book: Coquerel's *Étude Historique*. Mr. Kegan Paul's essay is not that which suffers in the comparison; it shows admirably the artistic superiority of moderation to rhetoric. Pattison, for all his learned taste and his severe ideal, never wrote anything perfectly sober in tone; his prejudices, and a strange intellectual irritability, got the better of him. The concluding paragraphs of either essay will illustrate the difference of manner. Pattison writes:

"M. Coquerel ought to know his countrymen better than to think that even demonstrative evidence will procure from Catholic opinion justice for a Protestant. Reasonable and well-informed men of course will see the truth. But the mass of Catholics are carefully protected from reason and information. We have little doubt that as long as the Catholic religion shall last, their little manuals of falsified history will continue to repeat that Jean Calas murdered his son because he had become a convert to the Catholic faith."

Mr. Kegan Paul, who no less strongly condemns the cruel bigotry of the outrage, concludes thus:

"I have endeavored.....to make more audible, perhaps, to some, the cry,

which rises louder and louder from men of all parties and creeds, for toleration and forbearance, greater belief in the virtues of our adversaries, and greater trust in man."

There can be no doubt which of these passages has the greater sweetness and light.

Of the other essays directly concerned with literature, that upon *English Prose* is the most profitable for the present day. It insists upon the necessity of good workmanship in an age tolerant of slovenliness. To take once more a writer so scholarly as Pattison, we find him writing thus in his *Memoirs*: "Even at this day a country squire or rector on *landing* with his *cub* under his *wing* in Oxford, finds himself much at *sea*, etc." And of late Mr. Symonds and Mr. Arthur Galton have exposed many similar faults in his style. When so laborious and judicious a writer can so fail, what can be expected of the *canaille écrivante*, of the scribbling herd? Mr. Kegan Paul has no mercy upon technical blunders; good writing must be correct, before all else. He gives excellent advice and useful warning; he points to approved patterns of good work; he dwells upon the patience, care, and simplicity indispensable to success. This account of Shakespeare is itself a fine example of an enthusiasm which is ardent yet perfectly restrained; no German heaviness, no fashionable English rhetoric. Mr. Kegan Paul can read without self-reproach the last words of his own book:

"A great responsibility is laid on those who write, and also on those who read. If we leave the circulating library on one side, and study the acknowledged great writers, in them devoutly read by day, on them meditate by night, so shall the great treasure of speech committed to our charge suffer no diminishing nor loss."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

- On Union With God.* By Blessed Alfred the Great, O.P. 50 cents net. *Communion Verses for Little Children.* By A Sister of Notre Dame. 5 cents. *Cardinal Bourne.* Arranged by the author of *The Story of Congress.* 90 cents net.

AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York:

- The Training of Children.* By John Wirt Dinsmore, A.M. \$1.00. *A First Latin Reader.* By H. C. Nutting, Ph.D. 80 cents. *Baldwin's Fifty Famous People.* By James Baldwin. 35 cents. *Pupils Notebook and Study Outline in English History.* By Francis A. Smith, A.B. 25 cents. *Williams Choice Literature.* Compiled and arranged by Sherman Williams. Book One, 22 cents; Book Two, 25 cents; Book Three, 28 cents; Book Four, 35 cents; Book Five, 40 cents; Book Six, 45 cents; Book Seven, 50 cents. *Plane and Solid Geometry.* By C. A. Hart and Daniel D. Feldman. \$1.25.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

- The Sacred Shrine.* By Yrjö Hirn. \$5.00. *English Grammar.* By Lillian G. Kimball. 60 cents.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR Co., New York:

- My Unknown Chum.* \$1.50 net. *Dogmatic Canons and Decrees.* \$1.25 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

- The Dramatic Festival.* By Anne A. T. Craig. \$1.25 net.

THE SENTINEL PRESS, New York:

- The Divine Eucharist.* By P. J. Eymard. Cloth, 50 cents; leather, \$1.00.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

- A History of American Literature.* By William B. Cairns, Ph.D.

FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:

- Homiletic and Catechetical Studies.* By A. Meyenberg. Translated by Very Rev. Ferdinand Brossart, V.G. \$3.50 net.

AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New York:

- The Journal of the American Irish Historical Society.* By Edward H. Daly. Vol. XI.

THE DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia:

- His Grey Eminence.* By R. F. O'Connor. \$1.00. *Christian Social Reform, as outlined by William Emmanuel Baron Von Ketteler, Bishop of Mainz.* By George Metlake. \$1.50.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

- Retreats for the People.* By Charles Plater, S.J. \$1.50. *A Book of the Love of Mary.* Compiled and Edited by Freda M. Groves. 75 cents. *Abbot Wallingford.* By Abbot Gasquet, D.D. 60 cents. *Reasonable Service, or Why I Believe.* By D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B. \$1.00. *The Reverend Simon FitzSimons' Ideas on Evolution.* By Rev. Erich Wasmann, S.J. 15 cents.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington.

- Early Man in South America.* By Ales Hrdlicka.

THE ARTHUR H. CLARKE Co., Cleveland:

- General W. T. Sherman as College President.* By Walter L. Fleming, Ph.D. \$5.00 net.

ALSTON RIVERS, London:

- The Idea of Mary's Meadow.* By Violet O'Connor. 5 s. net.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

- Short Life of St. Gerard Majella.* *The Infidel.* Pamphlets. 1 penny each. *The Blessed Eucharist: Belief of the Early Christian Church.* By Most Rev. T. J. Carr, D.D.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

- La Vie Spirituelle ou l'itinéraire de l'âme à Dieu.* Par le R. P. Malige. Vols. I., II., and III.

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FATHER SERRA AND THE INDIANS.

BY REDFERN MASON.



OLUMBUS was mocked by pedants, and he enriched mankind with a new world. The order of Friars Minor was scoffed at, and the humility and holiness of its members changed men's attitude to one of worship. Every great undertaking has had a similar history. While the edifice of the ideal is still incomplete, and its form and proportions are still obscured by scaffolding, men smile incredulously. Because the conception transcends their imagination, and the narrow circle of their experience furnishes them with no parallel by which they may judge it, they jump to the conclusion that the projector must be mentally unbalanced. Once, however, the ground is cleared, the network of ropes and poles removed, and people can contemplate the fabric in all its glorious beauty, they acclaim the achievement of the great man with an enthusiasm in which exultation and shame are strangely mingled.

Every great project for the good of mankind has to be tried in the fire of contempt and opposition. It was so in the beginning, and so it will be to the end. Nor need we flatter ourselves that men and women of the twentieth century are different from those who went before. If, in our own day, some dreamer of dreams were to propose to make good citizens of the Indians of the West, most men would look upon him as a madman. Has not the attempt been made before and ended in failure? Are not the Indians invincibly hostile to civilization? Is it not their manifest destiny

to perish from the face of the earth? Who then is this upstart to think he may succeed where so many excellent men have tried in vain? Thus men reason, forgetful of the fact that the work of making Christian citizens of the Indians has already been accomplished in notable measure, though wrong-doing and tragic misfortune brought the enterprise relatively—but not absolutely—to nought. But we have still an unfulfilled duty towards these untaught children of the human family, and past failure is no justification of present supineness. For that reason and because, next year, the world will celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of his birth, it will pay us to consider the achievements of a poor friar who, nearly a century and a half ago, made the attempt to do what men now deem impossible, and, in the doing of it, showed so noble a humanity that Father Junipero Serra is to-day the most exalted figure in the history of California.

Everything about Brother Junipero is remarkable, even his name, which he took from that companion of St. Francis whose joyous spirits made the Seraphic Doctor wish he had "a forest of such Junipers." When he came into the world the eighteenth century had only reached its thirteenth year, and, in his native Majorca, tales of Pizarro and Cortez, of Peru and the Indies, must still have kept their glamor. Perhaps the impressionable youth was fired by talk of St. Francis Xavier, and how he covered half the globe in his missionary labors, to die, at last, a castaway for Christ, on the shores of Japan. Some deep vision must have printed itself on his youthful imagination; for we find him, at the age of sixteen, a Franciscan novice, full of longing to go and preach the Gospel of his Savior to the savages of America. Ultima Thule must have seemed no more remote to the ancient Romans than the New World seemed to the Spaniards in those days. The ship which bore Father Serra from Cadiz to Vera Cruz was ninety-nine days on the way, and in a letter which he wrote from Monterey to Mexico City, years later, when he had begun his work in California, he asks the name of the Pope that he may pray for him in the Mass.

The padre was a man of one idea; but that idea was the greatest in the world—to bring souls to Christ. The thought was ever present with him, and it made him shed bitter tears when, just as he had raised his hand to baptize an Indian child, the parents, carried away by superstitious fear, snatched the little one from him. The same hunger for souls made him tramp the whole way from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. He hoped that in so doing he might

learn something of the country in which it would be his lot to labor. On this journey he met with an accident to his foot. Timely treatment would probably have removed all cause of trouble; but, preoccupied with many cares, Father Serra neglected the wound, and, from a comparatively slight mischief, it grew into a chronic evil. But the friar did not grumble. He seemed rather to welcome the sore as a salutary reminder of mortality. He would not even allow himself to be carried in a litter on the long journey to San Diego. It seemed to him unfitting for one vowed to poverty to ride. But the sore pained him, and, as there was no physician with the expedition, he called to one of the muleteers:

"Son, do you not know of some remedy for this sore on my foot?"

"What remedy can I know," the man answered; "I have only cured beasts."

"Then consider me a beast," said the padre; "consider this sore on my leg a sore back, and give me the same treatment you would apply to a beast."

So the man made an unguent of herbs and hot tallow, and with it allayed the inflammation. But, of course, more radical treatment was needed in order to effect a cure.

The same strong simplicity characterized the friar in all his dealings, and gave him an empire over the Indians which no diplomacy would have enabled him to acquire. There was something childlike about him; he had that noble ingenuousness which we sometimes find in the great poets and painters—the ingenuousness which speaks in the prayer which Villon wrote for his old mother, the divine artlessness of Fra Angelico's angels. A portrait of Fra Junipero, painted, in all likelihood, when he made his visit to the capital to beg aid for his starving missions, is preserved by the brethren of the college of San Fernando. It is the face of a man absorbed in a great ideal. The expression is of a noble candor. The eyes glow with an inward illumination; the lips quiver with sympathy. Looking at this portrait, it is easy to believe what we are told of the original, that, when the time came for him to bid good-bye to the Fathers, he kissed their feet and took leave as one who knew that never in this world would he see them more.

Father Serra gained his insight into the Indian character among the aborigines of the Sierra Gorda, and it is a melancholy commentary on civilization that the greatest obstacle in his path was the unbridled passions of the white men. While he was telling

the Indians to love one another, professed Christians of the dominant race did not scruple to murder their enemies and to lust after women. But he overcame even these difficulties at last, and the confidence of the Indians, once won, he never lost. In appealing to their spiritual nature, he followed the wisdom of the Church in all ages to tell the story of Redemption through the medium of art. To present the scheme of salvation before these primitive people in the form of pure reasoning would only have bewildered them. But a painted banner they could understand; and they followed the action of a play with an earnestness of which we colder Caucasians can with difficulty form an idea. When the Indian women saw the picture of the Infant Jesus, they would stretch out their arms to embrace Him. At Christmas the young people gave a Nativity play. In Lent the whole community made the Stations of the Cross outside the town, as if they were verily in Jerusalem, Father Serra carrying a heavy cross. On Good Friday the image of the Crucified was taken down from the cross and borne to the sepulchre, and, in the evening, there was a procession in honor of the Mother of Sorrows. Nor was the padre less wise in secular matters. To encourage them in habits of thrift and industry, he gave each Indian a piece of land and a yoke of oxen, and showed him how to till it. These same methods, amplified and developed, were the means by which he exercised such a marvelous civilizing influence on the Indians of California.

When the word came for him to undertake the task which was to be the crown of his life's work, Father Junipero was in his fifty-seventh year. The Jesuits had been exiled, and part of their work was entrusted to the Franciscans. But whereas the members of the Society of Jesus had confined their labors in California to the Old or Southern part, the Friars Minor were to go farther afield. Spain had long cast eyes of desire on that upper region which is now the Golden State. The Franciscans were chosen to be the pioneers. Theirs was the task to bring the Indians into such a state of civilization as would make the eventual transition from the patriarchal rule of the priests to ordinary civil government an easy and natural one. A few soldiers accompanied them for protection; but they were so very few that, if the padres had not won the affection of the Indians, they must inevitably have been massacred. Even after several years work, when five missions had been established, and the Indian converts numbered between four and five hundred, there were only sixty soldiers in the whole of

California, and when, a couple of years after Father Serra's death, the French navigator, La Pérouse, visited the country, he found a handful of fewer than three hundred soldiers amply sufficient defence for the five thousand converts and missions scattered over four hundred miles of territory. This small proportion which the military bore to the friars and their converts negatives the possible suggestion that, because they did their work under government sanction, the padres were mere tools of statecraft, and could be dismissed whenever there was no further need for their services. How far that was from being the case may be gathered from the fact that the very expenses of the establishment of the missions were largely defrayed out of private treasure. The revenue upon which the Spanish authorities drew for the carrying out of the religious side of their project of territorial expansion was known as the Pious Fund. This fund was started in 1698 by Don Juan Caballero, who gave \$10,000 for the founding of a mission. Others followed his example, and, in 1747, the missions received \$67,000 as heirs to the estate of the Duchess of Gandia. Without this fund, or some similar private endowment, the missions would in all probability never have been founded.

Arriving at San Diego in 1769, Father Serra set about the establishment of the first mission. Meanwhile a party had set out overland to find the harbor of Monterey, described by the explorer Vizcaino, who discovered it in 1603. With nothing but a compass to guide them, they went astray, and, penetrating far to the northwards, were the first white men to set eyes, from the landward side, on the Bay of San Francisco. Worn and dispirited, they made their way back to tell the story of their failure to their comrades at San Diego. Here too hardships had to be faced. Provisions ran low, and Portala, the military commander, declared that, unless, at an early date a ship came with supplies, the undertaking would have to be abandoned. By earnest entreaty Father Serra succeeded in persuading Portala to remain until March nineteenth, the feast day of St. Joseph, under whose protection the expedition had been placed. Night and day the friar spent his hours in prayer, and at last, on the very day set for the return to Mexico, a sail hove in sight. But for Serra's importunity, the missions of California might never have been founded.

A second time the attempt was made to find Monterey. This time it was rewarded with success, and on June third of the year 1770, Father Serra said Mass in the shadow of an old oak that

had seen Vizcaino's men bow their heads before the same Mysteries a century and a half before. Portala unfurled the royal standard; the *Te Deum* was sung, and formal possession was taken of the country. The history of civilization in California had begun. A little more than an hour's walk from Monterey the padre built the mission of San Carlos. He chose a site near the River Carmel—so called by some monks from the Holy Land who accompanied Vizcaino on his historic voyage. Indians and Spaniards worked together to build the mission, cutting down timber and squaring it, making houses of adobe, the good priest working side by side with his neophytes, ever and anon pausing to say the Rosary or to venerate a great wooden cross which he had caused to be set up in the middle of the busy scene. He won the hearts of the Indians by a hundred gentle acts. When they came to visit him he would give them presents of beads and ornaments. He taught them to salute one another with the words "To love God," and when they took their leave, he marked their brows with the sign of the Cross.

Carmel was Father Serra's home; here he would return after his visits to the other missions. Half a dozen times he made the toilsome journey to San Diego, covering the whole seven hundred miles on foot. He walked to San Francisco to be present at the consecration of the Mission Dolores, remarking, after he had gazed upon the great bay, that if St. Francis wished to go farther north, he must go by boat. His earnestness must sometimes have seemed quixotic to his more phlegmatic associates. On one occasion, searching for some fertile valley which would afford a good site for a mission, he came within half a dozen miles of where King City now stands. Here he decided to build the mission San Antonio. Tying bells to the limb of an oak, he began to ring, regardless of the fact that there was not a soul in sight, calling out as he did so:

"Hear! O ye Gentiles, come to the Holy Church; come to the faith of Jesus Christ." To the friar's companion it seemed that the padre was wasting his time and strength in this ringing for the birds and trees.

"Let me unburden my heart," cried Serra; "it could wish that these bells might be heard by all the world."

So he went on ringing, and, by and by, an Indian appeared, followed by an old woman, who begged to be baptized. When there was trouble with the Indians at San Diego and Father Jaime lost his life, the padre only rejoiced.

"Now is the soil watered," he exclaimed; "now will the subjugation of the Dieguinos be complete."

When he preached, the padre's seriousness was that of a man for whom the unseen was the one great reality. He was one for whom the invisible world really exists. To give his hearers an idea of the terrible consequences of sin, he would smite his breast with a stone and burn the flesh with a torch. Yet, as Carlyle notes of Dante, his intensity was linked with a tenderness as compassionate as that of a mother for her child. It was only the sin that he hated; the sinner he loved. The Indians regarded him with measureless affection, and, as he went by, they would scatter their choicest seeds before him. When they knew his last hour was at hand, they were like children soon to be bereft of a beloved parent. The account of his death reads like the passing of some great-hearted saint. On the evening before he breathed his last, he walked over to the church to receive the last Sacraments. Father Palou would have come to him; but the dying man shook his head. "As long as I can walk to the Church there is no reason why Our Lord should be brought to me," he said. The church was full of people, and in their presence the aged priest knelt before the altar. In a voice broken by tears, his colleague read the prayers for the dying; then he gave him absolution and administered the Holy Viaticum. The *Tantum ergo* was sung, and people caught their breath to hear "loud and strong as ever" the voice of Father Serra. He spent the night listening to penitential psalms and litanies. In the morning he was visited by the captain of a vessel that lay in port.

"You are come just in time to throw the earth on my body," said the father. For a moment a feeling of terror overcame him—the terror of the soul about to look upon the awful innocence of God.

"A great fear has come over me," he said; "I am much afraid. Read the commendation of the dying; read it aloud, so that I may hear."

When it had been read, he exclaimed: "Thank God! Thank God! the alarm has left me; there is nothing more to fear." He rose from his bed; went to the kitchen and drank a cup of broth. "I feel better now," he said, "I will rest." Those were his last words. A little later the booming of the cannon of the presidio and the answering thunder of the ships in harbor announced to the sorrow-stricken people that the founder of the missions of California was no more.

We have seen how the dead Franciscan taught his people to lead practical Christian lives. He also made them master of those useful arts in the exercise of which the great races have progressed from pastoral simplicity to the highest civilization. Every man followed some occupation, according to the measure of his ability; every woman learned the arts of the home. The Indians' first schooling was the building of the missions. Timbers had to be shaped and joined, adobe made, and mortar compounded of lime made by grinding up sea-shells. In doing these things the Indians learned some of the essential features of the crafts of builder and carpenter, and we may be sure that Father Junipero did not fail to remind them how He Who is the Lord of All worked in a carpenter's shop in Nazareth. Each mission started on its career with a small number of cattle, sheep, and goats, and so fast did the stock increase and multiply that it became one of the chief forms of mission property. To take care of these cattle there was need of herdsmen, shepherds, and drivers. Then the horses had to be shod, and metal work became an immediate necessity. A blacksmith from Mexico taught the Indians of San Francisco his trade, and, within a few years, we find the Indians at several of the missions working in iron and copper. They made anvils, horse-shoes, locks, and hinges; scissors were fabricated for the women; bells cast to summon the faithful to worship. In 1852, when the missions had ceased to be, the Hon. B. D. Wilson, of Los Angeles, in a report to Congress, stated that the Indians furnished "the majority of the laborers, mechanics, and servants in San Diego and Los Angeles counties."

Eulalia de Guillen, the first owner of the San Pasqual ranch, on which the city of Pasadena now stands, taught the Indian women how to make their own and their husbands' clothes. Fifteen hundred Indians in the San Gabriel mission were clothed in the handiwork of their women folk. At first blankets were imported from Mexico. Once, however, the Indians had learned to weave, all the blankets used in the missions were made in California.

The young people who wished it, youths and maidens alike, were taught to read, write, and cipher. They were also instructed in singing, and the more musical learned to play instruments. The bass voices of the men intoned the liturgical plain song, and it is a pathetic proof of their proficiency that when, in 1879, Robert Louis Stevenson attended the Mass, then said annually in the ruined church of Carmel, the Indians came down from the mountains,

bringing with them their old chant books, and sang the Gregorian music. Even the frescoing on the walls of the churches was in some cases the work of the Indians. Crude it may be, but not more so than the early work of the great peoples of Europe and Asia.

The French navigator, La Pérouse, was at Carmel within two years of Father Junipero's death; Vancouver was twice a guest at the same mission. Both left glowing accounts of the pastoral well-being which they found there. In 1806 Count von Langsdorff, aulic councilor to the Emperor of Russia, inspected the missions of Santa Clara and San Francisco. He praises the prudence and paternal care of the friars, and testifies concerning the Indian converts that "peace, happiness, and obedience universally obtain among them." De Mauftras, an attaché of the French legation to Mexico, who visited San Luis Rey in 1842, when the forces which ruined the missions were in fierce activity, found an atmosphere of practical beneficence. Yet within three-quarters of a century of Father Serra's death, the great undertaking to which he devoted his life had crumbled into utter failure. The friars were scattered, their property sold, the Indians driven out.

This misfortune for mankind was primarily brought about by the cupidity of statesmen. Spain set the example by enforced loans from the padres, and Mexican adventurers bettered the lesson. They called it borrowing; but the right word is theft. The Mexican dictator, Santa Anna, placed the Pious Fund under government control, promising to pay interest at the rate of six per cent. On this income the friars were to exist and do their work. But the interest was not paid; the missions were secularized, the property sold, and the padres literally reduced to beggary. Pico, the last Mexican governor, disposed of mission lands with such unscrupulousness that the Departmental Assembly, by one of its last acts, declared his sales null and void. They were too late. It was trying to save the harvest after the passing of the tempest. The missions fell into disrepair; strangers preyed on their stone and timber. Here and there, for years afterwards, would be found an aged friar, in abject poverty, the helpless friend of more helpless Indians. In the year of De Mauftras' visit one of the padres was discovered living in a hut, sleeping on a rawhide on the bare ground. Asylum was offered him elsewhere; but he refused to abandon his people. The priest at Soledad shared what little food he had with the Indians, and one day, when he was saying Mass, he tottered and fell, dying of starvation.

But the priests had at least the satisfaction of dying in the discharge of their duty. The Indians lost all. When California ceased to be Mexican, hundreds of ranches and farms passed, by fair means or foul, into the hands of the newcomers. The lands on which the padres had established the Indians were taken away from them. The old patriarchal law of the Indies, by virtue of which all grants and transfers of land were made "without prejudice to the Indians," was disregarded. Under the old régime, so long as they were law-abiding, the Indians were left in undisturbed possession of their holdings. But the American cared nothing for the law of the Indies. He looked upon the Indians as vermin. The only good Indian was a dead Indian. When a man coveted land on which Indians were settled, he made an official declaration to the government that it was "unoccupied," and, under this iniquitous fiction, hundreds of families were driven into the wilderness. The evictions from the San Pasqual and Tecumela valleys were carried out with a thoroughness that left not so much as an Indian to tell of the happiness that once was there. In each of these cases the land had been given to the Indians by the padres, and was as legally theirs as though the transfer had been ratified by a court of the United States. But there was a conspiracy to rob the Indians of their lands, and American justice closed its eyes. Begun by the Mexicans, this infernal work was consummated with tragic completeness by Americans. In 1834 there were in the missions from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand Indians; within six years time they had dwindled to six thousand. They retreated to desert spots where the white men would not go; they sought hiding places in the fastnesses of the hills. Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, authoress of *Glimpses of California and the Missions*, visited such a retreat of the Indians of Carmel Mission, and the priest at Monterey sadly told her that even there they could only remain "by the patience of the thief." Those who slrank from the wilderness met a worse fate. The white men knew their weakness, and cynically profited by it. Every other house in Los Angeles was a drinking shop for Indians. Even their work was paid for in spirits, and, after a night of drunkenness, they would be fined for breach of the peace, and handed over to their employer to slave out the amount of the fine. "Had they been left in the hands of the mission fathers," says Mrs. Jackson, "they would slowly but surely have progressed to racial manhood; given over to our tender mercies, they have hurried down an incline smeared with every

known form of slippery evil, in order that their destruction might be more rapid and complete." Even the government seemed to connive at their destruction. Congress refused to build homes for them on the ground that they were American citizens; the election officials of California would not let them vote because they were Indians.

What form then shall the celebration of the bi-centenary of Father Serra's birth assume? Is it to end with pageants and speech-making and the restoration of the few missions that are still in ruins? Or shall Catholics unite in an effort to take up once more the work which was dearest to the padre's heart, and set up, on an enduring basis, the one monument to his name which he would wish perpetual? If Christian civilization is to be spread among the Indians, it must be by our own efforts. The government will do nothing, and, as for Mexico, in spite of the award of the Hague Tribunal, it is idle to expect of Maderist anarchy what the despotism of Diaz failed to restore. Cannot tracts of land be bought in California and the Indians be settled on them under a régime approximating to that of the old days? The good tradition still lingers. The Indians welcome the ministrations of such priests as can reach them in their isolation; the mission chant book is treasured in many a miserable hut; the women still make lace as their grandmothers and great-grandmothers were taught to make it by the ladies of Mexico and old Spain. If we are to honor Father Serra's name in a way that would be grateful to him, it must be by taking up his work anew and caring for his children, in so far as in us lies, as he himself would have cared for them.

METHODS OF REFORMING OUR LAND SYSTEM.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, S.T.D.



IN the last article the attempt was made to determine as fully as possible the morality of a law which would *at one stroke* appropriate *the whole* of the future or unbought increases in land values. At present there is no likelihood that such a measure will be enacted anywhere, least of all in the United States. What we shall probably see is legislation which will aim at taking a *part*, and a gradually increasing part, of those values. In all probability this will come about through one or both of two distinct methods. The first may be called the German, the second the Canadian plan. By the former a special tax is laid directly upon value increases; by the latter the general land tax is raised relatively to the taxes on other kinds of property.

The unearned increment tax, or increase-of-value tax (Werth-zuwachsststeuer), originated in the year 1898 in the German colony of Kiautschou. In 1904 it was imported into the city of Frankfort-am-Main, and in 1905 into Cologne. By the month of April, 1910, it had been adopted by 457 cities and towns of Germany, some twenty of which had a population of more than one hundred thousand. In 1911 it was inserted in the national fiscal system, and thus was extended over the whole German Empire. It was embodied in the famous Lloyd-George British budget of 1909. While the German laws on the subject are all alike in certain essentials, they vary greatly in details. They agree in taking only a per cent of the value increases, and in taxing rapid increases at a higher rate than slow increases. The imperial law imposes a rate of ten per cent on increases of ten per cent or less, and thirty per cent on increases of two hundred and ninety per cent or over. In Dortmund the scale progresses from one to twelve and one-half per cent. Inasmuch as the highest rate in the imperial law is thirty per cent, and in any municipal law (Cologne and Frankfort) twenty-five per cent; inasmuch as all the laws allow deductions from the tax equal to the interest that was not obtained while the land was unproductive; and inasmuch as only those increases are taxed which took place while the land was in possession of the present

owner, it is clear that landowners are not compelled to undergo any positive loss, and that they are permitted to retain the lion's share of the "unearned increment."*

It is to be noted that most of the German laws are retroactive, inasmuch as they apply not merely to future value increases, but to some of those that occurred before the legislation was enacted. Thus, the Hamburg ordinance measures the increases from the last sale, no matter how long ago it took place. The imperial law uses the same starting point, except where the last sale occurred before 1885. Accordingly, a man who had in 1880 paid twenty-five hundred marks for a piece of land which in 1885 was worth only two thousand marks, and who sold it for three thousand marks in 1912, would pay the increment tax on one thousand marks, unless he could prove that his purchase price was twenty-five hundred marks. In all such cases the burden of proof is on the owner to show that the value of the land in 1885 was lower than the amount he had paid for it at the earlier date. Speaking generally, we say that no wrong is done to the owner by this retroactive feature of the German legislation, since it does not touch value increases that have been paid for by the present owners.

The British law taxes only those increases that occur after its enactment in 1909. These are subject to a tax of twenty per cent on the occasion of the next transfer of the land, by sale, bequest, or otherwise.† In some cases this arrangement undoubtedly will cause hardship. If land which was bought for one thousand pounds in 1900 had fallen in value to eight hundred in 1909, and was sold for one thousand pounds in 1920, the tax of twenty per cent on two hundred pounds would mean a net loss to the owner of forty pounds, to say nothing of the loss of interest in case the land was unproductive. It would seem that some sort of compensation might be in order here; yet the rarity of such instances, the administrative difficulties of compensation, and other circumstances might well condone such individual losses in the interest of the general welfare.

Whether it operates according to the German or the British plan, the practice of taking a part of the increases in land values is

*Cf. Marsh, *Taxation of Land Values in American Cities*, pp. 90-92; *The Single Tax Review*, March-April, 1912; *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, vol. 22, pp. 83, et seq.; vol. 24, pp. 194, et seq.; vol. 25, pp. 682, et seq.; *Stimmen Aus Maria-Laach*, October, 1907.

†Cf. Marsh, *op. cit.*, pp. 92, 93; *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, vol. 24, pp. 243, et seq.; 279, et seq.

not likely to offend against justice. The interests of the private owner are on the whole very well safeguarded in both schemes.

The Canadian method consists essentially in the imposition of a specially heavy tax on the entire value of the land, not merely its value increments. It implies a corresponding reduction in the taxes on improvements and other kinds of property. Thus, in New Zealand improvements and personal property are exempted in part from national, and entirely from local taxation.* The general principle of the system has been adopted in Vancouver, B. C., Edmonton, and some other cities and communities of Alberta. In all probability it will be extended within the next few years over the whole of Western Canada. Beginning with the year 1896, the city of Vancouver reduced the rate of taxation on land improvements at intervals, and finally abolished it entirely.† As a result of the investigation made by the New York City Commission on the Congestion of Population, a bill was introduced in the New York state legislature, in 1912, providing for a gradual reduction in the rate of taxation on buildings in New York City until it should be only one-half the rate on land. In Missouri a movement has been organized to secure legislation exempting from taxation all personal property after 1913, and all land improvements after 1920. An exception is made against public service corporations, which provides that their land improvements and personal property would continue to be taxed until their charges for service were reduced to a level that would yield only a reasonable return on their actual investment.‡

None of these measures or proposals seems to involve any undue hardship or any injustice to landowners. The important considerations are, of course, the rate of the tax, and the rapidity with which the taxes on other property are transferred to land. If the tax were so high as to absorb for a long period of years all the increases in the value of land which had fallen in value while in the possession of the present owners, and all the increases in the value of unproductive land, it might work considerable hardship to these two classes of persons. An adequate treatment of this question will require a comprehensive review of the various forms and methods of taxation now in existence.

In the United States we have three principal taxing jurisdic-

*Cf. Bliss, *New Encyclopedia of Social Reform*, article, "New Zealand."

†Cf. Marsh, *op. cit.*, pp. 33, *et seq.*; *Single Tax Review*, May-June, 1911.

‡Cf. Marsh, *op. cit.*, pp. 1, 2, 100.

tions, corresponding to the three divisions of our governmental authority. The bulk of our national revenues are raised through tariffs on imports, duties on tobacco and intoxicating liquors, and a tax on the earnings of corporations. The tariff taxes ought to be abolished entirely, for they are no longer needed for the protection of any home industry that is economically worth protecting, and they are a heavy burden on consumers. As a rule, taxes that fall ultimately upon consumers are inequitable, because they bear heaviest on the classes that are least able to pay. Inasmuch as the poor and those in moderate circumstances expend a much larger proportion of their incomes upon the taxed articles than do the rich, they yield up a much greater proportion of their income to the state. They are not taxed in accordance with their ability. While the tax on intoxicating liquors is likewise subject to this defect, it should be retained for social reasons connected with public order and sobriety. The revenues now obtained from taxes on imports, and on the manufacture and sale of tobacco, ought to be raised through a progressive tax on incomes. With the exception of the tax on land values, the income tax is the fairest of all, since it stays where it is put, and compels men to pay according to ability.

Most of the forms of state and municipal taxation now in existence should in the interest of justice be abolished. Chief among them are: taxes on goods in the possession of the consumer, such as household furniture, clothing, libraries, carriages, etc.; taxes on the products of agriculture and manufacturing which have not yet reached the consumer; taxes on all forms of concrete capital, such as machinery, railroads, factories, stores, and agricultural tools and chattels; and taxes on paper certificates of wealth, such as money, credits, mortgages, stocks, and bonds. With the exception of buildings, all these goods fall under what is known as the personal property tax. Now economists and fiscal authorities generally are practically unanimous in asserting that the personal property tax is antiquated, inequitable, and for the most part uncollectable.* It is antiquated because the kinds of property upon which it is levied have long since ceased to be few, tangible, and simple, which was the case when the tax was first adopted. It is inequitable because a considerable part of it is levied in the first instance upon goods in the hands of the consumer, while that part of it which is placed upon capital of all kinds, and upon merchants'

*Cf. Seligman, *Essays in Taxation*, ch. ii., N. Y., 1911; Taussig, *Principles of Economics*, ch. lxvi.

and manufacturers' stocks of goods, is in most cases ultimately shifted to the consumer. As we have seen above, a tax on general consumption is unfair because it takes a larger proportion of small incomes than of large ones. But the personal property tax is inequitable for an additional reason. Persons in poor and in moderate circumstances cannot easily conceal their personal property from the tax collector, since it consists for the most part of simple and obvious household goods. On the other hand, diamonds, costly furniture, and luxurious wardrobes can be either hidden or represented to the assessor at a ridiculously low valuation. Sufficient evidence that the personal property tax is largely uncollectable is seen in the fact that while the value of personal property in the United States greatly exceeds the value of real estate (land plus buildings and other structures affixed to the land), the former was assessed in 1904 at only seven and one-half billion dollars as against an assessment of twenty-six and one-half billions on real estate.* Even if no changes were to be made in the taxation of land, the personal property tax, at least in its present general form, ought to disappear.

There is one variety of the personal property tax which should be retained temporarily in certain circumstances. That is the tax on public service corporations, such as railroads, street railways, telephones, and lighting concerns. It is sometimes levied on the basis of earnings, sometimes on the basis of the securities, and sometimes on the physical property. In all cases it aims to reach all the wealth or property of the company, and is consequently in part a real estate tax, and partly a personal property tax. Under whatever form it is imposed, it is all ultimately paid by the consumer, the user of railway services, telephone services, gas, electricity, etc.; for the corporation always makes its charges sufficiently high to cover the tax, and still yield at least the prevailing rate of return on the investment. In this course the corporation is quite properly protected by our public rate-making bodies. Nevertheless, a truly scientific and just system of public control would free these concerns from taxation entirely, and compel them to reduce their charges accordingly. There is no more reason why people should pay taxes in their capacity as patrons of railroads or consumers of gas than in their capacity as users of household furniture or consumers of potatoes. In both situations the tax reaches a larger proportion of the small than of the great personal incomes. The

*United States Census, *Wealth, Debt, and Taxation*, p. 891, Washington, 1907.

rich man does not pay as large a percentage of his income for car fares as does the unskilled laborer. But wherever the public authorities are unable or unwilling to reduce the charges of public service corporations to a point that will allow them only a reasonable return on their actual investment, the tax ought to be retained. In such cases it amounts to an appropriation, partial or entire, of excessive profits, monopoly profits. While this practice is just whenever a better arrangement is not feasible, the normal method and the goal to be kept in view is the wiping out of these excessive profits through a reduction of charges to the consumer.

An ideal system of taxation would exclude not only the personal property tax, but that part of the real estate tax which falls upon improvements, such as buildings, fences, trees, ditches, and other artificial things affixed to the land. In so far as they are of the nature of capital, for example, factories and stores, the tax can frequently be passed on to the consumer in the form of higher prices. In so far as they are consumers' goods, such as dwellings, the tax is either paid by the occupying owner or passed on in the form of higher rent to the tenant. To the extent that this shifting takes place, which is probably in the majority of instances, the tax on improvements is as inequitable as any other tax on consumption.

It does not follow, however, that all the foregoing forms of taxation should be converted into higher taxes on land. Unless the process of conversion were very gradual, extending over a very long period of time, it would in all probability reduce or keep down the value of land to such an extent as to work injustice upon a large proportion of existing landowners. Moreover, there is great danger that a tax on land alone would not be sufficiently elastic to provide all needed revenues in bad years and in good years, nor sufficiently high to meet the rapidly increasing demand for public improvements and works of social betterment.* Consequently the tax on land should be supplemented by state taxes on incomes and inheritances. These are entirely just, inasmuch as they cannot be shifted, and can be so adjusted, in the matter of exempting small incomes and applying at a higher rate to large incomes, as to fall upon the persons who are fairly able to bear them. They would have the additional merit of reaching a great part of past increases in land values, those increases, namely, which had been sold or

*Cf. Seligman's fiscal objections to the Single Tax in *Essays on Taxation*, pp. 73-75.

capitalized. In fact, they would go a long way toward making value-increment taxation more nearly universal, and therefore more equitable.

Whatever be the proportion of personal property and improvement taxes that is transferred to land, the process ought to be gradual, covering a period of, say, ten or fifteen years. Even then it will increase the losses undergone by those persons who part with their land at a lower price than they paid for it, or at a price which is not sufficiently high to provide interest on the investment in the case of unoccupied land. For if the additional taxes had not been imposed the value of all land would have been higher. Only to such owners, however, would the scheme cause even apparent injustice. Productive land which, despite the tax, remained at or above the price paid by the present owners would presumably have continued to yield the ordinary rate of return on the original investment. Hence the owners would suffer no loss either of interest or principal.

Theoretically it would be possible to exempt from the operation of the tax all owners who could prove that the value of their land was not yet sufficiently high to cover their losses of interest or principal. Practically this plan would scarcely be administratively possible. Nor is it demanded by practical justice. The process of transferring other taxes to land could be spread over such a long period that the individual hardships need not be unusually numerous nor unusually great. Even under our present system increases sometimes occur in the tax rate on all kinds of property, including land. Again, the inconveniences, the inequities, if that term be preferred, inflicted upon individual landowners through the changes in taxation that we are now considering, could scarcely be as numerous or as grievous as those that are inherent in our existing fiscal system, or lack of system. No one who is even moderately acquainted with our present forms of taxation and their effects will deny that they are unfair in the extreme, and that their hardship falls not merely upon a small minority, but upon the great majority, including the whole of those who are poor and of those who are in moderate circumstances. If the change brought no compensatory advantages to those landowners upon whom it bore most heavily, and if it possessed no special merits of its own, it would still, from the viewpoint of the majority and of the community as a whole, be an improvement on things as they are. While changing the personnel, it would considerably reduce the number of

owners who were taxed excessively. Though inequities are inseparable from any fiscal scheme, it is still important that their volume should be made as small as possible.

But this is only a negative argument. The great and positive justification of the proposed plan lies in its beneficial effects upon the general welfare. In the article* on the abuses of the present land system we saw that a great deal of land is held out of use, and that in general land is becoming more and more difficult of acquisition by the landless. These evils would be squarely met, and to a great degree lessened, by heavier land taxation. If the tax were increased with sufficient rapidity to prevent land from rising above its present value, owners would no longer have any inducement to hold it for an advance in price. Its selling price and its rent would be little if any above its value for actual use, its productive value. Men would be anxious to sell, or lease, or improve their holdings. Consequently every user of land, and every person who desired land for use, would be able to get it at a lower rent or price than he would have to pay in the absence of the tax. If the advance in the tax were less rapid its influence would be correspondingly less, but would be the same in kind. It would still keep land relatively cheaper and more easy of access.

In all our cities a great deal of the best land is either kept out of use entirely or used uneconomically. Vacant lots and lots cumbered by tumble-down shanties exist side by side with "skyscrapers." As a consequence, this grade of land is artificially scarce, and its rent and price are correspondingly higher than would be the case if all portions of the land were put to the best use of which they are capable. To force such land into its best use through a tax making speculative holding of it unprofitable, would be virtually to increase the supply of business sites. For all economic purposes the supply would be increased quite as effectively as through the draining of a swamp or the filling of a lake. Now the value of land, of its uses, and of its products are, like the value of any other commodity, determined by the relation between supply and demand. When, therefore, the supply of land is increased relatively to the demand because owners become more active in offering it for use, and in putting it to more productive uses, a fall must occur not only in its rent and price, but in the prices of the things produced on it, whether these be manufactured commodities,

*Cf. THE CATHOLIC WORLD, September, 1912, *The Abuses of Private Landownership*.

distributive activities, or the personal services of the physician and the lawyer.

To be sure, if all the business sites were already put to their best uses, the heavier taxes would not bring about a reduction in the price of the things produced thereon. The supply of products would continue to bear the same relation to demand as before. Since all land is not thus employed, the occupation for business purposes of the unused portions at the existing or lower rents and prices, would mean an increase in the supply of products which could be sold at existing or even lower prices.

Owing, therefore, to the virtual increase and comparative cheapening of land through heavier taxation, men would find it easier to get homes, and would be able to buy more cheaply all sorts of products and commodities. These beneficial effects would be reinforced and added to by the other element in the proposed reform, namely, the removal of taxes from residences, all forms of capital, and all articles of consumption. The man desirous of building a home would find, on the one hand, that the site and the material were cheaper, and, on the other hand, that his residence was free from taxation. The man who wanted to rent a house and lot would get both at a lower rent than would be possible in the absence of the tax. Obviously these statements would be equally true of business buildings and sites. The eagerness of landowners to improve their holdings in order to get an annual income with which to pay the increased tax, would be stimulated and encouraged by the knowledge that raw materials were cheaper, and that the improvements would no longer be subject to a tax. Hence it is conceivable, and not at all unlikely, that the process of multiplying improvements would continue until the rent of a building and site combined became only slightly in excess of the annual return that could be got by investing the cost of the building in some other enterprise.

Through the untaxing of capital the farmer would be freed from annual payments to the state on buildings and other improvements, on animals, implements, and agricultural products; the merchant and the manufacturer would be relieved of taxes on buildings, machinery, and stocks; and the owner of representative capital, such as corporation securities, promissory notes, money and mortgages, would likewise go tax-free. This would happen in so far as these taxes are at present finally paid by these persons, and not shifted to the consumer or to somebody else. To this extent, then,

the tax reforms here advocated would encourage capital, promote production, and further the general welfare.

As a matter of fact, the greater part, perhaps by far the greater part, of the taxes on the different forms of capital, concrete and representative, is shifted to the consumer of capital's products, or to the borrowing user of the capital itself. The consumer pays the tax in the form of higher prices for articles of food, clothing, shelter, and the other necessities and comforts of life; the borrowing user pays the tax in the form of higher rent for his dwelling, and a higher rate of interest on, for example, the loan for which he has given a mortgage.* The owner of any form of capital which happens to be taxed is able to pass on the burden whenever other investments are available upon which no tax is collected. "Commonly enough, in the actual working of our American system, alternative investments are in fact available."† Hence the apparently plausible assertion that it would be unfair to let the owners of "skyscrapers," wholesale stores, great tenement houses, and factory structures go untaxed, overlooks the fact that the owners of such property go virtually tax-free now. While they do hand the tax over to the fiscal authority, they have already added its equivalent to the rents and prices that must be paid, respectively, by the users of the buildings, and the consumers of the products therein stored or manufactured. Owners of other forms of capital can shift the tax in the same way. What enables them to do it is the fact that they can put their money into "alternative investments" which are not effectively taxed, as, many kinds of corporate securities, or into land, which is always bought at a price sufficiently low to provide the tax in addition to the prevailing rate of interest. Obviously, therefore, men will not invest in buildings until the demand for them and their products is great enough to furnish both interest and taxes. In other words, the tax is shifted for the simple reason that owners and investors are in a position to limit the supply of the things taxed.

To be sure, if all forms of capital were actually compelled to pay taxes at the same rate, this process of shifting would not be possible. Any attempt to limit supply, say, in the matter of office buildings, with a view to forcing up rents and prices, would soon make the profits on this form of investment so high as to attract a large amount of new capital. As a consequence, the supply of

*Cf. Seligman, *Shifting and Incidence of Taxation*, pp. 187, 245, 272, and all of Part II., N. Y., Macmillan Co., 1899; Taussig, *Principles of Economics*, II., pp. 518-549, and chaps. lxvii.-lxix.

†Taussig, *Idem.*, II., 547.

buildings would before long reach a point that would bring rents and prices down to a level that would give only the ordinary returns of interest and profits.

The foregoing paragraphs describe the economic theory of the situation. But it is notorious that economic laws do not work without friction, nor produce the results that would follow from perfectly free competition. Hence the most definite statement warranted by the facts is that the greater part, perhaps by far the greater part, of taxes on the various forms of capital is shifted under the guise of higher rents and prices to the consumer. The lifting of this burden would not be the least of the beneficial effects resulting from the proposed tax changes.

Finally, all direct tax on articles of consumption would likewise be abolished. This would affect chiefly those goods of a relatively durable character which remain in the possession of the consumer for a sufficiently long time to fall under the attention and action of the taxing authority; for example, articles of personal apparel and adornment, household furniture, furnishings, and contents of every description, and the instrumentalities of comfort and recreation, as, horses, carriages, automobiles, boats, bicycles, etc.

The general reduction in the cost of living which would follow reduced rents and the untaxing of capital and of consumers' goods, would necessarily increase the amount of money available by the masses for the purchase of the products of industry. Whence would follow some increase in employment, wages, and industrial prosperity generally. The principal features of and changes in the economic situation may be thus summarized: Increased use of land would mean a greater volume of products; reduced cost of living would mean enhanced purchasing power for the new products; out of the enlarged product would come more capital; out of the increased purchasing power would come the increased demand necessary to keep the new capital employed; on the one hand, there would be a greater volume of products; on the other hand, a better distribution of incomes and purchasing power. The reasoning underlying these statements is identical with that which supports the economic theory that high wages and large purchasing power in the hands of the masses, who have the desire to consume, is more conducive to general prosperity than low wages, and high consuming power in the hands of those whose desire to consume cannot keep pace with their power. To reject this reasoning is essentially to adopt the discarded wages-fund theory.

Such, then, are the ways in which the community would be benefited through higher taxes on land. Evidently these advantages would be shared by landowners as well as by other classes of persons. For this reason the hardships suffered by the former on account of the new taxes would be to a great extent counteracted, and in a large proportion of cases completely neutralized. The smaller the holding, the greater would be the degree to which the heavier land taxes would be offset through the untaxing of buildings, capital, and consumption. It is probable that the average owner of the ordinary house and lot would gain rather than lose by the proposed changes in taxation. We repeat, then, that if the changes were made gradually, and if a goodly part of the transferred taxes were put upon incomes, the hardships to landowners would be so small in number and so insignificant in volume, speaking relatively, that the whole process of reform would easily be justified on the ground of social improvement and general welfare.

The objection might be raised that, when the tax reforms here advocated had been fully accomplished, all persons who owned no land, and whose incomes from other sources were not sufficiently high to fall under the income tax, would escape taxation entirely. But this is in reality a commendable feature of the scheme, for it is in the fullest harmony with fiscal and social justice. On the one hand, such persons have no land, and consequently receive no profit or income from that source; on the other hand, their incomes are so low that they are not able in the true sense of ability to contribute anything toward the support of government. Every citizen, every human being, has a moral right to at least the means of living decently, of developing his mental, moral, and physical faculties to a reasonable degree. Hence personal and family incomes which are only sufficient to meet these requirements ought to be entirely available for that purpose. To deduct anything from them for taxes would be to treat this section of the community unjustly, and to violate the principle of taxation according to ability.

Two other tax reforms, which are more or less implicitly contained in the measures that we have been discussing, deserve brief special mention.

Whatever may be the rate of any land tax, it ought always and in all places to be applied as rigorously to vacant as to occupied land. In some countries of Europe, the law deliberately taxes the former at a lower per cent of its value than the latter. According to the theory of the general property tax, which underlies all

American legislation on the subject, no such discrimination is permitted, but assessors very commonly appraise vacant land at a much lower valuation than land which is occupied and productive. Apparently they act on the principle that, since the former yields no present income, its owner is less able to pay the tax than the owner of revenue-producing land. This is a perversion of the "faculty" theory, for the social need of cheap and accessible land is a more urgent requisite of justice than the individual's claim to a low tax on land that he is holding for speculation. The discontinuance of this illegal practice in our American cities is immediately feasible, and would be a considerable contribution toward the desirable results outlined in the foregoing pages.*

In the second place, a super tax might be placed upon very large individual or corporate holdings. Every estate which contained more than a maximum number of acres, say, ten thousand, whether composed of a single tract or of several tracts, could be compelled to pay a special tax in addition to the usual tax levied upon land of the same value. And the rate of the super tax should increase the size of the estate above the maximum. The obvious purpose of the tax would be to compel the breaking up of large holdings, and their division among many owners and occupiers. For several years it has been successfully applied in New Zealand and Australia.† Inasmuch as it exemplifies the principle of progression in taxation, it accords with the requirements of justice. As we have already seen, relative ability in the matter of tax paying is closely connected with relative sacrifice. The less the sacrifice involved, the greater, other things being equal, is the ability of the individual to pay. Now the man with an income of ten thousand dollars per year makes a smaller sacrifice in giving up ten per cent of it than the man whose income is only one thousand; for in the latter case the one hundred dollars surrendered represent a privation of the necessities or the elementary comforts of life, while the one thousand dollars taken from the richer man would have been expended for luxuries or converted into capital. Both men do, indeed, use all their incomes to satisfy their wants or desires; but to reduce both incomes by a given proportion will not diminish their satisfactions in the same proportion. The wants that are thus deprived of satisfaction are much less important in the case

*Cf. Ely, *Taxation in American States and Cities*, pp. 248, 249; Seligman, *Essays on Taxation*, p. 92.

†Cf. Bliss, *New Encyclopedia of Social Reform*, articles, "New Zealand," and "Australia."

of the richer than in the case of the poorer man. Hence the only way in which anything like equality of sacrifice can be brought about is by increasing the proportion taken from the former. This means that the rate should be progressive.*

It might be objected, indeed, that the principle of progression should not be applied to large landed estates, since a considerable portion of these is unproductive, and consequently does not favorably affect sacrifice. But the same objection can be urged against any taxation of unoccupied land. The same social reasons that justify the equal taxation of unproductive with productive land, apply to the levying of an exceptionally high tax on very large estates, even though at present they may not be revenue producing.

While the tax is sound in principle, it is probably not needed to any great extent in America. In the great majority of cases, the ordinary tax levied on smaller holdings of the same value would probably be effective to compel the sale of the larger tracts on reasonable terms. Perhaps the only exceptions to this statement would occur in connection with a few immense holdings of mineral and timber lands which are important adjuncts to the maintenance of monopolies. "There are many great combinations in other industries whose formation is complete. In the lumber industry, on the other hand, the Bureau finds now in the making a combination caused, fundamentally, by a long standing public policy. The concentration already existing is sufficiently impressive. Still more impressive are the possibilities for the future. In the last forty years concentration has so proceeded that one hundred and ninety-five holders, many interrelated, now have practically one-half of the privately-owned timber in the investigation area (which contains eighty per cent of the whole). This formidable process of concentration, in timber and in land, clearly involves grave future possibilities of impregnable monopolistic conditions, whose far-reaching consequences to society it is now difficult to anticipate fully or to overestimate."† Evidently an effective remedy for this condition would be a super tax on large holdings of timber land, whether the holder were an individual, a corporation, or a group of interrelated concerns pursuing a policy of "community of interest."

*Cf. Vermeersch, *Quaestiones de Justitia*, pp. 94-126; Seligman, *Progressive Taxation in Theory and Practice*, pp. 119, 111, N. Y., 1908; Mill, *Principles of Political Economy*, book v., ch. ii., sec. 3.

†Summary of Report of the Commissioner of Corporations on the Lumber Industry in the United States, p. 8.

THE POSTBOY.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.



ANYTHING for me?" called the little schoolmistress. She stood below the schoolhouse, high on the hill, her slim figure, in clinging white, outlined against the darkly-verdant mountain side—the wind blowing the light tresses about her brow and neck into a shimmering halo.

The postmaster, who also kept the village store, would, doubtless, have answered after a deliberate five minutes or so; but one of a later, more pushing, generation, playing marbles in the road-way mud, called back, slowly and nasally: "He—ain't—got—the—bags—open—yit."

Once more her urban training made her chafe against sluggish tardiness; once more her cheery nature triumphed in the little laugh which tinkled down the hillside.

"Who's thet thar?" suddenly asked the lolling postboy, coming half-way out of what seemed slumber or trance on the top of a flour barrel.

"New school teacher," drawled the urchin in patches. Then resigning, once for all, the honorable but exacting office of chief of information, he gave himself single-mindedly to pitching of marbles.

However, the group which sat about the store, and spat from its doors, and munched an occasional apple taken, as of custom, from its boxes, would just as soon discuss Miss Anniston, at the rate of a word a minute, as anything else. And the postboy could listen.

"Mighty good-lookin' gal," said one.

"Ain't too flippety, neither," approved another.

"My Ben says she's way up in algebr'y," remarked the blacksmith. "An' she kin pound the life outen' thet new pianner Pick Brattle's got for his boarders. I wouldn't give shucks myself for them thar pianners. They's nothin' but crash an' bang an' squiddle an' bumble the endurin' time. You'uns hed orter hear

my Ben play the cordial. He jes' makes goose-flesh all over ye. Thet's music!"

"Well," said the postmaster, evading this issue, "my kids is powerful stuck on the school teacher, too. But it's my idee she won't be so mighty long with us in these yere parts. It's her beau up to Vineland thet's a-writin' her every day; an' she's a-sewin' an' a-hemmin' an' a-frillin' everlastin'; an' thet thar's a sure sign. Here, you Balsam"—to the postboy on the barrel—"stretch them long legs o' yourn an' climb up to Pick Brattle's with teacher's mail."

The postboy, hearkening with his mouth open, as was his habit, stretched out a horny hand, galvanically. He had to wait while each, passing Miss Anniston's mail from one to the other, inspected it as a matter of course.

And the blacksmith, after slow scrutiny, said to the postmaster, with such significance as their slow monotony of speech permitted: "Dientical handwritin', an' dientical man, you kin swar."

When Balsam Driggs at last received it, he also read the post-card, fingered and weighed the package, and inspected at length the address on the envelope. But with such customary practices went a novel elation in the thought of carrying these, and so having word and sight of the apparition on the schoolhouse hill. He scrambled, ungracefully, up a short cut, swinging himself higher here and there by aid of tough rhododendron root, or a branch of low hanging kalmia. Awkward consciousness of the waiting eyes above, and the lazily watchful eyes below in the postoffice door, interfered with ordinary sure climbing, and near the top he slipped, and landed at sprawling full length before the teacher.

Instantly unrestrained shouts of rough, bucolic laughter, magnified a thousandfold by echo in his crimson ears, went up to the mountain top. "Did she laugh, too? Did she laugh, too?" The harsh stammering of his own voice was unfamiliar when he muttered, miserably: "I reckon I done got a heap o' mud on this yere mail."

"It doesn't matter at all. I hope you didn't hurt yourself. You couldn't help it," she assured him promptly, and with seeming undisturbed gravity: in spite of which she was amusedly aware of his ungainly lankiness; his faded, shrunk, and patched homespun; his shock of uncombed hair; his freckles decorated with a splash of mud; his grotesquely outstanding ears; his wide, half-open mouth. "He looks like a cod-fish," she reflected, with remorseful inward mirth, and wished him immediately away that she

might open her dear, daily letter. But it was, to her conscience, clearly a case calling for encouraging reassurance. "Are you our mail-carrier?" she asked him sweetly.

"Yessum."

"Then your name, I hear, is Balsam Zero Driggs." A little smile twitched the corners of her lips, but was firmly subdued. "Ought you not to be at school? You're surely under age."

"The contractor at Vineland, he ain't noways particular as to thet. But my maw—she's my stepmaw—up an' swore I was twenty-one. I guess she'd order know; but thar's others thet used to know my real maw—allows I'm sixteen."

It was clear that the second Mrs. Driggs' passion for truth was weaker than her desire to provide for a growing, and, probably, voracious boy.

"She's a hard-working woman, I'm told," said the schoolmistress tentatively.

"Mebbe she is," said Balsam, with vagueness. "She's powerful hard-handed," he supplemented, rubbing his cheek, reminiscently.

The schoolmistress let loose again her rippling laugh, which, in his thoughts, he compared to "a plumb, sweet, cowbell."

"Why!" she interrupted her mirth, "your wrist is bleeding! You poor boy! You cut it when you fell." She touched it with merely one smooth finger, for it was also very muddy; yet that was enough to crimson afresh the great ears.

"'Taint nothin'," he protested, gruff stolidity masking shame-faced emotion. "I kin stand right smart o' hurt. I ain't no gal-baby," and he hid his hand behind him.

But from that moment he was her slave. However hungry he might be when he threw his pouch into Tumbling River post-office—one end of his route—he hurried no more to cold potatoes and greasy cabbage, sauced with a stepmother's scoldings, until he had first mounted the hill with Miss Anniston's mail.

Generally there was some small offering besides, as a branch of flowering rhododendron, or a specially ripe and rosy apple, sweet raspberries laid on a leaf; or it might be a many-celled wasp's nest, or a silvery mole skin. Her face and voice and smile came to represent all brightness to a starved, ill-used, ignorant, and squalid existence. Her soft: "Thank you, Balsam," was compensation for everything, even the increasing reluctance he felt to deliver a certain daily letter addressed in script that was bold and firm, and evidently brought her comfort in exile.

"Thet thar galoot's e'en a most teacher's dog," commented the village loafers; adding tolerantly that she was "powerful good to larn him o' nights an' Sundays," and that she was "thet kind thet sorter filled in mos' anywhars, bein' nice an' common."

Tribute came from even the redoubtable Mrs. Driggs, who, after cuffing Balsam for "foolin' his time up at Brattle's, admitted, in grudging undertone, that while he was "a good-for-nothin' gad-around, mostly, he hed a leetle excuse this time, teacher bein' thet brightsome she chirked folks up same's a sunflower."

This same cheery adaptability of Miss Anniston's, partly natural, partly induced in uncongenial surroundings by sustaining visions of a happier future, was proved in ways useful to others as well as pleasant.

"Thar ain't a grain o' cornmeal in the house," declared Pick Brattle's wife one afternoon. "Our Billy horse is ploughin', an' the mar gits too gaily fer me. I was a-thinkin', Miss Mary, sence you're so powerful fond o' ridin', you'd mebbe not mind takin' the corn to mill with you."

Miss Anniston smiled. Cantering the little mare through the crisp air and inspiring mountain scenery was one thing; jog-trotting to mill quite another. But—"Bring forth the bag, Mrs. Brattle!" she cheerfully agreed.

She sat "squar' on the poke," as directed, and heeded the warning "to hold the mar in, or spill the corn." Down the hill and through the village, with its appreciative, grinning onlookers, went she, safely if slowly, until a braying mule at large startled the mare, which reared and plunged for some moments.

"'Taint so blame easy to stick on the critter when you've got a chunky poke on your saddle," suggested admiringly the ungainly knight who lurched to the rescue and quieted the snorting mare.

"It's the poke I'm anxious about, Balsam," she laughed. "No cornmeal, no bread for supper. It's well I was so close to the mill, and not crossing a ford." She knocked with her whip handle on the door of the picturesque, ramshackle old mill. A thin and sallow woman opened it. "Where is the miller?" asked the young lady.

"I'm the miller."

"You? Well, I believe the women do everything in this country except loaf. Half an hour, you say? Hitch my horse, Balsam, and we'll wait outside."

When the great wheel began to revolve and send its glittering creamy showers below, she strolled a little way along the Tumbling River and sat down upon a log, while Balsam stood and stared devoutly at her, a thing to which she had long grown accustomed, and heeded not at all. She mused in contented reverie, which the glowing, autumnal mountain side, the murmuring water, and the spicy smell of burning brushwood harmoniously accompanied. The two were so still that, presently, the hum of voices from the nearby forge resolved itself into distinguishable words.

"Oh, yes, that's the same old song. We been agoin' to git a railroad thet'll kerry our crops to market for the las' twenty year, an' it ain't come yet! An' what we'uns kin make here, a-workin' an' a-haulin', a-workin' an' a-haulin', fifteen mile to market ain't enough to keep soul an' body together!"

"No, an' we ain't allowed to use our corn otherways by them revnoo chaps up to Washington. Dod rat 'em! Sittin' thar an' swillin' champagne outen the people's money; an' ef a poor man makes a drop outen his own stuff what he's ploughed an' planted an' raised—penitentiary for him."

"Thar's some's a-talkin' about thet thar young dude Commissioner up to Vineland," said the first speaker, very slowly. "Thet ef he don't let up on the poor folk a bit, he'll git, mebbe, a load o' birdshot to spile his fine clothes. Mebbe somethin' heavier."

"Thet ain't no way to talk," interposed the blacksmith for the first time. "What you'uns want is to keep your eyes on thet thar sneakin' cur, Sim Gasway. Why's he a-gettin' letters in same hand as comes to school-teacher!"

The girl, pale now, had risen to her feet. "Who told them my letters were from Commissioner Torrance?" she asked, in a whisper.

"They axed me," Balsam muttered miserably. "I seed him post one to you, an' another to Sim Gasway."

"Who are these men?" she asked again, when he had replaced her and the bag of meal upon the mare, and walked beside her, his head hanging.

"Fellers from Dark Corners. Lot's o' stills up thar. Some o' their kin folk been up for trial last month."

"And they would kill a judge for punishing lawbreakers?"

"I ain't a-sayin' thet. But," he added, his vacuous expression changing not at all, "I'd jes' as soon, myself, shoot a low-down spy an' informer thet was a-takin' money for jailin' his own

neighbors as I would a mean hound-dog that was pullin' down a dumb critter."

"You don't know if this suspicion against Gasway has proof," she said, severely, "and you would better attend strictly to your mail and your lessons, Balsam."

Consternation at this revelation of unsuspected deeps in her uncouth subject filled her mind for a while. But, as he made no answer, she lapsed into thought, anxious now and quite unobservant of the gorgeous mountain tops or the swiftly-flowing river.

Only last week she had written her Commissioner, "I beg you to use all possible patience and indulgence in dealing with these poor misguided offenders. For seeing near at hand their hard and pitifully meager lives must inspire compassion for even their errors."

The answer to this had been: "Sweetheart, I accepted, for the time, an uncongenial post only to hasten a certain happy day. I have good hope of being soon transferred to another, different and permanent. Meanwhile, you would not have me, as an honest man, do less than my whole duty, even if this involves a seeming severity to lawbreakers, distressingly poor and ignorant." Following this, to-day's letter told her he was coming to visit her.

"Would the road you ride be safe for the gentleman they spoke of?" she added, suddenly.

He shuffled uncomfortably, busying himself with the bags of meal on her saddle, and was dumb.

She was still standing on the brow of the hill when he returned from stabling her mare, and she gave him a hastily-written note to mail. With this in her mind, she murmured: "If anything happens to him, I shall surely die—I shall surely die!" not knowing that she was speaking aloud, nor that the shambling carrier was aware, as well as she, that her note held reasons—though not the real one—against her lover's coming.

While she yet lay in dream-haunted sleep, the postboy set forth in the grey of the next dawning. It was still dark and cold. Since midnight the rain had fallen in heavy sheets, blown hither and thither by wind gusts. But to be wet, or shivering cold, or hungry, were mere details in the boy's life; and beyond a shrunken and dripping forlornness, he gave no sign that this day's work differed from that of others less dreary. Mile after mile he and the bony sorrel jogged, heads down, along the rugged, muddy route, crossing a swollen brook here and there on their way. Not until he reached

the South Fork of Tumbling River did he need to hesitate. Here fragments of the bridge swept past him, whirling and dashing down stream, and at the ford the risen water spread and foamed across the road.

A woman who had known his dead parents shrilled from her doorway, across the rain: "You, Balsam Driggs, you ain't fool to try the ford in thet thar freshet! Come right along in here with me, an' let me git ye some hot coffee."

Unheeding her, he put the sorrel at the ford, and the animal, quickly loosing its footing, tried to swim across the rushing current. But it was glad to quickly scramble out again.

"It's all plumb foolishness," said the woman in the log cabin, raking up the embers and throwing on wood that the boy might dry his clothes. "You ain't paid for drownin' yerself, nor your horse neither. Ez for letters, they're not thet partickler, bein' mostly writ by folks with nothin' much to say." She fed and warmed and would have kept him longer, but, after some hours, the rain ceasing and the waters abating, he sought his horse, in stolid disregard of her protests. "With night a-comin' on!" she said, her hands uplifted, in useless dissuasion.

She was unaware how the lad was urged on by the unforgettable words in someone's soft voice: "If anything happens to him, I shall surely die!" He was driven by the dull instinct of danger lurking in delay. The ford was yet unsafe, but he and the sorrel managed it; swimming and resisting sturdily. A mile beyond there was a worse and deeper passage to make; and now dusk was near, with cloud drifts scurrying on high, and a single star trying to peep from the troubled ether beyond. Close to this ford, a trail ended which led from far-away Dark Corners; and while the sorrel still splashed, ankle deep, resisting the rushing torrent, there closed in from the farther side three men, and one laid hands on his bridle.

"Keep right still, sonny," said he, "an' you won't git hurt. Otherways, there might be a accident—see?"

Through his surprise, Balsam did see quite clearly that he was one defenceless boy to three armed men; and he sat stiff and mute. The three wore soft hats pulled over their brows, and handkerchiefs tied beneath their eyes.

"We'uns been a-waitin' for you a right smart while," resumed the first speaker, grimly. "Hand over thet thar bag."

One man, with gun shouldered, kept guard on the lonely road, while the others pulled the mail bag down. The postboy wondered

to see them then produce a duplicate key, by which they soon had the bag opened and its contents scattered on the wet ground.

"Here's what we're a-lookin' for," muttered the leader, in triumph, and, under the single, peeping star, he scratched, with difficulty, his damp matches to light a tiny lantern. "Mr. James Torrance, Vineland," he read, more quietly and inexorably than the judge who sentences.

"Thet thar ain't Gasaway's fist."

"It's his wife's. She's made out my bills offen."

Such information as the letter contained regarding themselves and the illicit stills in their mountain eyries; such offers of personal but secret guidance to constables; such acknowledgment of reward already received by the informer, passed from hand to hand in a deadly silence. It gave to their half-savage minds full justification for this first crime which, affording evidence against the spy in their midst, should lead to a second, revengeful, greater one. It now set flame to their passions, and oaths to their lips.

"Here's another to Commissioner," said one. "Lady's writin'."

"Open thet, too," said the leader. "It'll tell, mebbe, when we kin git a chanst at him as well."

But first they piled the other mail back, locked and re-slung the bag upon the sorrel, and bade the boy, "Be off!"

"S-t-t!" warned the guard, who had heard across the rushing water a faint sound of hoofs. So had the country boy's ears caught this, and it waked his dormant faculties to a reckless action. The letter which held all the mail's sacredness for him was in the nearer man's hand. He snatched it suddenly, and was deep in the swirling flood before they recovered.

"Cussed varmint!" breathed the leader, hissing, and levelled a shot which lifted a spray of water.

"Thet ain't no use," dissuaded the other, less furious. "He's not our game, an' he'll drown, anyway."

This was, indeed, likely, as the poor sorrel labored and struggled midway, and neighed in terror while the powerful waters dragged at him. The guard meanwhile, with another "P-st-st," had prudently disappeared, for the hoof-beats were quickening and nearing, and to the other bank rode a horseman alert and keen-eyed.

"It's Torrance," said the leader, savagely, and sent a bullet through the rider's hat.

The Commissioner whipped out a revolver, but the mountaineers were already in covert behind bush and rock, from which a ball grazed his knee.

Then to Balsam, plunging down stream, and gripping desperately at his horse's mane, came for once in his sodden life a divine inspiration. "If anything happens to him—" he remembered, and, at the clicking of a flint lock behind a tree, he shouted: "Why don't you shoot at me, you cowards, 'stid o' him? He ain't a-knowin' who ye are; but I know everyone of you'uns, an' I'll swar to ye in court!"

Thus the mail robbers' final shot before retreat was aimed at him. Their silent, instantaneous disappearance was scarcely heeded by the Commissioner, who spurred his horse through submerged elders and willows along stream until, in shallower spot, he could ride in and catch and lead the sorrel out. It was full time, for the half-drowned and bleeding lad sank at once to earth. When he opened his eyes many stars twinkled down at him through the leaves, and the Commissioner watched anxiously over him.

"Whar's the bag?" asked Balsam weakly.

"I'm afraid it dropped in the river when your horse lost footing and rolled," said the Commissioner.

"Taint no matter," said the boy, "long's this yere's safe," and gave him the precious letter with a ruddy stain upon it.

How the Commissioner bound his wound, and placed him on his horse, and led it over the stream where fordable, and paid the woman who had known his parents to nurse him back to life and health, need not be written. It could not remove the deep and rankling hurt which the young official's straight, slender figure, well-fitting clothes and easy manner held for Balsam. These mountain folk are not excitable, and the blacksmith voiced the community's opinion when he remarked without enthusiasm: "The boy only done his duty, I guess."

They held this less doubtfully when Sim Gasway's body was found stark on a far trail, and Balsam was summoned to identify three held on suspicion.

"I ain't see anybody's face thet thar evenin', an' they talked husky-like," he maintained, stolidly.

"But you said at the ford you knew them," expostulated the Commissioner.

"I spoke thet away jes' to skeer 'em, so's they'd stop shootin' at you," repeated the boy, and persisted immovably in this. His

lacklustre countenance made the magistrate dismiss him, with an impatient aside:

“He’s evidently half-witted.”

But the little schoolmistress knew otherwise. “You will learn farming and lots of useful things at the Industrial School, Balsam,” she told him, gently “And, when you’re through there, Mr. Torrance and—and I—will be living in Washington; and we remember what you did, and mean that you shall have a small place of your own. Then, ‘who knows’”—with a smile to brighten his dumb defection—“you will be over twenty-one, and will be wanting a nice little wife among the girls here. But you must not make her work too hard, as mountain men do.”

“She shan’t do a thing,” said Balsam, cheering up a little, “but cook and wash and scrub, and feed the chickens an’ milk the cows, an’, an’—”

“So, so, that’s enough,” declared the young lady, laughing. “Let her do all inside the pretty, little log cabin, and you take care of the farm outside.”

A touch of what would be called wistfulness on less irregular and freckled features came upon Balsam’s: “Ef she could look, an’ laugh, an’ speak like you,” he said, “she needn’t to do nothin’ at all but what she’d a mind to.”

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY ADRIAN FEVEREL.

I.

THE CULT OF THE IMMORAL.



OF the making of sects, there seems, like the making of books, to be no end. Yet the making of sects has been, until recent years, conducted along the lines inaugurated by Luther in the sixteenth century; the numerous divisions and sub-divisions among the Protestant churches have been rigidly Protestant in doctrine and organization; but in the latter part of the nineteenth century a new religious movement began which has in a large measure influenced the latest innovations in religious thought, and has, moreover, from obscure beginnings, developed into an organization of world-wide magnitude. This movement was begun by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, "the discoverer and founder of Christian Science." At its inception it numbered Mrs. Eddy and another student; at her death it was organized and on a substantial footing in the five continents; it numbered over one hundred thousand adherents, and it had enabled its "founder" to rise from obscurity to prominence, from poverty to wealth.

The modern therapeutical ideas that are embodied in so many new religious movements may all be traced largely to the basic ideas of Eddyism, misnamed Christian Science. And of these innovations, the source of them is infinitely more formidable and dangerous than any of the rivulets which have sprung from it. It is dangerous spiritually and materially; spiritually, because it strikes at the very fundamentals of Christianity; materially, because it strikes at the fundamentals of health and morality. Let us, in order that we may see whether this is so, examine Eddyism in four of its aspects: first, as immoral; second, as un-Christian; third, as unscientific, and, fourth, as ridiculous. Before we proceed to a detailed examination let us first glance briefly at its history and the history of its "discoverer and founder."

Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy was born at Bow, New Hampshire, in 1821. Her childhood was uneventful according to her unauthorized biographers, though Mrs. Eddy endeavors to make herself a child like the young Samuel, and asserts that she frequently

heard "voices not our own" calling her. She had no exceptional educational advantages; though she avers that her brother taught her Latin, Greek, and Hebrew during his vacations. This, however, must be taken *cum grano salis*, as indeed must all of Mrs. Eddy's assertions regarding herself. Certainly her writings give no evidence of such classic learning as she claims was hers. In 1842 she married George Washington Glover, who died six months later; a child was born of this marriage, George Glover, Jr., who has lately figured in litigation regarding his mother's estate. After some years of widowhood she married a Dr. Patterson, from whom she later secured a divorce. During her widowhood, and after her second marriage, she suffered greatly from nervous disorders, and was constantly under the care of physicians, from whom, however, she obtained little relief. She seems to have been of an experimental disposition, for she tried allopathic and homeopathic doctors, and even indulged in the water cure at Dr. Vail's sanitarium in New Hampshire.

It was while she was at this institution that she first heard of Dr. Quimby. A patient at Dr. Vail's had gone to him and had been much benefited. Mrs. Eddy and some other inmates of the institution also wished to go, and accordingly, after some delay, due to meager finances, they set out. It was from Dr. Quimby that Mrs. Eddy got her first idea of the system "she afterward denominated Christian Science."* Dr. Quimby was not at this time a mesmerist, as Mrs. Eddy afterward endeavored to make him out. He taught that all physical effects may be traced to a mental cause; that with this idea Jesus of Nazareth had healed the sick; he denied the hypostatic union, believing that in Christ were two natures, the divine or Christly, the human or visible, expressed in Jesus. Mrs. Eddy seems to have been much benefited by his treatment, and became an enthusiastic disciple, as well as a patient. She wrote "poems" and articles for newspapers and periodicals praising her teacher, and likening him to Christ. When Dr. Quimby died in January, 1866, Mrs. Eddy wrote a "poem" entitled, "Lines upon the death of Dr. P. P. Quimby who healed with the truth that Christ taught in contradistinction to all isms."†

After his death Mrs. Eddy continued to teach his doctrines, and received money frequently for the "great truth" she imparted to her students. She began to achieve a deal of success in this manner, and among her students was her future husband, Asa

*Science and Health, p. 107. Retrospection and Introspection, p. 32.

†History of Christian Science. By Georgine Milmine.

G. Eddy. Her students soon began to speak of her with a show of reverence, an attitude which Mrs. Eddy encouraged. Gradually Dr. Quimby receded as the originator of her system. When her book, "the precious volume,"* *Science and Health*, appeared in 1875, Dr. Quimby had ceased to have any share in his own doctrines. Mrs. Eddy had arrogated them to herself, and had transformed his almost harmless ideas into a direct revelation from God.

Her students increased, also her finances and ambitions. She saw a vista of a great religious movement that bore her name, and that encircled the world. She saw, too, quite clearly that organization was necessary. Accordingly she organized "The Church of Christ, Scientist," in 1879; later she became its first pastor and took without any real right the title Reverend. To quote her own words. "I accepted the call, and was ordained in 1881."† Her propaganda was augmented in 1883 by the establishment of a monthly magazine, *The Christian Science Journal*, and later by a weekly, *The Christian Science Sentinel*; shortly before her death a daily newspaper made its appearance. The story of her gradual rise and the rise of her cult is too well known to merit repetition.

In December, 1910, Mrs. Eddy died, full of years, her ambitions fulfilled, her church organization wonderfully developed, and herself adored and accepted by at least one hundred thousand people as one to whom God had revealed a new dispensation. One can estimate her own opinion of her character from many quaint remarks about herself contained in her writings. Answering a query on this point she gives, as a "concise, yet complete summary" of her character, the words of her last husband, "Her works are the outcome of her life; I never knew so unselfish an individual."‡ But Miss Milmine paints a very different portrait. She presents, moreover, substantial documents to show that she does not exaggerate. She pictures Mrs. Eddy a woman, ambitious, unscrupulous, fond of adulation, gifted with a certain charm of manner, a wonderful power of organization, thoroughly selfish, domineering and with an eagle eye for "the dollar."

Let us examine very briefly Mrs. Eddy's book, *Science and Health*. The first edition was published in 1875. It has since been revised and re-revised until the present volume is very unlike the first edition. The philosophy it contains, if one may dignify such nonsense with so dignified a title, is a mixture of ignorant

*Retrospection and Introspection.

†Ibid., p. 56.

‡Miscellaneous Writings, p. 35.

Gnosticism, Hypnotism, Pantheism, and very bad logic. Starting with the proposition that all is Mind, that every physical effect may be traced to a mental cause, the domain of the physical is at once swept out of existence.* In short the physical is mortal mind as opposed to Divine Mind. Sin, sickness, death, are errors. Become conscious that these do not exist, and they vanish.† God ceases to be God in Science, He becomes Divine Mind or Divine Principle.‡ Christ becomes Truth, Jesus the "highest material concept of man."§ The two natures of Jesus Christ are declared separate. "The corporeal Jesus was human."|| The Holy Ghost becomes Divine Science, or Christian Science.|| The Trinity is "suggestive of Polytheism."** God is no longer Our Father, but rather "Our Father-Mother God."†† The Atonement and Crucifixion are efficacious only in so far as they demonstrate God's love for man.‡‡ Sin, sickness, and death are to be overcome in Science, through the knowledge that they are mere beliefs, hence non-existent. Yet all this is declared to be "corroborative of the Bible."

In following these leadings of scientific revelation the Bible was my only text-book. The Scriptures were illumined.§§

The Bible and *Science and Health* are our only teachers.... the Canonical Writings, together with our text-book, corroborating and explaining the Bible texts.....constitute a sermon undivorced from Truth, uncontaminated and unfettered by human hypotheses, and divinely authorized.||||

By the Bible Mrs. Eddy means the Protestant version. A fact not difficult to understand when one remembers that in the book of Ecclesiasticus we may read, "Honor the physician for the Lord hath created him."

Let us examine this system more intimately as the cult of the immoral, and see whether or not in its teachings of sin and marriage it merits this adjective. Of course the Bible is full of instances which might be cited to show that the inspired writers regarded sin as a terrible reality. But Mrs. Eddy avers that the Scriptures are not properly interpreted. Scientifically interpreted, sin becomes an unreality. It is like all else that is inharmonious with God, (good) error or illusion.

**Science and Health*, pp. 113-468.

†*Ibid.*, p. 14.

‡*Ibid.*, pp. 330, 112, 115, 587.

§*Ibid.*, p. 589.

||*Ibid.*, pp. 332-473.

||*Ibid.* p. 55.

***Ibid.*, p. 256.

††*Ibid.*, pp. 16-592.

‡‡*Ibid.*, p. 24.

§§*Ibid.*, p. 110.

||| Explanatory Note, read each Sunday before the Lesson Sermon, see *Christian Science Quarterly*.

The only reality of sin. . . . is the awful fact that unrealities seem real to human belief until God strips off their disguises.*

In Christian Science the fact is made obvious, that the sinner and the sin are alike nothingness; and this view is supported by the Scripture where the Psalmist saith, "He shall go to the generation of his fathers; they shall never see light; man that is in honor and understandeth not, is like to the beasts that perish."†

God never made man capable of sin. . . . ‡

Man is incapable of sin. . . . For he derives his essence from God, and does not possess a single or underived power.§

These extracts from Mrs. Eddy's writings indicate quite plainly her ideas upon this subject. She clearly says that sin is impossible. Man cannot sin since there is no sin. It is the most dangerous of her many dangerous doctrines. It is no answer to show that Christian Scientists are, as a whole, decently behaved people. They are so, not because they disbelieve in sin, but because they, unconsciously perhaps, really do believe in it. Their old training, for most of the converts to Eddyism were formerly Protestants of the New England type, had taught them to regard sin as other sane people do, and "Science" has not yet destroyed their faculty of discerning right and wrong. It will be interesting to see how a third generation, supposing the sect can continue its life that long, and there is nothing to indicate at present that it cannot, will deport themselves.

In the teachings outlined above, free will has obviously no place. God guides man's every action. Such theories are the servants and allies of temptation. Even Mrs. Eddy realized that "a belief in sin" could be held even by the elect of her own fold, as the different scandals of Christian Science indicate. Let us suppose a "scientist" suffering from a "belief in sin." In other words, let us imagine a man grievously tempted. What effect would a declaration—a mental declaration, merely—that there is no sin have upon the temptation? It is possible that it might prevent him from yielding to it; possible, but not by any means probable. On the contrary, given a person of average weakness, and "scientists" are not above the average human being in this respect, such a declaration would have rather the result of driving one headlong into sin, where a reasonable struggle might deter one from falling. The average "scientist" cannot, as yet, demonstrate

**Science and Health*, p. 472.

†*Retrospection and Introspection*, p. 87.

‡*Science and Health*, p. 480.

§*Ibid.*, p. 475.

perfectly over his "beliefs in sickness." He has frequently to call upon his practitioner. Why should it be at all easier for him to demonstrate over "beliefs in sin?" And supposing he has recourse to a practitioner in sin as in sickness, how does the healer treat the case? By declaring, as he does in sickness, "There is nothing the matter." Obviously, then, the last state of that man is worse than the first.

Let us go to Mrs. Eddy's "sole teacher,"* the Bible. A multitude of texts at once occur to us in which our Savior and His Apostles admit the reality of sin. We think, for example, immediately of St. John's words, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." But the strongest text in refutation of Mrs. Eddy's doctrine are the words of Our Lord in St. John's Gospel. "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Mrs. Eddy could perhaps take refuge in her charge that commonsense interpretations of the Bible are "unscientific;" she could point out that St. John may have meant "a belief in sin," not sin itself. But even Mrs. Eddy cannot give a "scientific interpretation" to our Savior's charge to His Apostles. It refutes her theory completely, for it is inconceivable that Christ would give His Apostles power to retain that which was non-existent. And here, too, let us note another inconsistency which this theory of sin implies in relation to the Scriptures. It is this: It makes of absolutely no effect the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ. If there was no sin, there was obviously no need for our Redeemer to become "the propitiation for our sins." Mrs. Eddy evidently saw this contradiction, and endeavors to dodge the issue with such cloudy phrases as "the efficacy of the Crucifixion lay in the practical affection and goodness it demonstrated for mankind."†

We can see quite clearly that this theory of sin is in direct conflict with the teachings of Christianity. As such, in a sense it is immoral; but it is also immoral in the wider and more commonly accepted meaning of the word. Its teachings practically applied to the temptations of life would not only make but a poor bulwark, but would actually encourage one to sin. If there be no sin, that which I commit, whatsoever it be, is not sin. Webster defines the word immoral as "Not moral, dishonest, vicious." Surely it is plain that a doctrine cannot be moral which teaches that there is no such thing as immorality. Morals are usually considered the duties human beings have toward one another and to God. Denying that

**Science and Health*, preface, p. viii.

†*Ibid.*, p. 24.

human beings can sin absolves them entirely from all duties, moral or social. It makes them not responsible for their actions, denying them the exercise of free will. So, too, denying that there can be dishonesty is essentially dishonest. And in this connection it is interesting to consider that Mrs. Eddy's "revelation" has been dishonestly appropriated from Dr. Quimby, who was its real "discoverer and founder." Miss Milmine makes this fact quite evident in her *History of Christian Science*. Are we, perhaps, not justified in thinking that this very doctrine was responsible for the dishonest foundation of Mrs. Eddy's divine "revelation?" And what more vicious idea could be implanted in the human mind than this, that viciousness is an unreality? There are several scandals in Christian Science that make most unsavory reading. And here, again, may we not be justified in tracing this "error" to this immoral dogma of Eddyism?

Let us examine Christian Science as The Cult of the Immoral in another of its phases. What does Mrs. Eddy teach regarding marriage? And before entering upon this subject let us remember that our Savior never condemned marriage. He Who said: "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder," and "they being twain are one flesh," was surely one Who rather commended marriage to those whose vocation it was. What does Mrs. Eddy say? We can find little directly immoral in the chapter on "Marriage" in *Science and Health*. In the volume entitled *Miscellaneous Writings*, however, she expresses herself quite openly. Answering a question upon this subject, "it is not well for Christian Scientists to marry," she avers. And the following quotations from articles in this volume show quite clearly her view, a rather inconsistent one, considering her life, on "Wedlock."

Until Time matures human growth, marriage and progeny will continue unprohibited in Christian Science. We look to future generations for ability to comply with absolute Science, when marriage shall be found to be man's oneness with God.*

To abolish marriage at this period and maintain morality and generation would put ingenuity to ludicrous shifts, yet this is possible in Science, though to-day it is problematic.†

Is marriage nearer right than celibacy? Human knowledge inculcates that it is, while Science indicates that it is not.‡

Human nature has bestowed upon a wife the right to become a mother; but if the wife esteems not this privilege, by mutual consent, exalted and increased affections, she may win a higher.§

**Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 286.

†*Ibid.*, p. 286.

‡*Ibid.*, p. 288.

§*Ibid.*, p. 289.

A man or a woman having entered into wedlock and accepted the claims of the marriage covenant is held in Science as morally bound to fulfill all the claims growing out of this contract; unless such claims are relinquished by mutual consent of both parties, or this contract is legally dissolved.*

It is worth while also to call attention to two peculiar statements in *Science and Health*.

In Science man is the offspring of Spirit. The beautiful, good and pure constitute his ancestry. His origin is not like that of mortals in brute instinct, nor does he pass through material conditions prior to reaching intelligence.†

Proportionally as human generation ceases, the unbroken links of eternal harmonious being will be discerned, and man not of the earth earthly, but co-existent with God, will appear.‡

Just what do these citations from Mrs. Eddy's writings mean? Briefly this: Marriage, like sin, sickness, birth, and death, is but an illusion, a "belief of mortal mind." Take the first quotation: "Until time matures human growth, marriage and progeny will continue unprohibited in Christian Science." When "time does mature human growth," will marriage and progeny be prohibited in Science? The inference is Yes. Especially, as Mrs. Eddy implies, that in those days marriage will be "found to be man's oneness with God." In fine, then, marriage is a mild form of error which Mrs. Eddy permits at present. "Suffer it to be so now."§ In the second extract, however, she goes a step further: "To abolish marriage at this period and still maintain morality and progeny would put ingenuity to ludicrous shifts, yet this is possible in Science." Her meaning here is a trifle ambiguous. Does she mean that it is possible to put ingenuity to ludicrous shifts in Science? This indeed is quite possible, and has frequently been done, but it is not at all her meaning. Put in other words, or rather expressed more clearly in the same words, her meaning is: "It is possible to maintain morality and progeny in Science and yet abolish marriage." She does not tell us how. These doctrines are, of course, immoral. For "mental generation" caused one of the greatest scandals in the history of Eddyism. Practically applied to the affairs of family life, these teachings yield one of two results—either childless homes or homes built upon dishonest and sinful

**Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 298.

†*Ibid.*, p. 69.

‡*Science and Health*, p. 63.

§*Science and Health*, p. 56.

foundations. Mrs. Woodbury, a disciple of Mrs. Eddy's, endeavored to put this teaching into practice. She asserted that her son, Prince, as she named him, was "an immaculately conceived child." Did Mrs. Eddy accept this practical demonstration of her teaching? By no means. She saw at once that her teaching put into practice would greatly discredit her church. Mrs. Woodbury was promptly excommunicated. Again, may we not be justified in attributing her downfall to the immoral doctrines of Eddyism regarding sin and marriage?

Take the third citation. Mrs. Eddy teaches that celibacy is nearer right than marriage. The Church teaches that while celibacy is a higher state of life than matrimony, yet it is possible to attain a state of sanctity in the world as in the cloister, although a different degree of sanctity. The Church recognizes that celibacy is a state of life possible only to the few. Mrs. Eddy teaches that it is the state of life we should all endeavor to follow. This, however, is a mild form of dishonesty and immorality compared to the teaching of the fourth quotation: "Human nature has bestowed upon a wife the right to become a mother; but if the wife esteem not this privilege.....she may win a higher." Again she does not say how. It is universally held that the most beautiful ideal of womanhood is the mother. Our Blessed Lady, God's perfect masterpiece, was a mother. How then can a *wife* win a higher privilege? Does Mrs. Eddy mean that it is nobler for a husband and wife to live as brother and sister? Or does she mean that a wife is justified if, desiring no children, she frustrates the true end of marriage by artificial means? It matters not which horn of the dilemma she chooses. The former would be practically meaningless, and, preached as a general teaching, decidedly immoral. It would make marriage a ridiculous sham and farce, be an express disobedience on the part of mankind of God's command, a contempt of Christ's teachings, and inevitably lead to free love. Of the other horn what need we say save that it is a cowardly manner of committing an atrocious crime—a crime that is, in essence at least, infanticide. Doctrines such as these are immoral, and no subtle analysis is needed to prove it.

Then there is the fourth extract: "A man or woman having entered into wedlock.....is held in Science as morally bound to fulfill all the claims of this contract. Unless such claims are relinquished by mutual consent of both parties, or this contract is legally dissolved." Here Mrs. Eddy goes a step further and sanctions divorce, though with naïve inconsistency she says in

Science and Health, "Husbands and wives should never separate if there is no Christian demand for it."* Strange that Mrs. Eddy's "sole teacher" should contradict this teaching of hers. "Whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

But what are we to make of those two citations from *Science and Health*, "the precious volume" as Mrs. Eddy lovingly terms it? "In Science man is the offspring of Spirit. . . . nor does he pass through material conditions prior to reaching intelligence." Does she mean here that man is not born in the flesh? That man is co-existent with God? The other quotation seems to indicate this: "And man not of the earth earthly, but co-existent with God, will appear." Take, too, the words: "Proportionally as human generation ceases, the unbroken links of eternal harmonious being will be discerned." In other words, when "absolute Science" is understood we will no longer have fathers and mothers, we will exist in life without "birth, death, or decay."†

We have seen in the extract from *Miscellaneous Writings* that Mrs. Eddy teaches that it is possible to abolish marriage, and yet maintain morality and progeny. We have seen, too, how this doctrine is essentially immoral, and how closely it borders upon free love. Mrs. Eddy disclaims this likeness, of course; indeed, she says in the volume just mentioned, "it was in 1875 that Christian Science first crossed swords with free love, and the latter fell *hors de combat*."‡ None the less her teachings on marriage open the door to gross immorality. Taking human nature as it is, and guided by such ideas and doctrines, how long would it be able to resist the temptations to which it is inevitably subjected?

Consider, too, in this connection Mrs. Eddy's teachings regarding sin. Place her doctrines of sin and marriage together and train two generations in them, and what does commonsense tell us would be the result? Obviously disaster. In this regard it is interesting to note Mrs. Eddy's definitions of children:

(a) The spiritual thoughts and representations of life, truth, and love.

(b) Sensual and mortal beliefs; counterfeits of creation, whose better originals are God's thoughts, not in embryo, but in maturity; material suppositions of life, substance, and intelligence, opposed to the Science of being.§

How Mrs. Eddy explains the inconsistency of these two definitions, it would be interesting to know, though it does not really

**Science and Health*, p. 66.

†*Ibid.*, p. 285.

‡*Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 286.

§*Science and Health*, p. 582

concern the issue we are considering. It is the latter part of the definition which defines children as we understand them. Children of whom our Savior said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Children, then, are "sensual and mortal beliefs, opposed to the Science of Being." In other words, children are errors. This shows clearly the horribly immoral tendency of Eddyism. For a moment we will consider how these doctrines have already worked in practice. Mrs. Woodbury who, as we have seen, cited them in her own defense, was excommunicated. Mrs. Woodbury was not to be silenced, however, without a protest; she wrote an exposé of Mrs. Eddy, which was published in *The Arena*, and Mrs. Eddy in her turn retorted in her message to the Mother Church, referring to her as "The Babylonian Woman." Mrs. Woodbury sued for libel. She lost her case, because the Christian Scientists called to the stand denied that they understood that Mrs. Woodbury was the "Babylonian woman," though it was commonly so understood when the message was read. Here, again, may we not be justified in tracing this "wholesome perjury," as some extravagant critics of Eddyism term it, to Mrs. Eddy's teaching regarding the nothingness of sin?

To sum up, then, our indictment of Eddyism as The Cult of the Immoral. It is immoral because, denying sin, it places no obstacle in the way of one tempted to sin; denying that man is a creature endowed with free will, it limits his actions, and denies that he is capable of sin. In thus denying the reality of sin and man's possession of free will, it opens the way to immorality, and affords no support in time of temptation. Further, it is immoral because claiming to be founded upon truths contained in the Bible, it is in reality directly opposed to the fundamental teachings contained in the Scriptures; and claiming to be Christian, it is in reality un-Christian, since it makes of no effect our Lord's Crucifixion. It is immoral because it teaches that marriage is unnecessary for the continuation of progeny; because it teaches that a wife can attain a higher ideal of womanhood by "esteeming not the privilege of becoming a mother." Lastly, it is immoral because it teaches that children are "errors," thus denying the Scriptural and Christian teaching concerning them. We have shown that these doctrines, though perhaps only latently dangerous when held in theory, become positively immoral when put into practice. We have shown that Eddyism in holding these doctrines and in teaching them is dishonest and vicious; hence our indictment is none too severe.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BALLADE OF UNKNOWN SAINTS.

BY T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

NEAR the rose-leaves flecked with red
Thousands kneel at Francis' fane;
Beaupré's blessed Anne has led
Throngs to seek her help in pain;
Asian Goa's dusky train
Swarm round Xavier's coffin-throne;
Ye who shrineless still remain,
Pray for us, ye saints unknown!

Ye who, though your sorrows bled
Life-long, could your trust maintain;
Ye whose humble solace sped
Trodden souls, anew to strain—
By your lives, that scribes disdain,
By your graves, which God alone
Watches, by your dearth of gain,
Pray for us, ye saints unknown!

Perfect crowns adorn each head,
Gold without an earthly grain;
Seeking you, we fear to tread
Holy ground with feet profane.
Yet, oh help us, 'gainst our bane,
Pride, our pampered god of stone!
Knew ye not applause is vain?—
Pray for us, ye saints unknown!

Envoi:

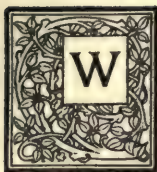
Saints we love yet name not,
To receive our homage prone;
That to know you we attain,
Pray for us, ye saints unknown!

SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS TIME.

ERASMUS.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

IV.



WE have seen* how considerable an influence the writings of Pico della Mirandola exercised on More's spiritual life, and it was pointed out how this influence differed from that of Erasmus, which was of a more exclusively intellectual kind. In this paper we shall deal with Erasmus and his relations with Sir Thomas More.

Erasmus was born late in 1466, More early in 1478, so that Erasmus was More's senior by eleven years. He first came to England in 1499, when he was thirty-three, and he came for the last time in 1517, when he was fifty-one. Of the eighteen years that passed between these dates, he spent seven years and a few months in the country, though not of course continuously. His first visit lasted eight months; his second, in 1505-6, fourteen months. *From 1509 to 1515 his stay was almost unbroken*, and in 1517, as we said, he returned for a last brief month. In addition to their personal contact, there was a mutual correspondence between the two men, of which about two dozen letters remain to us.

What manner of man, then, was this Erasmus who, first coming to England at the age of thirty-three, then began and long continued to exercise so quickening a mental influence upon the best Englishmen of the time, and upon More, perhaps, the most quickening of all?

Before we can place Erasmus either in relation to More or in relation to the whole European life of his time, we must recognize that he was the prototype of a new race of critical thinkers who were prepared to challenge much that was generally accepted, and to despise much that was generally revered. Previous to the invention of printing such men as he had very few chances of attracting universal attention; but after it they found themselves armed with a new and easy method of distributing their opinions, which soon enabled them to become the intellectual tribunes of their age. Erasmus was the first of these intellectual tribunes, and he had so much

*THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1912, p. 76.

to say about those who were established in the high places of civil and religious authority that we are entitled to ask what personal equipment he brought to the exercise of so responsible an office.

The story of his parentage is well-known, and has been told with substantial fidelity, but with strong anti-Catholic bias, in Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth*, certainly one of the greatest novels in our language. His mother and father both died when he was about twelve, and he was left to the care of three guardians, whose management of his early life is open to some suspicion of self-interest. One of them, Peter Winckel, at first undertook his schooling; then he passed to the choir school at Utrecht, and after that to the famous school at Deventer, which numbered at its height some two thousand boys. Finally, he was sent to an Augustinian monastery at Steyn, where he made his monastic profession and remained for ten years, from 1482, when he was sixteen, until 1492, when he was twenty-six and just recently raised to the priesthood.¹ He seems to have made great progress with his intellectual studies while at Steyn. It was here that he became familiar with patristic writers, especially with St. Augustine and St. Jerome. To a friend who at a later date recommended him to read St. Jerome's *Letters* he replies: "I have not only read them long ago, but have written every one of them out with my own fingers." To the same friend he also mentions his favorite Latin authors, "My authorities in poetry are Maro, Horace, Naso, Juvenal, Statius, Martial, Claudian, Persius, Lucan, Tibullus, and Propertius; in prose, Tully, Quintilian, Sallust, Terence (*sic*)."

But it must be admitted that Erasmus, though making full use of the intellectual opportunities afforded by an Augustinian monastery, made little use of the religious opportunities there offered him. In fact it seems quite evident that as soon as he felt himself growing out of the mental possibilities of the place, he became discontented with the religious life altogether, and his superiors, understanding the nature of his discontent, thought it wise to release him from immediate discipline.

Between 1492, when he left his monastery at Steyn, and 1499, when he first visited England, Erasmus led a varied and interesting life, as those letters of his, in which he has caught for ever the living spirit and picture of his time, so plainly show. At first he secured the patronage of the bishop of Cambrai, but finding court life at Brussels unfavorable to study, he moved on to Paris, where he stayed with some intermissions until 1498. He first of all

took up his residence at the College of Montaigu, where his studies were principally of a theological nature. "He was (now) a man of mature age, in priest's orders, and already the most accomplished scholar of his time." While there he preached some sermons, probably at the great Augustinian Abbey Church of St. Genevieve, which was not far off. But Montaigu was a hard-faring ecclesiastical seminary, ill-suited to Erasmus' delicate nature and fastidious temperament. Each Lent his health broke, and he had to return to Holland for recovery. It was ruled by John Standonk, a prelate of established character and reputation, who at one time rather ruffled Erasmus' vanity, but at a later period the latter was glad to stand with him and John Mauburn in their attempt to reform the French Augustinian monasteries. Standonk determined to make his seminary an exemplary place, and to keep it, by its severe discipline and meager diet, for that poorer class of students for whom it had been founded. He certainly succeeded, but his very success brought upon his institution the very unjust criticisms of Erasmus and of Rabelais, who merely repeated Erasmus in his *Gargantua*.*

Erasmus left Montaigu before the end of 1495, going to Holland, and returning to Paris again in 1496. His life now took a more sociable turn, "*vixit verius quam studuit*," he writes of himself at this time. He resided at a rather sumptuous boarding-house in the Latin Quarter, much frequented by young Englishmen of rich or noble parentage. Here he made the acquaintance of Lord Mountjoy, who was to introduce him to More, William Blount, Thomas Grey, and Robert Fisher, a cousin to Blessed John Fisher. Living under such conditions was a more expensive affair than at Montaigu, and so he was obliged to take pupils, and to make the most of, if not out of, his wealthy patrons. He appears to have been treated with marked respect at his boarding-house, and even dates a letter written to his prior at Steyn, *E mea bibliotheca*, speaking as if the whole household were his own. In the same letter he dilates with a rather unusual fervor upon his devotion to purely theological studies, and one cannot help surmising that all this was written rather with a wish to edify his religious superior than to inform him quite correctly of his actual manner of life.

The conditions of his life at this time were evidently congenial to Erasmus; but there were people about him who were scandalized by his indifference to certain religious observances, and busied themselves in carrying tales to his friends in Holland. But it

*See *Colloquies*, trans. Bailey, pp. 38-98; Rabelais, *Works*, tr. vol. i.; c. xxvii.

may be said that Erasmus was a man both by nature and habit little inclined to excesses of any kind, and the solid regard in which he was held by such people as More and Colet* confirms us in this opinion. On the other hand he had already acquired too prominent a European fame to be free from criticism and attack; and, unfortunately for himself, he was too thin-skinned to receive such with the indifference or even with the silence that they often deserved.

We come now to the time of Erasmus' first visit to England in the June of 1499. He stayed at the beginning with his young patron, Lord Mountjoy, at the London house of Sir William Say, Mountjoy's father-in-law, and here it seems almost certain that he first met More. Soon after another meeting took place, of which he himself speaks. "I was staying at Lord Mountjoy's country house (at Greenwich) when Thomas More came to see me, and took me out for a walk as far as the next village (of Eltham), where all the king's children except Prince Arthur, who was then the eldest son, were being educated." It was on this occasion that Erasmus first saw the young Duke of York, afterwards King Henry VIII., and from that time he had a free entry into the best English society—social and intellectual. He seems to have thoroughly enjoyed himself, and his praises of English life are too well known to be repeated. More could not have seen a great deal of him on this visit, for he soon went off to Oxford, where he stayed with Prior Charnock; but they corresponded several times, as his only surviving letter shows, and he returned to stay with Lord Mountjoy in London or at Greenwich for a month before his departure for Paris in January, 1500. During the interval of five and a half years which passed between his first and second visit to England, Erasmus devoted himself to the study of Greek.

My Greek studies are almost too much for my courage [he writes to his friend Batt at the end of 1500]. A little money must be scraped together from somewhere with which I may get clothes, buy the whole works of Jerome (upon which I am preparing commentaries), as well as Plato, procure Greek books and hire the services of a Greek teacher. . . . It is incredible how my heart burns to bring all my poor lucubrations to completion, and at the same time to attain some moderate capacity in Greek. I shall then devote myself entirely to the study of Sacred Literature, as for some time I have longed to do.

*See *Epistle* 99.

About the same time he writes again:

I have long ardently wished to illustrate with a commentary the Epistles of St. Jerome, and in daring to conceive so great a design, which no one has hitherto attempted, my heart is inflamed and directed by some divine power. . . . I am not unaware of the audacity of my project—what a task it will be, in the first place, to clear away the errors which during so many ages have become established in the text. . . . For my own part, I may be led astray by my partiality for that holy man, but when I compare the speech of Jerome with that of Cicero, I seem to miss something in the prince of eloquence himself.

Poverty was never far off in these days.

You think perhaps that I am sufficiently provided for, if I am not reduced to beggary [he writes to Batt]. I on the other hand am disposed to throw up my studies altogether, if I cannot obtain that which literature requires; and that is a life not altogether sordid and miserable.

And then once more, with reference to the great end he had in view, he writes to the Abbot of St. Bertin:

I see it is the merest madness to touch with the little finger that principal part of Theology, which treats of the divine mysteries, without being furnished with the apparatus of Greek. . . . I have on my side all the sacred authority of the Pontifical Council. . . . I wish to follow the path which St. Jerome, with the noble hand of so many ancient Fathers, invites us.

In those early days on the eve of the Reformation, and before its consequences were dreamt of, much less discerned, Erasmus was undoubtedly regarded by many Englishmen of eminent orthodoxy as an apostle of sound Catholic learning. Whether, as time went on, these men were confirmed or shaken in their good opinion of him one cannot venture to say. But many who live now, after the fact of the Reformation and amid its disastrous social and moral consequences, must feel bound to hesitate before they pronounce an opinion upon the spirit and quality of his work. One cannot help asking oneself again and again, as one reads his letters, and the other records of his life, whether he was the kind of man fitted to revive the best Catholic traditions of textual criticism and commentary. Had he the preliminary moral qualities for such a delicate and difficult task? Was his *spirit* the spirit of faith? Did he fulfill the ideal of the Catholic scholar and man of learning in

such a complete manner, for instance, as that great Benedictine, John Mabillon fulfilled it? "Anyone," writes Abbot Butler, "who thinks of Mabillon as a mere *érudit* altogether fails to understand the man or the source of his greatness. His works and his method are what they are because he was a devoted monk, ever true to the inward spirit and the outward practices of his monastic life. Had we to enumerate the most salient features of his life and character we should give the following: Love of prayer, zeal for the monastic life, devotion to ecclesiastical studies, unswerving fidelity to truth, a singular sweetness of disposition, and a modesty and humility that were as proverbial as his learning."* Tried by such a standard as this, Erasmus, who was a monk and a priest as well as a scholar, falls very far short; and just in so much must his work and its effect have fallen short of perfection. It must not be forgotten, however, in justice to Erasmus, that in all probability he was forced into the religious life against his will, and consequently that he had no true monastic vocation. But this does not affect the question as to whether in his life and in his work he remained "ever true to the inward spirit and the outward practices" of the Catholic Faith. More himself had no monastic vocation, but he was "ever true to the inward spirit and the outward practices" of the Church. It is necessary, then, to be careful in our judgment of Erasmus, and while giving him all the credit possible on the score of intellectual acuteness and industry, not to exaggerate his services to the Church beyond their value, nor forget to record, on the other hand, where he positively failed in this respect.

No one will dispute Erasmus' zeal for the revival of Scriptural and patristic studies; no one can doubt that such a revival was necessary. But what we also desire to know is the spirit in which that revival was initiated, and the results which can be traced to it. Was it properly related to the authority of the Church and to the *depositum fidei* with which the Church is entrusted? This question should be answered by objective evidence, and not by the subjective opinions of writers however well-informed. All that in fairness can be done in a paper like this is to put the readers in actual touch with certain of Erasmus' more characteristic and popular writings—they will then be able to formulate their own answers to this important question. Two easily accessible works of his may be taken as samples, the *Enchiridion Militis Christiani*, a manual of piety which attained great popularity, and was translated into many

*See *The Downside Review*, vol. xii., pp. 116-132.

languages, and the famous *Encomium Moriae* or *Praise of Folly*. Both these books were written during the time of Erasmus' acquaintance with More, the latter actually in his house if not indeed at his suggestion. They show Erasmus in two entirely different styles, but nevertheless they show the same man choosing now one and now another means towards the same end.

The *Enchiridion Militis Christiani* was written between 1501 and 1503, and was published in the latter year. Writing in 1523, Erasmus himself describes its inception.

A common friend of mine and of Batt was in the Castle (of Tournehem), whose wife was a lady of singular piety. The husband was no one's enemy so much as his own, a man of gay life, but in other respects an agreeable companion. He had no regard for any divines except me; and his wife, who was much concerned about her husband's salvation, applied to me through Batt to set down some notes in writing, for the purpose of calling him to some sense of religion, without his perceiving that it was done at the instance of his wife.....

The military gentleman, for whose benefit it was compiled, is reported to have said that there was more holiness in the book than in the writer. As compared with the traditional manuals of Catholic piety the *Enchiridion* lays great stress upon the intellectual side of religion. Prayer and almsdeeds have ever been the staple weapons of the layman's spiritual warfare, but Erasmus places beside these a third, *knowledge*, which at times he appears to think of even equal importance.

Whosoever [he says] will take upon him to fight against the whole host of vices, of the which seven be counted as chief captains, must provide him two special weapons, *prayer and knowledge, otherwise called learning*. Prayer verily is the more excellent, as she that cometh and talketh familiarly with Almighty God. Yet for all this doctrine is no less necessary.

In another place he compares prayer and knowledge to Aaron and Moses who led the Israelites out of Egypt.

I cannot tell whether that thou, fled from Egypt, mightest without great jeopardy commit thyself to so long a journey, so hard and so full of difficulty, without the captains Aaron and Moses. Aaron, which was charged with things dedicate to the service of God's temple, betokeneth prayer. By Moses is figured the knowledge of the law of God.

And again he writes :

The surest thing of all is to be occupied in deeds of piety. . . . Yet lest thou shouldst despise the help of knowledge, consider one thing. The Israelites were never so bold as to provoke the Amalachytes until they had been refreshed with manna from heaven and water running out of the hard rock. . . . And what thing, I pray thee, could more properly have signified the knowledge of the secret law of God than did manna? For first in that it sprang not out of the earth, but rained down from heaven. By this property thou perceivest the difference between the doctrine of God and the doctrine of man. For all holy Scripture came by divine inspiration and from God the author. In that it is small or little in quantity is signified the humility, lowliness or homeliness of the style, under rude words including great mystery. That it is white, by this property is signified the purity and cleanness of God's law. For there is no doctrine of man which is not defiled with some black spot of error, only the doctrine of Christ everywhere bright, everywhere pure and clean.

In the same way the water running out of the hard rock is used

to signify the knowledge of the law of God, (for) what signifieth water hid in the veins of the earth but mystery covered or hid in the literal sense? What meaneth the same conveyed abroad but mystery opened and expounded? Wherefore if thou dedicate thyself wholly to the study of Scripture, and exercise thy mind day and night in the law of God, no fear shall trouble thee, but thou shalt against all assaults of thine enemies be armed and exercised also.

Erasmus also defends the study of profane authors as being helpful to that study of Sacred Scripture itself. "It shall be no rebuke to thee," he quaintly argues, "if after the example of Solomon thou nourish up at home in thy house sixty queens, eighty sovereign ladies, and damsels innumerable of secular wisdom : so that the wisdom of God be above all other, thy best beloved, thy dove, thy sweetheart, which only seemeth beautiful." With regard to those who have interpreted Scripture, he advises his penitent "to choose them above all that go farthest from the letter, which chiefly next after Paul be Origene, Ambrose, Jerom, and Augustyne," and he considers that the lack of fervor so much to be observed

among many professedly religious men is due to a mistaken preference for a literal rather than a spiritual knowledge of Scripture.

Again, we find in another place:

Bread is not so natural meat to the body as the word of God is meat for thy soul. If that seem bitter, if thy mind rise against it, why doubtest thou yet but that the mouth of thy soul is out of taste and infected with some disease?

But the Word of God must be approached with proper dispositions.

Thou must ever remember that Sacred Scripture may not be touched but with clean and washen hands, that is with high pureness of mind, lest that which of itself is a preservative or treacle, by thine own fault, turn into poison.... (Thou wilt remember) that Oza, which feared not to set his profane and unclean hands to the ark of God (inclining on one side), was punished with sudden death for his lewd service.

Erasmus, while trying to redress what he thought deficient in the piety of his day, was not altogether one-sided in his advocacy. He knew that there was another and a deeper side to it than that which was merely intellectual, but his own temperament, training, and mentality urged him to insist especially on the intellectual side.

Know thyself and pass not thy bounds, keep thee within thy lists. It is better to have less knowledge and more love, than to have more knowledge and not to love. Knowledge, therefore, hath the mastery or chief room amongst mean things.... So only shall the soul (as Socrates saw full well) depart happily from her body at the last end, if aforehand she have diligently through true knowledge recorded and practiced death, and have also long time before by the despising of things corporal, and by the contemplation and loving of things spiritual, used herself to be as it were in a manner absent from the body.

After speaking of human frailty, he finally urges valiant perseverance.

When thou hast grounded thyself upon a sure purpose, set upon it and go to it lustily: man's mind never proposed anything fervently that he was not able to bring to pass.... Thou hast sworn a great while ago and hast holily promised in the time

of baptism to die as touching sin; to die as touching carnal desires; to die as touching the world. . . . and this is the common or general profession of all Christian men. Either we must perish, or else without exception go this way to health, whether we be knights or ploughmen. Notwithstanding though it fortune not to all men to attain the perfect following of the Head, yet all must enforce with hands and feet to come thereto. He hath a great part of a Christian man's living, which with all his heart, with a sure and steadfast purpose, hath determined to be a Christian man.

I have been at pains to give with some exactness Erasmus' teaching on the necessity of Scriptural study: first, because of the importance he himself attached to it; secondly, because of the novel way in which it is there presented; and, thirdly, because of its appropriateness to the times in which he wrote. We should remember when reading this little manual that the substantial forms of popular piety had been laid down by the Church, and practiced by her children, centuries before the invention of printing. It would have been little use in those earlier days to have made spiritual reading a *sine qua non* of popular piety. Our Lord came upon earth to set the pattern and practice of human life, which all could imitate and adopt should they so choose. And the Church has always followed Him in His heavenly condescension to the ways of common humanity.

Until after the invention of printing, book-knowledge was too rare and difficult an attainment to be named as a general means of sanctification, but after the invention of printing the case stood differently. There is no suggestion, of course, that mere book-knowledge ought ever to rank in importance with prayer and almsdeeds, but this much should be allowed, that since reading has come to fill so tremendous a place in the ordinary life of men, reading itself should be hallowed by the Church's blessing, and used as a powerful means to holiness of life. It must be acknowledged, however, that every new discovery vouchsafed to the human mind has great possibilities of initial abuse. We may say indeed that the Protestant Reformation was the great initial abuse of the invention of printing. But the mission of Holy Church is to restore all things in Christ, even the Printed Word. I think it may be claimed for Erasmus that he saw the necessity of this great restoration, and did something to hasten its approach.

V.

Erasmus left England in the January of 1500, and did not return again until 1505, devoting himself during the interval to the study of Greek with his characteristic ardor and thoroughness. When he did return he stayed at first with Lord Mountjoy at the latter's London house, which stood opposite what is now the Herald's College. More was just married, and Erasmus was only too delighted to stay with him when Mountjoy and his courtly friends were out of town. At this time, during 1506, More, it will be remembered, was none too engrossed by his professional duties owing to royal disfavor; there was all the more opportunity on that account for very considerable intercourse between the two friends. They must have devoted a good deal of time to the discussion of the New Learning and its beneficial effects on sound piety. What Erasmus thought of it I have tried to show above, and More's view, though expressed in his own way, was in substantial agreement with that of Erasmus. They spent some time in making Latin versions of Lucian's dialogues.

At about the same time they also engaged in a sort of literary tournament, each making a Latin translation of Lucian's *Tyrannicida*, and, each, again, composing a reply to Lucian's argument. Erasmus speaks of this in a letter to Richard Whitford, "the Wretch of Syon," which also contains a reference to More as charming as it is sincere. "I do not think," he says, "unless the vehemence of my love leads me astray, that Nature ever formed a mind more present, ready, sharp-sighted, and subtle, or, in a word, more absolutely furnished with every kind of faculty, than his. Add to this the power of expression equal to his intellect, a singular cheerfulness of character and an abundance of wit, but only of the candid sort; and you miss nothing that should be found in a perfect advocate."

Erasmus left England about the middle of 1506, and paid a visit to Italy, which need not concern us here. In 1509, Henry VII. died and was succeeded by Henry VIII. The new accession was hailed with delight by all lovers of sound learning, and Erasmus was induced to come once more to England, and hoped to sun himself in this new splendor at once so royal and so learned. He found More, too, in his house at Bucklersbury, rejoicing in similar hopes of royal favor. To begin with, Erasmus was unwell and suffering from one of his painful attacks. He could not devote himself at

once to serious study; so he amused himself by jotting down in satirical vein a sort of haphazard criticism of men and things which he had thought out on his journey from Italy. One day, a company of friends being gathered at More's house, he brought out the results of this desultory effort, and so thoroughly delighted them all that they insisted upon his making a book of it. A week later the *Encomium Moriae* or *Praise of Folly* was finished.*

In this work, Folly, attended by her retainers, Self-Love, Forgetfulness, Laziness, Pleasure, Sensuality, Sound Sleep, Intemperance, and Madness, introduces herself. She points out that she alone is the universal source of mirth and jollity, to whom all, even kings and potentates, owe their allegiance. The Stoics held that man wise who was led by reason and that one foolish who was driven by passion. But, Erasmus claims, since human nature contains a pound of passion to every ounce of reason, surely all men are bounden subjects of Folly, no matter what their style, state, calling, or profession. Erasmus then sets out to touch the weak spot of Folly in everything and everybody. He spares neither high nor low, and what oftentimes makes his sallies so piquant is the wicked joy he takes in touching most sharply upon the follies of those most highly placed. In our own time and state, so far removed from the plain speaking of our pre-reformation forefathers, the very law of the land penalizes candor exercised at the expense of the great and rich. The fool, who could say what he liked about kings, nobles, and bishops, has been banished as an irreverent impropriety.

But in More's time a healthy, humble, and spiritual common-sense granted the privilege to the fool—a privilege often abused it is true—of criticizing the great. Nay that same sense encouraged it as a help to make that vocation the more certain which is so precarious with us all. The spirit that grants such a privilege was honest and without hypocrisy. It was frankly recognized that pride—a deadly sin—might dwell in the highest place, and it was well at any and all cost to root out pride. Let the fool do for us, then, what we oftentimes have not courage to do for ourselves. Pride was not then made a virtue as it is now; pride was not allowed to strut in arrogance uncondemned—as it is now by a generation too exclusively devoted to the service of Mammon. At that time both wit and humor were used as spiritual weapons in the warfare against it, and under such a banner the critic might enjoy the widest liberty.

**Epistle* 212.

In his *Encomium Moriae* Erasmus made Folly find votaries in every walk of life. The gentleman of leisure; the grammarians and teachers; aspiring authors; courtiers, kings, priests, bishops, and Popes—none escape the shafts of Erasmus' criticism. We also may allow him the liberty that goes with cap and bells, and learn in humility what we may from the fool, but we cannot refrain from saying that the part of the *Encomium* which shows Erasmus weakest is that in which he deals with the monks.

Here he is nothing if not prejudiced and malicious. There are two ways in which just criticism may be undertaken. There is the heavier way of direct reproof, and there is the lighter, but no less effective, way of humor. There can be little question as to which is the more difficult. Humorous criticism requires in the critic a very high and special temper of heart and mind; for it draws heavily upon all the resources of a properly developed and finely balanced character. The highest kind of humorous criticism can only be expected from a truly compassionate man, and can almost be defined in the words of that well-known maxim: "To understand is to forgive all." Erasmus sadly lacked this great spiritual quality of compassion, and hence it is that his criticism should rather be described as witty than humorous, for it only embraced these weaker and more negative qualities, such as irony, satire, and sarcasm, which are always at the command of a thin and biting intellectuality.

In dealing with the ecclesiastical abuses of his day, Erasmus made the profound and un-Catholic mistake of judging according to his own private judgment—a very partial and superficial judgment at best. He judged the monks, for instance, not according to their own traditional and objective ideals, but according to his own subjective ones. The first intention of monasticism is not an intellectual one at all, it is a religious one; and Erasmus (who appears to have entered into religion without or even against his consent) seems never to have solidly grasped this simple truth. He did the monks the great injustice of judging them by a standard they had never professed to follow—by a standard, indeed, which Our Lord Himself had never professed or followed. The end of monastic life is communion with God. A "religious" who would arrive at that needs a discipline both long and severe—a process of self-limitation and self-refusal which must be carried into every detail and department of his being. The good things of body, mind, and will must be held at a distance before their true use and value can be properly estimated;

and even after that it is better that some of them should be renounced forever. A soul is best fitted for communion with God by becoming simple and at one with itself; and in order to arrive at that happy state it must be in resolute and difficult retreat from multiplicity in all its forms. Just as there is an indulgence in the pleasures of sense which destroys the unity of human character, so too, there are mental indulgences which lead a man from great to little issues, "the little foxes that destroy the vines." And, finally, the will must be simplified. Not until these three have become one in a constant and largely unconscious habit, working throughout the whole man, can the soul be said to have embraced the life which leads simply and solely to God.

Erasmus was unfitted by habit, sympathy, knowledge, and experience for the work of moral criticism. He had great mental talents of a certain order, and had he limited himself to the field of textual as distinguished from that of moral criticism, he would have left behind him a more unassailable reputation.

The *Encomium Moriae* cannot be called an edifying composition, for it was never intended to be such. After all, at so great a distance from the time and circumstances under which it was written, it may be wiser to accept More's verdict upon it than to venture upon one of our own. A young English monk had written to remonstrate with him on his continued friendship with the author of the *Encomium*. His reply is sufficiently direct.

The *Encomium Moriae* contains more wisdom and less folly than many books that I know. I shall not defend it. It needs no defence. . . . He sneers, you exclaim, at the religious orders. Why be so sensitive? When he ridicules your ceremonies he ridicules only the superstitious use of them. . . . Erasmus is the dearest friend I have.

More makes further favorable references to the *Moriae* in his well-known letter to Dorpius (1516). Again, he writes to Erasmus in 1517: "I am not surprised to hear of that black Carmelite being opposed to you, unlike you, as he is, both in learning and character; but that he inveighs against the *Praise of Folly* is scarcely credible—a man of folly all compact!" Finally, in his *Confutation of Tindale* (1532), he replies to Tyndall's sneer at Erasmus.

He asketh me why I have not contended with Erasmus whom he calleth my darling, of all this long while for translating of this word *ecclesia* into this word *congregatio*. And then he cometh forth with his set proper taunt that I favor him of likelihood for making of his book of *Moria* in my house.

There had he hit me low, save for lack of a little fault, I have not contended with Erasmus, my darling, because I found no such malicious intent with Erasmus, my darling, as I find with Tyndall. For had I found with Erasmus, my darling, the shrewd intent and purpose that I find in Tyndall, Erasmus, my darling, should be no more my darling. But I find in Erasmus, my darling, that he detesteth and abhorreth the errors and heresies that Tyndall plainly teacheth and abideth by, and therefore Erasmus, my darling, shall be my darling still.

As touching the *Moria* in which Erasmus. doth merely touch and reprove such faults and follies as he found in any kind of people, perusing every state and condition spiritual and temporal, leaving almost none untouched. Howbeit that book of *Moria* doth in deed but jest upon the abuses of such things (that is reverence to saints and holy relics) after the manner of the divers parts in a play, and yet not so far, neither by a great deal, as the messenger doth in my dialogue.*

Of the further intercourse between More and Erasmus, while the latter remained in England, we know very little; but after they had separated, their correspondence shows them as intimate as ever, at any rate down to the year 1517. Erasmus took great interest in More's *Utopia*, and undertook to see it through the press. But after that More became so involved in business that he had little time for writing, or at least for writing those lengthy letters so dear to his friend. There can be no doubt that More owed a very great deal to Erasmus' intellectual influence, and he seems to have succeeded in drawing from him all that was good, and leaving behind all that was of a doubtful quality. We must remember in justice to them both that what they thought and said and wrote together was thought and said and written before the Reformation had come to a head, and before its consequences were at all clearly foreseen. That there were very great ecclesiastical abuses is certain, and that both Erasmus and More were most anxious to remove them is evident. It is difficult to imagine what means they could have taken towards the checking of these abuses other than those which they availed themselves of. More had as much wit and humor as Erasmus, and he had far more prudence and charity; he was an immeasurably greater man. Erasmus was out for the intellectual heights, but he had no such passion for the moral ones. More had both these passions blended at a white heat in a splendid and fruitful amity.

**E. W.*, pp. 421, 422.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF FATHER MATTHEW RUSSELL.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.



FATHER RUSSELL, who died on the 12th of September, 1912—a day of mourning henceforth to many of us till we are past all mourning—was in a sense, I believe, the most beloved priest in Dublin. Everyone, high and low, called him “Father Matt;” and that, I think, was eloquent in itself, for humanity, from the schoolboy upward, has a way of familiarizing the name of the one to whom it gives its special affection.

All sorts and conditions of men, women and children, were at the funeral. At the graveside we were surrounded by Dublin’s shabby and Dublin’s poor, women with crying children clinging to their skirts, poor broken-down old men, everyone his pensioners for spiritual or material gifts.

I was reminded of a day he and I walked along a mountain road. I was revisiting my old home, and he had come to pay me a visit; I met him at the junction of the roads where the light railway had deposited him. As we came along the road we met a tramp, who looked about as bad and dangerous a specimen of his class as one could imagine. He begged, in a ruffianly way, and Father Russell gave him an alms, calling him “my poor child.” The contrast between the little, rosy, dear, benign priest, the “Little Robin of God,” and his terrible “child” was almost humorous. “I wonder what the poor fellow’s history was,” he said, as we walked along; “how he came to look like that.” Which showed that he was not unaware of his “child’s” unpleasantness.

He was my dear, tender, and faithful friend and father for some thirty years. He had two missions, one to the literature of Ireland and its young and old writers; the other to the poor. His mission to the poor is only known to the poor, and they are inarticulate. Everyone is talking about his mission to Irish literature, and how much he did to help it always; but just at the cross-roads where an Anglo-Irish literature was struggling to emerge from all sorts of weak and poor traditions, his fostering was something not to be over-estimated.

It is quite thirty years ago since by special invitation I knocked at the door of 87 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, and asked for Father Russell. I had at that time practically no literary friends: I had just written a long legend in verse of Blessed James of Ulm, a memory of the Dominican Convent where I went to school, and by happy thought had sent it to Father Russell. By return came the kindest letter possible.

When that door was opened to me, a wilderness of doors opened with it. It was really the beginning of my literary life. I had not then any books of my own, though the house was full of all manner of books. The very first book given me by its writer, the predecessor of many a one, was *Emmanuel*, which Father Russell gave me that day. I was very young and correspondingly foolish. I talked in a pietistic strain about the effect his religious poetry had had on me. The brisk, matter-of-fact way he received these remarks has always remained with me. He had a very brisk, bright way with him. He had a gift of always being at home when you called. For many years I visited him, perhaps once or twice a month. He must have gone to Gardiner Street soon after that first meeting, for I never remember him at St. Stephen's Green again. Gardiner Street, up among the dreary northern streets of Dublin, was the goal of my pilgrimage for many a day.

There used to be a very friendly porter at Gardiner Street in those days named Pat. I mention him because he was a protégé of Father Russell's, who helped him afterwards, and found employment for him when he had fallen on evil days. Pat used to welcome me nearly as warmly as Father Russell. Having set a chair, and opened or shut a window with affectionate solicitude, he would go off to hunt for Father Russell, while the visitor was left to contemplate a table which might be adorned by a blotting book, a bare floor, horsehair chairs placed at intervals around the wall, a bookcase which showed only curtains inside its panes, and some religious pictures on the walls.

Sometimes you might have to wait awhile, for Father Russell might be in the confessional or otherwise engaged, but you always waited with a happy expectancy, although the room was bare, and the view through or over a wire blind of Upper Gardiner Street very depressing. Many feet passed along the corridor. You might deceive yourself into hoping that one pair of coming feet belonged to Father Russell, but when he came you knew it. He used to come with a brisk trotting sound. The door would open,

and in would come the sunshine. "Good morning, my dear child. Upon my word this is *very* good of you." Then—you might talk of everything under the sun. I am sure I stayed inordinately long many a time. He never dismissed me, and I can never remember by the smallest sign that he wearied of me.

Yet he was very careful about the *convenances* for other people! He had the most unexpected little vein of worldly wisdom, at which we laughed with a tender laughter. When I went to see my very first literary person—a literary person at that time was very great to me—he used to warn me: "Now, just twenty minutes, dear, is quite long enough for a first visit." In the same way he was a stickler for dress. He never quite forgave a visitor from overseas who had accompanied him to a garden party wearing a grey flannel shirt. Almost to the last you could stir him up to indignation about it. He would always make the same reference to a relative of his own, who had gone through all sorts of difficulties in order to reach his dress clothes, which he needed unexpectedly when far away from his base.

He was the most tender comforter imaginable. Many a one stripped by death of their joy found comfort and help with him. Yet he used to speak of himself as "a hard-hearted little fellow," always illustrating it with the same anecdote. When he was a boy at Newry he had gone into some public reading-room, and had read in a newspaper of the sudden death of a cousin. On carrying home the intelligence some considerable time later, his mother had thought that he was too overcome to carry the bad news at once. "But, not a bit of it," he would say. "I had just waited to read all the papers I wanted to read. I was always a hard-hearted little fellow." He would even lug in his being a hard-hearted little fellow to explain why he could comfort people. "Upon my word," he would say, "I don't feel those things at all. Not a bit of it. We must be Christians, and look at death as Our Lord meant us to. Other people feel things too much to give comfort. I'm such a hard-hearted little fellow that I can go through with it."

From my own knowledge I may say that he had the most extraordinary efficacy in comforting mourning mothers. He wrote a very holy, beautiful, and comfortable little book for them especially. He had the healing touch; he could pluck the poison from the wound, lift up the despair and the rebellion to an amazing, unexpected comfort. Like most priests he had a great tenderness for children. For women he had that lovely feeling which seems

to belong to the highest type of priests—a tenderness as for a child, mingled with something of the love for the mother, which is the one perfect human tie the priest need not cast away from him, and the love for the Mother of God.

He opened many doors to me. One of the first friends he gave me was Mrs. Atkinson, who wrote the *Life* of Mary Aikenhead, the Foundress of the First Sisters of Charity, now among the candidates for beatification. Through Mrs. Atkinson I came to know Rosa Mulholland, or at least our first meeting took place at Mrs. Atkinson's house. That and the friendship which followed were lovely things in their time.

In those days Father Russell had been some ten years editor of the *Irish Monthly*. From the first his contributors were notable. If he had a mission to young writers, he had a great piety towards his contemporaries and those writers who had influenced his youth. Another conspicuous loyalty was to his friends and the members of his own family. They were worth being loyal to. His uncle, Dr. Russell, President of Maynooth College, of whom his nephew wrote as "a nineteenth-century gentlemanly saint," had his part in the greatest event in the life of the Catholic Church in England during the last century. Newman wrote after his conversion: "Dr. Russell had perhaps more to do with my conversion than anyone else. He came to see me in the summer of 1845. I do not remember that he said a single word to me about religion. He let me alone." The Russell family was indeed a distinguished one. Of course, the one most in the public eye was Lord Russell of Killowen, Father Russell's elder brother, who died Lord Chief Justice of England.

Father Russell was oddly like his great brother. Indeed knowing one you must recognize the other. Only all that was rapid and dominating in Lord Russell's glance was changed to something winning, kind, and gentle in Father Russell's. Lady Russell was literary as well as her two sisters. I think an early *Irish Monthly* contains a story by her. Father Russell used to say she would have gone far if she had been able to devote herself to literature.

The work of Rosa Mulholland, now Lady Gilbert, needs no praise from me. I have only to say that when Father Russell took charge of the *Irish Monthly*, he brought with him in Rosa Mulholland the most precious asset the magazine had or was likely to have except himself. Her exquisite stories and poems, more than anything else, have made the little magazine memorable.

Father Russell had just the friendships one would expect him to have. Judge O'Hagan, himself a writer of ringing patriotic

poetry, one of the choice little band of high-minded Irish gentlemen who were influenced by the lofty ideals and teachings of Thomas Davis, was one of his dearest friends of those days. Another friend was Aubrey de Vere; and a more beautiful and benign spirit than his never inhabited mortal frame, I do truly believe. He devoted his life to poetry and religion. He wrote a great deal too much poetry: but a selection from him would be among the immortal things of poetry. Some day, please God, I am going to make the selection, so that the beloved old poet whom I keep in my mind like a light may reach those who would never search through his many volumes for the truly inspired things. Still another friend and poet, whose work was of the un-exacting rhetorical kind which was accepted as poetry in the Ireland of that day, was Denis Florence MacCarthy.

Those three friends were by Father Russell's side when he started the *Irish Monthly*. The little new magazine had distinguished recruits from England, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Canon Oakeley, and Cecilia Mary Caddell—though she was Irish by birth—came to help the very first volumes. The contents are signed by initials oftener than is usual in a magazine—perhaps from some old-fashioned idea of modesty. There was something more than modesty in Father Russell's several initials and pseudonyms. He did a lot of work himself for the *Irish Monthly* in those early days: and he did not want to appear too often. Indeed it was Father Russell's personality that made the *Irish Monthly* possible. I don't suppose that there was really "a felt want" for it when it made its appearance. Dublin is strewn with the wreckage of periodicals. The inception of the *Irish Monthly* was before my day, but I dare say there were plenty of Cassandra predictions about it.

He never allowed his contributors to be subscribers: he must have had an enormous free list. To be sure the contributions were mainly gratuitous: yet if a contributor was in need of money, the modest fee would be forthcoming. He paid us in loving kindness; but he paid us in coin of the realm, too, if the need arose.

At one time I wrote a good deal in the *Irish Monthly*, and induced others to write. I may say, now that Father Russell is here no longer, that he helped me with an occasional charity. He would send money to someone I was interested in, and I would repay him with a story or an article. One special form his benefactions took was the helping young poets to produce their books. I have always understood that there was a little fund of profit

derived from the magazine, which he used in this way. When my first book of poems, *Louise de la Vallière*, was published my father found the £20 fee. When my second book, *Shamrocks*, was in the air, Father Russell sent me unexpectedly another twenty pounds. I was able to return it to him, as the publisher did not require a fee, but he bought ten pounds' worth of copies of the book when it appeared.

He used to knock at all manner of doors, slow to open, for his *Irish Monthly*. He used to say that the Convents ought to support Irish literature, and he dunned them for subscriptions. In Ireland, where everyone expects to be placed on the free list, and it is a delicate form of flattery to ask an author for a free copy of his or her book or books, I imagine that Father Russell's exertions may have given him a slight unpopularity: or perhaps being what he was he was immune. His little dunning notices in the *Irish Monthly* to the many who loved the magazine, but could by no manner of means be induced to pay for it, were among the things we used to smile over.

He was oddly practical in ways—for his friends, not himself. He used to scold us for being over-hospitable. "Now don't ask people to lunch or dinner, my child. Tea is quite as much as can be expected." He was very careful of one's time if it happened to be at all valuable, though he apparently never thought of his own. He was altogether against a professional writer being asked to work gratuitously, even in a good cause. A very different matter, he would have termed it, to accept gratuitous work from leisured amateurs who did not depend on their pen for bread. He was very sensitive in this way; and after I was married, if I sent him a poem, he would return me the smallest gold coin of the realm, apologizing for its smallness, but saying that he always liked to pay for poetry in gold.

Another quality of his I remember was his tolerance. He was ever loving, warm, comforting. He had a great charity. I think he would always give credit for purity of motives, even if he did not approve. There were no hesitations, no chills, no wearying in his friendships.

I brought a good many oddly assorted people to him and the *Irish Monthly*. Some of the friends of my youth, Dora Siger-son, Rose Kavanagh, Ellen O'Leary, "Ethna Carbery," would have come to him in the natural order of things.

Of the unexpected visitors whom I brought to Father Russell there was a Norfolk minister and his entire family. The father was a brilliant eccentric scholar, of Irish blood and Irish sympathies.

All the children were nurtured on poetry and art. It came as easy to the young people to write as to draw and paint. Their mother used to say that a pencil and paper were their first toys. One of the young daughters showed me her poems. The most natural thing in the world was to send them to Father Russell. One of the poems appeared in due course in the *Irish Monthly*. Presently there came a letter to the poet's mother from a sister-in-law, which read: "What is this I hear of Mary's poems appearing in an Irish magazine conducted by a Romish priest? Dear lamb! She ought to be saved from such things. I hope you will put a stop to it." Afterwards every member of that family visited Ireland and made a pilgrimage to see Father Russell. The number of such writers included Willie Yeats, Richard Hodgson, Douglas Hyde, Jane Barlow, and Richard Ashe King.

It is a long time now since he announced that he had given up visiting, except the poor. Perhaps we who loved him were of his poor, for he visited us when the occasion arose. A few years ago we visited him at Gardiner Street for the first time for many years. It was one of the sweetest glimpses I ever had of him. Father Russell was even then not in very good health. He lunched with us a few days later at our hotel, and was interested, like a child, in everything. He even sipped a minute quantity of white wine in his glass "to see what it tasted like."

But he was never happy out of Gardiner Street. So many needed and depended on him there, that it was like the busy mother who cannot take a rest or a change because she feels that everything will go wrong in her absence. He was sent to Tullabeg for change of air when his health first showed signs of failing, now a good many years ago. He had to be sent back to Gardiner Street to live.

He was always waiting, up to the very last, when one wanted him. He was always ready to do research work in Irish matters when one was away in England and wanted help: to be sure the *Irish Monthly* is a treasury of information about Irish matters in general. His little books came constantly to me and the children. He often duplicated them, especially of late years, so that there were many of them about the house. Now one gathers them together tenderly as precious things, with their dear, loving inscriptions, full of hope and faith.

I saw him for the second last time in my own home on the 3d of July. We had newly returned to Ireland and settled: and I think he wanted a picture of us there to take with him. We had intended to send for him to the station, which is about half a

mile away, but he came by an earlier train, walking in in the old brisk way, while the children were playing a game of croquet. For the last two or three years the shining of the inward light through the thin veil of the body had become more and more beautiful, and terrible to those who loved him. But of late he did not suffer. His letter announcing that visit mentioned that he was *quite* well, had not felt so well for years. When he left, he said that he was not coming to see us any more, and when we said that he would come often he replied: "Oh, no, indeed, my dear good children, I am not coming any more: it is my very last visit." We left him reading his office on the station platform while he waited for the train. He would not let us wait with him because "our time was valuable."

When next we saw him he was dying. We were allowed only a few minutes with him. He wanted us to stay awhile, and was anxious about a chair for me, but he had so many things to say, and it tried him so much to say them, that we felt we dared not stay beyond the few minutes. He talked of the kindness of the whole world to him, and of the nurses' kindness especially, and of how he was so comfortable. He asked me to forgive someone who had injured me and hurt him in those last days. He gave us a blessing, trailing off into Latin—oh, such a blessing, so full of love and kindness!—"may the Sacred Heart help you through all your difficulties, my dear, good child," and "the poor little boys and poor little Pamela," as though he, with heaven opening, pitied those little ones who had the journey to make. My husband said, "We will come again." "Ah, no, my dear good boy, you must not come again. This is the last time: this is good-bye."

I have a feeling about that blessing that it will be with me when I need it most. He said to my sister, when she was with him, that he hoped he would not rally: "Do not tell me," he said, "that I shall be disappointed as I was two years ago."

He was concerned with his friends and with literature to the last. Before he lay down to die he had partly arranged the contents of the next number of the *Irish Monthly*, and he was talking about a new edition of *Rose Kavanagh and Her Verses*, one of his many tender pieties. He was of earth almost to the last, remaining with his loving and toiling children as long as he might, looking back to them when his foot was already on the threshold of heaven. As I think of the last glimpse of him I say to myself: "Lovely in the eyes of the Lord is the death of His saints."

THE POOR.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

I.



OUR impressions about the poor are confused. We represent them as a certain social class whose members are in identical discouraging social conditions, and are alike in their feelings, views, and outlook. Some are born into this class, live and die in it. Others are driven into it by accidents of industrial organization, wrong doing or illness. Some enter it and remain pure of heart, gentle in feeling, and worthy. Others add to their poverty the stain of sin and the stigma of vile association. Many who are guilty, draw into poverty the innocent ones of their kindred. Some escape from its circle. Wise assistance and friendly advice recall some to freedom from its yoke. Others rise by native sense and industry. Accidents of good fortune will redeem many. But allowing for the coming and the going into the circle of the poor and out of it, there is a stable remnant, possibly of millions in our own country, who are poor and must be so classed.

The poor are unlike the rest of us, and yet like us. They are unlike us in as far as radically different experiences of life go a long way toward shaping differently, temperament, feeling, aims, and standards. The whole range of an army officer's interests, standards, and valuations is quite unlike that of a country grocer. The two are unlike, yet alike. We are like the poor in original endowment, destiny, capacity to know, feel, and strive. We know that, were places exchanged, we would be like them, and they like us. Hence in attempting to describe the poor, we really endeavor merely to understand the average life experiences through which they go, and to take account of the atmosphere in which they are compelled to live. As the climate of a country will, on the whole, account for a people's health, and fail to explain that of any given individual, so the atmosphere of poverty will explain the class as a whole, while failing to explain many individuals in it. Under the obvious restrictions which present themselves then, we may use the term poor and think of it, for the time being, as indicating a class.

The poor as a social class are unable to protect themselves in modern society. Ordinarily, our social classes are well prepared by instinct and resources to do so. They know their rights and assert them. They set up ideals and cherish them. They understand their wrongs, and anticipate them with both keenness and vigor. Self-confidence permeates them, and they are quick to organize for self-defense. Leadership is at hand when needed, and means rarely fail when some great class purpose calls for thought and action. If a proposed change in laws invade the heretofore recognized rights of physicians, merchants, scholars, and authors, or foreign born citizens, concerted movement occurs at once. Committees are formed, meetings are held, statements are issued, the aid of a press is secured, and through all of these the mind of the class comes to vigorous expression. Even the laboring class, living as it does in presence of acknowledged wrongs and political neglect, never lacks organization, press, leadership, and plans. The value of platforms, picturesque complaint, timely speeches and the power of public opinion to compel justice from a reluctant social order, are thoroughly understood in all of these circles.

Of the unhappy poor alone is this not true. They are, to a very great extent, an inert, unorganized mass. Generally speaking, no sense of social justice inspires them, and no acute sense of social wrong stings them into concerted action. Their faculty of collective moral indignation is practically atrophied by their experience of life. They are, as a class, inarticulate, passionless, and unresponsive. They are conscious of no class ideals, of no latent resources, of no instinct for organization. We find among them few mass meetings which by size and feeling may symbolize the anguish of their "defrauded hearts," no literature voicing the aspirations of irrepressible human souls, no accredited leadership to whip them into sullen and determined battle for justice.

The poor feel their wrongs individually more as bitter experiences than as wrongs. They live near to reality and suffer from it. We live our lives in walled cities. Knowledge, ideals, culture, association, property, resources, credit surround and protect us. We have not known hunger, nakedness, hovels, the shame of dependence, the anguish of lost hope, and the melting away of every motive for trying to rise. Our walled city has protected us against these enemies of peace and joy and comfort. But the poor live in no walled city. Hunger, nakedness, dependence, ignorance, despair stand day and night, within striking distance to harass when they do not attack,

to paralyze when they do not kill. The poor know their lack of defense. They realize that when help comes, it must come from classes alien to them in experience, however friendly they may be, distant from them in social standing, unacquainted largely with their thoughts and feelings. These friendly strangers offer to the poor aims to which they are largely indifferent, methods which they find more or less distasteful, motives and ambitions in presence of which they remain often unresponsive. This alien, though thoughtful, class must think for the poor, offer leadership, feel for them, decide for them, and lead them by the hand. Who can understand who has not lived this life?

The normal inner resources available in other social classes are, as a rule, lacking among the poor. It is self-evident that they lack wealth, power, credit, education, and opportunity. But in addition, the appeals on which humanity professes to depend for progress are unheeded by the poor. We are told, in the argument against Socialism, that the prospect of owning property is absolutely necessary to stir human nature to systematic action, far-sighted plans, enterprise, and self-discipline. In working with the poor, we deal with a class to which the prospect of owning property is denied. It is true that here and there with encouraging frequency, individuals among them rise superior to an environment, and accomplish wonderful things. We do find among the poor splendid efforts to prove true to duty as it is conceived, or to fight against menaces understood and feared. But we ought never forget that we attribute to the prospect of owning property many of the great virtues of this life, and that this incentive is practically denied to the poor. Motives of accumulation are lacking to them. When motive is felt, opportunity is denied. When opportunity is presented, intelligence is wanting. Goldsmith remarks, with some shrewdness, that the way to cure poverty is to make the poor avaricious. The improvidence of the poor is due not to wickedness, but to inability to understand the thinking that leads to saving. There is no sense of guilt in the poor woman's heart who regularly passes by the United States Postal Savings Bank to attend a moving picture show.

We are told by psychologists that the passion for power and distinction is universal, and that self-confidence, self-respect, jealous regard for reputation are nearly related to it. The typical poor are largely untouched by these forces. Their dull surrender to environment hinders such passions from acting in any noble way. The inertia which baffles and discourages their friends is the most natural

trait which poverty causes. We need but recall the tedious labor that is necessary to awaken ambition and foster it in children who have every advantage, and the effort required to lead these natural strivings for distinction and power toward high and holy objects, in order to realize how the poor are weakened in inner resources, because these forces for good have not been rightly trained in them.

Physicians tell us that immunity from disease is largely a matter of capacity for resistance to it. That is to say that while a dozen who live in the same environment may be exposed to the same risk of health, they will show different results, depending on vitality and general condition of health and blood. Those who resist well, escape. Those whose resistance is low, succumb. An analogous condition is found among the poor. Their capacity for resistance is reduced to the lowest possible terms. If misfortune or temptation, illness or embarrassment, strike the well-to-do, they are usually well qualified to resist. If their own powers are not sufficient, family, associates, friends, organizations, law, quick social sanctions, and many similar forms of resource are at command to carry one past danger. It is one of the appalling features of poverty that this "backing up" is lacking. When the poor are struck, they stand dumb, without resource or thought of it, and they suffer from the full force of the blow. No strong family stands by to aid; no vigorous fraternal or professional society undertakes defense; the law is too remote, too fearful, too uncertain to offer aid. Only accident or charity will come to rescue them from shame, hunger or injustice.

Remote from law, remote from culture, remote from religion in many instances, the poor suffer all that such separation implies—and are blamed for it. Even the Church, admittedly the friend of the poor, finds it immeasurably more difficult to reach them than to reach the well-to-do. It is infinitely harder to teach the undisciplined, unformed, careless, disorganized poor children than the disciplined, schooled, and trained children of the well-to-do. It is easier to teach religion to children who live in refined home atmosphere than to those who play, sleep, live, and move in degrading neighborhoods. Those who go to church present themselves before the altar to worship and to hear the Gospel preached. But the minister of religion must go out and seek the poor; must be infinitely patient, tender, persevering in inducing them to remain near, and faithful in their hearts. It is not easy to preach ideals to those

who cannot know them, or insist, with the poor, on the exalted sanctions of a moral law which has failed to force many of the strong classes to secure justice to the weak. Three papers presented to the First National Conference of Catholic Charities on *Loss of Faith Among the Poor* furnish sad illustration of the point in mind.

As with the Church, so often with the school. Ambition, nursed in parents' hearts, holds the children of the well-to-do at school. Compulsory education laws are necessary to hold the children of the poor. The ignorance, short-sightedness and selfishness of parents rob children of childhood and send them to factory and mine, driving them away from what might uplift and strengthen them, incapacitating them for all their days, to get into sympathy with the hopes and ideals by which we live.

By some trick of the atmosphere in which we see things, we give to the poor less credit for their virtues, and more blame for their failings than to the well-to-do. We are governed more by our expectations than by our observations in judging others, and we expect either too much or too little from them. And in a general way we are more or less infected by unfavorable presumptions about the poor. Furthermore we lack imagination. We do not see the perspective in poverty. Poverty is to many of us merely a flat condition. Processes, origins, tendencies, atmosphere are unknown and unguessed by us. Because we lack imagination and knowledge, we are unjust to the character of the poor and indifferent to their interests. The presumption that the poor are to blame for their poverty; the impression that they are "no good anyway;" and the feeling that they are ingrates and full of deceit, laziness and viciousness, penetrate into least expected quarters, and arrest many a holy impulse to befriend them. The fraud that we detect in our iceman, coal dealer, grocer, statesman, does not appear to awaken one-half the moral indignation that is aroused when a dependent woman lies to us to get aid, or a street beggar spends our alms in the nearest saloon, or a baby is baptized in three different churches in order that abundant clothing may be given to it. The virtues that we must admit among the poor are credited to the individuals who show them, but the faults that we find are attributed to "the poor" as a class. And thus we condemn where we do not know; we rob the poor of the little reputation that many might have, and cheat ourselves into mistaken peace about them. Of the cultured we ask, "How can they do wrong," but of the poor we ask, "Why can't they do right."

II.

We are told by social philosophers that confidence in the social order is back of all stable government, and that we are compensated for the discipline of law by the security given to our rights, the opportunity offered for our progress, and the definiteness furnished to the conditions of our civilization. It is the business of government to protect us in life, liberty, property, and to promote the conditions of our happiness. We clothe the state with the majesty of supreme human authority, with the awful sovereignty of human society, because in return it clears the path for us and surrounds us by inspiration, opportunity, and social order. And hence patriotism is a stimulus to noble action and exalted aim. Love of country and of its institutions has been placed by our philosophers among the virtues sanctioned in heaven. But the poor are robbed of this inspiration, cheated of this motive, and, hence, are cynically uninterested in all that patriotism means. Not that they are political agitators. The soil where charity is found offers no hope for the seeds of revolution.

Much of the state's activity is taken up with protection of a property system which has hindered the poor from all ownership. They really, from their standpoint, lack all motive to respect it. Much of the state's activity is given over to the punishment of wrong doing, in which, unfortunately, many among the poor have experience. "The law," as the poor know and see and feel it, is the law which punishes, not the law which protects. They need protection in health against unsanitary occupations; in life against unnecessary risks in industry; against fraud of merchants and extortion of loan sharks: against their own ignorance fastened on their reluctant souls during their darkened childhood; against the breaking up of the home by labor of mothers and children; against greed of landlords and indifference of employers. They have need of protection in their right to labor and a living wage; to decent comfort and reasonable security against want. They need protection for the virtue of their daughters and the health of their babies, but they seem not to have it. These are the great overwhelming menaces which terrify them. However, the majestic state of which they are a part seems not to know it, or knowing, not to care, or caring, not to be able to give the protection which is required. Technicalities of legal procedure, sanctity of worn-out

phrases like "freedom of contract," "class legislation," constitutionality of laws in defense of elementary justice, are questions of no direct concern to the poor, when involuntary idleness, preventable disease, and needless deaths are prostrating them.

Not even the hopeful beginnings of protection which we now see seem to revive zest of life, or to call back hope as the bright star in the firmament which covers them. German economists apply the term "*conjunctur*" to the sum of institutions, laws, customs, arrangements, and standards which surround us, and make each man's economic activity stable, fruitful, and orderly. The poor know only a "*conjunctur*" of neglect, oversight, uncertainty, defenselessness which make it improbable, if not impossible, that they rise. Even the rudimentary relief which government has attempted to provide for the poor in hospitals, almshouses, asylums, reformatories, has rarely won their confidence or awakened any sense of dignity in them or of gratitude. Unfortunate administration of such institutions has made them a source of horror to the gentle types among the poor, and they have often preferred starvation. Dickens wrote for other lands and times in telling us of England's care of her poor in such institutions.

Of course every political constitution fails at some point. Government is compelled to deal with the entire range of human temperament, skill, character, and sense. The fool, the idler, the criminal, the mentally and physically defective, the scholar, the social and the anti-social, those whom liberty blesses and those whom it curses, are found under every government, and they must be dealt with. The conflicting needs of these classes must be served, though it seem impossible. Institutions which favor the strong may harm the weak. Those which protect the ignorant may hamper the cultured. Those which encourage genius may crush the dull and listless. Now the institutions upon which our civilization rests have favored the strong and harmed the weak. Our modern state has failed to develop a supplementary constitution to take care of its failures, among whom we count the poor. The endeavor of the historical Church to develop a supplementary moral constitution to protect the weaker classes, to define their rights and sanctions, and to teach the strong classes natural and supernatural duties which are above and beyond constitutions, gives to the Church a rôle of infinite nobility in the history of the world.

The action of the state is guided not so much by principles as by definition. States have no ordinary power beyond what is

defined and implied. They exist to protect our rights to life, liberty, property, and happiness. But government protects these rights only as it defines them, and not beyond. Much of the supreme effort now made to bring justice to the weaker classes, centres in the attempt to expand definitions of human rights in a way to protect these classes against the distinctive menaces to their rights. The state has fallen lamentably short in its mission because of the narrow definitions under which it operates. Morality is after all as much a question of definition as of principle. No man is cowardly if he may define cowardice. No man is dishonest if he may define honesty. No employer is unjust if he may define justice. No man is cruel if he may define cruelty. High morality depends on noble definitions. Social justice depends on such definitions of rights and of justice as secure a broad, humane, sufficient protection to men and women and children in the peculiar conditions in which their rights to life, liberty, opportunity, property are threatened.

The state does not, will not, possibly can not, change its legal definitions of rights of man as rapidly as complex modern social conditions change the menaces to those rights. What can the poor think of the opinion of Justice Brewer, who claimed that it is a lesson which cannot be learned too soon or too thoroughly, that under this government of and by the people the means of redress of all wrongs are through the courts and ballot box. What can such words mean to the poor?

There are however grounds for hope. Determined forces are at work which promise relief. Great ideals of humanity and justice are operating throughout our civilization. Society is at work preventing industrial menaces to life and health where preventable, and forcing property interests to automatic compensation to sufferers for risks that must be faced. Knowledge of the horrible facts of massive poverty is forced daily into our higher and stronger social classes, and of itself is bringing about hopeful changes. Sciences are pointing out wiser ways and surer aims in voluntary work for prevention and relief. Lawmakers are more kindly disposed toward claims of weaker classes, which their predecessors once dismissed with impatient gesture. Charity itself, both as humane service and as the organic expression of organized supernatural faith, finds its resources multiplied, its hand strengthened, its field more clearly defined, and its efforts more heartily seconded.

The task before all of these agencies is gigantic. In some

way which our collective wisdom must work out, the poor must be brought to believe in themselves, and in the benevolent mission of civilization toward them. They must be brought, through the way of definite opportunity, to the prospect of owning property necessary to decent comfort, and of securing it not at the price of health, home, education or youth, but in a way which will favor, not threaten, these blessings. Hunger, nakedness, hovels, hopelessness must be made speculative to the industrious and worthy among them as such things are to us. They must be touched, refined, strengthened by culture, and they must be brought by happy experience to believe in those ideals on which civilization rests, and to respond to those appeals which strengthen hand and heart for the work of life.

Although many have departed from the way that Christ points out to accomplish this, we must hope that the benevolent Providence of God may yet bring the world to this ideal of justice and peace through the accepted guidance of Him Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. The imagination of the world is beginning to take hold of poverty as a world problem. The thousand activities now witnessed, such as insurance, pensions, legal intervention in industrial relations, improved methods in charitable institutions, scientific research into processes and tendencies of poverty, minimum wage agitation and compensation acts, pensioning of widows, and placing of orphans are organically related in a blundering and fragmentary and unsympathetic endeavor of humanity to obey its ideals. Eugenics, Criminology, Surgery, Sciences—notably Biology—Single Tax, Socialism, and related sections of human thought and action aim in varying ways at the conquest of poverty, the elimination of inferior types, the strengthening of the race, the improvement of institutions, and the establishment of justice. In all cases, these agencies ask of us faith, trust, and coöperation. There is more to be hoped for if we go back to Christ, His Law, His Ideal, and to His Philosophy to get our bearing on the problem of poverty. If we but recognize the social sin that causes it, the massive sin that grows out of it, the change of life and purification of heart that the strong classes must experience before we may hope for much, we will gradually recover the view in which alone God and grace, repentance and surrender, brotherhood and service, are seen in right relation to institutions, social reform, industrial organization, and laws.

When this view shall have been recovered, we will work in the lines of Christian perspective. We will first work with the

zeal of apostles and vision of prophets to purge poverty of its sin, whether in cause or in effect. We will next labor to prevent and anticipate it, and bring to the weaker classes, which Christ loved, the heritage of hope, joy, comfort, and peace to which they have a right. The poverty that can not be headed off will then be purified and freed from all of its nameless terror. When this shall have been accomplished, we may understand the thought of Ruskin, furious lover of his kind (if memory may be trusted to quote him), that our banks be built of brick and our houses for the poor of marble. And if there will always be poor among us, their poverty need not be the harvest of sin, the ugly outcome of ignorant selfishness, the hideous price of civilization. Freed from these horrible implications, it may yet be seen in the light of Christian Brotherhood, and once we see the poor as our brothers, we and they will forget that there are any poor among us.

THE HAGUE COURT.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

O SPOKEN word! How strange a breath of air
Should have such power! For thou hast wings to fly
From soul to soul, soft as a trembling sigh;
Now passion-fired, now lost in dull despair.
Yet, be thy burden love or light or prayer,
Thou hast electric thrill to bind and tie
Assenting hearts. A foreknown Victory
Of Peace is thine, a clasp divinely fair.

The word shall arbitrate; the deed of wrong
Wait for its sanction, which will never come.
Behind it dwells the high controlling thought,
Both throned, seraphic as archangel's song!
The Word Divine is evermore the sum
Of clear-cut Justice and pure Grace, blood-bought.

THE SOCIAL APOSTOLATE IN FRANCE.

BY MAX TURMANN, LL.D.

IV.

THE PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.



IF one who had been absent from France for several years, returned and looked into the Catholic life of the country, he would be struck by the growth and extension of popular and religious education. We mean by this the foundation and organization of institutions, societies, etc., that supplement and complete the work of the schools.

The perils and difficulties of the present time seem to have opened the eyes of Catholics to the need for institutions that would give both moral and intellectual training. For some time past there has not been a single diocesan congress which has failed to call the attention of the clergy and laity to the service rendered the school by these complementary works. In several dioceses some of the sessions are devoted to the exclusive study of these questions—a notable instance of this was given lately by the diocese of La Rochelle. Of course, in certain sections great deficiencies may still be found, but almost universally, in the country as well as in the city, we see the beginnings and, pretty generally, the development of associations for young people.

The young apprentices and farmers, leaving school at the primary classes, are but poorly instructed. This lack of education accounts for the fact that in many ways, and in many movements, popular opinion has been blinded and led away by false shepherds. So long as the young neglect their education in matters Catholic, as has frequently been the case, the existing state of affairs cannot change. It is easy to understand, therefore, why there should be a sharp fight between Catholics and their adversaries over the subject of popular education. Peace lovers, temperate spirits, possibly may deprecate the spirit of sharp hostility with which the war is waged, instead of remaining—what such weak souls wish it to be—a pleasure contest between people working each on his own side, according to his own convictions and methods for the general good.

But to work aright for the general good, one must work for

that on which the general good is founded—the primary school. Around the primary school, then, the battle wages. The law, which ten years ago proscribed religious instruction, undoubtedly struck a heavy blow against the “free” schools, mostly Catholic. But, notwithstanding, private instruction has little by little been regaining popular favor. Not only have the “free” schools been reopened under the direction of secularized religious or of Christian laymen, but the number of pupils in these schools is steadily increasing. For confirmation of these assertions we will go to the *Lanterne*, a publication that cannot be suspected of clerical sympathies, and which has recently collated comparative statistics of the changes in the school population of both primary and public schools. Here is what this paper, which has bitterly fought against religious education, says on the subject:

Comparing the figures for the last school year with those of the previous year: In a year the number of public schools in France and Algiers has grown from 71,269 to 71,491, an increase of 222. The number of pupils instructed in these schools has increased from 4,064,559 to 4,135,886, a gain of 71,327. On the other hand, in the same period of time, the number of private schools in France and Algiers has grown from 14,298 to 14,428, an increase of 130. The number of pupils taught in these schools has increased from 933,749 to 960,712, a gain of 26,933.

Compare the results: In a year the public schools have increased 3.10 per 1,000; the private schools 9 per 1,000. The pupils in the public schools have increased 17.26 per 1,000, and the pupils in the private schools 28 per 1,000. These are the general results. They prove *primary private education to be advancing more rapidly than primary public education*. Some may perhaps object to this conclusion, and say the danger is more apparent than real since the disproportion between the two in numbers of schools and pupils is still very considerable. But this objection may be easily silenced by the statistics from some of the departments of the west.*

We have quoted the *Lanterne's* testimony in favor of “free” education to show that, far from being exterminated, it lives and prospers—because it answers to the preferences of parents.

Still there are numbers of Catholic children in the lay or public schools whom their parents have been obliged to place there

*The *Lanterne* gives figures showing that public primary schools are being gradually deserted for the “free” or private school, especially in the departments of the west.

for various reasons. The teachers are required to give them strictly neutral teaching: such is the law. "Associations of Fathers of Families" have been formed in recent years to see to it that this law is obeyed, and that since it is the law, nothing be taught detrimental to the Catholic faith. This association, under the presidency of M. Guiraud, professor at the University of Bésançon, founded last year a "Union of Diocesan or Departmental Federations of the Associations of Fathers of Families." At the time of its first national congress, last May, the Union was composed of sixteen diocesan federations, including three hundred and fourteen allied bands. The committee started a magazine—*Ecole et Famille*—which already issues several thousand copies.

These groups assigned to their members the following objects of endeavor: to incite Catholics to place the school question foremost among their demands; to inculcate in parents a sense of their rights and duties in the education of their children; to oblige the public schools to respect the faith of parents and children; to develop in the schools the spirit of patriotism; to oppose legislation which attacks freedom of education; to demand for the "free" schools a proportionate allowance of the municipal grants and the state subsidies. These associations exert a most salutary influence, which, exercised with tact, in no wise hampers the teacher who is respectful to the faith of his pupils and of their parents. Nevertheless, the politicians who openly, or otherwise, wish the teacher to overstep the bounds of strict neutrality, consider these associations a menace to public instruction, although the courts have declared them perfectly legal: hence all the projects for the "defense of the teacher." Formerly in the Cote d'Or a teacher dared proclaim, in open class, that "all who believe in God are fools. The father of one of the children who heard this abominable speech denounced the man to the courts. And from this originated (it is impossible to call too much attention to the fact) that movement which, by the curiously tortuous path of a violation of neutrality, has led to-day to a project for control of the "free" schools!

But the battle no longer rages solely around the primary school; it is fought equally and not less obstinately, although perhaps less noisily, over the field of works and organizations intended to supplement and to continue the office of the school. In the following pages we will see just what point it has reached.

These works, complementary to the school, and organized by

Catholics, are gaining in numbers and strength. I am positive that if we had general statistics taken annually and kept up to date, we would recognize a great development in the last four or five years. Later I will give in detail figures to substantiate this statement.

But it must be admitted that in many such lines of endeavor, particularly in Mutual Benefit Societies for scholars and in classes for adults, there is a noticeable inferiority in the works of Catholics. In some cases this inferiority, especially in the case of Mutual Benefit Societies, may, perhaps, be owing to the fact that Catholics, as a rule, desire to build up societies that will benefit the whole family, and not the children only. An example of noteworthy success in this regard is the *Jeunesse Prevoyante* of Paris.

With regard to the classes for adults, we cannot but note a lamentable indifference on the part of Catholics. The numbers reached by the adult classes of the public schools, that is by the secular and anti-Catholic government, are grossly exaggerated. Yet it is true that large numbers of adults, who desire further education and who form a superior class intellectually, could be reached, and French Catholics should make every possible effort to reach them. Federations and Catholic reunions are on the increase, and in some way supply this lack of organizations that would provide for these classes for adults. The *Bonne Presse* has instituted a notable series of conferences; it has placed at the service of lecturers all necessary material, texts, illustrations, etc. In this it is rivaling the secular institutions of the *Musee Pedagogique* and the *Ligue de l'Enseignement*. Associations have been organized in over thirty dioceses for the purpose of giving lectures to adults, and they have done good service. In 1911 the total number of lectures given by Catholics in the Department of *Eure-et-Loir* amounted to over six hundred. This is a splendid showing when we remember that this association is only in its beginnings.

Elsewhere the number of such popular lectures given by Catholics decreased considerably—from 935 to 211. All departments, therefore, do not show the energetic zeal of *Eure-et-Loir*; yet on the whole the reports presented at the Congress of Conferences and Illustrated Lectures show that Catholics have made notable progress during the last five or six years.

And in this work of wider, popular education should be included the work of the "Social Days" held in Paris, or in the provincial capitals, whereon the young people gather to hear the discussion by experienced leaders of some vocational or economic

problem. Both men and women attend these "Days," and in fact some of them are devoted solely to questions of women's welfare. The spread of such excellent formative and educational works cannot be too ardently desired. The Catholic speakers do not confine themselves to strictly doctrinal questions. They attend meetings of the opposition, and if the opportunity is given them they there defend Catholic truth. The clergy, the members of the "Catholic Youth," or of any of the various bodies of young people allied to the committee on Popular Lectures, vie with one another in their zeal to uphold the truth in the face of anti-Catholic attacks. It is safe to say, therefore, that our fellow Catholics have made consoling progress in this work. However, we must not shut our eyes to the fact that what has been done does not begin to compare with what we would wish to see done.

A noticeable advance is being made by Catholics in the extension and development of Catholic Clubs, Vacation Farm Schools, Athletic Societies, and Study Circles. The inspiration and leadership come from the hierarchy. Almost without exception the numerous diocesan congresses held in recent years have taken up the study of such works, with the aim of spreading and strengthening them in the cities and the rural districts. The report of one diocese, that of Belley, to take an example, will enable the reader to estimate the zealous work done by Catholics. Belley includes a section of France wherein anti-clerical radicalism is very strong.

Religious Works.

	1905.	1912.
Voluntary catechists	500	750
Children instructed annually	2,000	3,000
Closed Retreats	—	5 for young men.
Closed Retreats	—	2 for women & girls.
Parochial committees	—	40

Educational Works.

Since 1905, twenty new free (*i. e.*, Catholic) schools were opened; there are now 125 free schools in the diocese, with a marked increase in the attendance.

Since 1911, a diocesan director of free education has been appointed and a diocesan fund established.

A "Friendly Society of Women Teachers of Free Schools" has also been formed, with monthly classes in pedagogy, and an annual Closed Retreat during the vacation. In 1905 there was no established means for maintaining neutrality towards

religion in the public primary school; in 1912 every one of the 36 parishes of the diocese has a "Society of Father of Families."

<i>Works for Young People.</i>		1905.	1912.
Clubs for young girls.....	about	35	110
Study Circles for young girls.....	—		12
Post-school Domestic Economy classes.....	—		15

Classes for young girls: in 1905 there were only singing classes; in 1912 recitation classes have been organized in about 50 parishes. The diocesan Board is now inaugurating a diocesan federation of women's clubs and classes.

<i>Works for Young Men and Boys.</i>		1905.	1912.
Boys' Clubs.....	about	15	50
Classes for young men.....	about	40	140*

In 1911, 130 young men attended Closed Retreats; 23 participated in the Catholic "Rural Week" at Lyons. Thanks to the Retreats and Study Circles, popular leaders are gradually being formed. Many of the Study Circles are federated according to districts, and hold district or inter-parochial meetings three or four times a year.

The Catholic Athletic Societies now number 14. In 1905 there were none. The meet of these Catholic Societies in July, at Bourg, the capital of the department, brought together 3,500 athletes from the Departments of *Ain* and *Rhone*.

Press Work.

Since 1905: 1st. At Bourg the institution of an important library, the Jeanne d'Arc Library, for religious and social propaganda.

2d. Organization of a circulating library of books and magazines, with a small subscription price.

3d. Establishment of the work of the *Sou de la Presse* in 75 parishes, with a membership of 5,000.

4th. Publication of the *Parish Almanac* (circulation 20,000) and the *Parish Echo* (circulation 30,000).

5th. Increased activity of the Christian press. Each year shows decided gains. The *Cross of Ain* has increased its circulation from 10,000 to 14,000. The *Liberty of Ain* has been started, and issues 7,500 copies.

In addition many congresses have been held since 1905, two for priests, three diocesan congresses, and a score of district congresses. All were most successful. In the district congresses at least one thousand men were assembled.

*Nearly 70 of these are Study Circles.

Broadly sketched, such has been the apostolic activity exercised in the diocese of Belley during the past seven years. The figures speak eloquently of the progress made, and of the intensity of religious life following upon the separation, in spite of difficulties and uncertainties. This report illustrates, in a way most gratifying to Catholic hearts, the topics which we have already treated in THE CATHOLIC WORLD in our endeavor to make clear to our brethren in America the religious situation in France at the time when the government brutally severed relations with the Holy See. I hasten to add that the diocese of Belley is not exceptional. Many others give evidence of equal activity, and an awakening of religious energy is universally noticeable in France.

In clubs and other Catholic works for the young present effort tends towards directing them into Christian Vocational Federations; this is an imperative necessity to which last year M. l'Abbé Boyreau, Curé of *Notre Dame du Rosaire*, Paris, called attention during the "Social Week" of Saint Étienne. Besides our Belgian neighbors have put these ideas into practice, and find themselves none the worse off, as the recent aldermanic and parliamentary elections have proved. In his report to the second Congress of "Popular Works" in Paris, April, 1911, M. Heyman, the assistant general secretary of the Christian Vocational Unions of Belgium, gave the following interesting information on this subject:

The clubs have changed very much in recent years. They are no longer solely works for Christian preservation, but centres for social preparation as well. In my native town, for instance, they began by instituting a winged federation, *i. e.*, of all trades for young workingmen between the ages of twelve and sixteen, drawn from the clubs, and who, according to the law regulating trades unions, cannot be admitted to the federations as effective members until they have attained the age of sixteen. The young workmen pay a trifling weekly tax of ten centimes. In case of sickness or enforced idleness they draw fifty centimes a day. Between times, social courses are given at the clubs. In simple, concise language, by a pre-arranged and uniform plan, five professors give the same lesson, in the same way, in the five clubs of our city. The audience has before it a printed summary of the lesson. Every lesson is followed by a friendly talk. After thirty lessons all the big practical questions have been impressed upon the minds of these young workmen, and so the club becomes the vestibule of the federation, the exit of the one being the entrance to the

other. At sixteen the greater number of the young men leaving our clubs are well up in their respective trades. Their ability soon attracts the attention of their comrades, and they are soon promoted to hold offices, through which generally they exert a salutary influence.

The example of the Belgians is most suggestive. We trust it may be universally followed. This method of social and vocational education resolutely pursued will make the young workingmen vigorous, generous, and loyal Catholics. Nothing is equal to Study Circles for the formation of Christian Catholic character. There is probably not a single city club, nor a single work for the young, worthy of the name which is without a Study Circle. And, as a rule, such Circles show vitality and vigor. To maintain a taste for intellectual and social work among the youthful members of these associations requires "counsellors" or directors of study with alert minds, ready adaptation to circumstances, and a range of information not readily to be found. At times these Circles have vegetated through the fault of their directors, who have not known how to formulate a suitable plan of work. To-day the number of "sleeping" Circles is rapidly diminishing, as the directors have at their disposition a quantity of magazines and other publications which provide documents, plans of work, indexes, bibliographies, etc., etc.

Then, too, judging by the congresses and the "Days" in which the young men participate, we see that these Study groups are valuable centres of formation. We cite as proof of this the words of His Eminence Cardinal Amette. The first Sunday of October, 1911, the "Union of Study Circles of the Parisian Suburbs" held in the popular faubourg of Clichy its fifth Congress. The Archbishop of Paris presided, and urged the members of the Study Circles to pursue their work unrelentingly.

Study in order to preserve your faith and defend it. For this purpose unite your efforts. Alone, you would be powerless; banded together and united, you will be powerful, and will command respect. For this reason I recommend throughout my diocese organizations like this, which must be fruitful of good results.

OUR CATHOLIC POETS.

BY AGNES BRADY.



AMAZING as is the fecundity of Nature—which sets an orchid beckoning to us from the dry bark of a fallen tree, or the delicate edelweiss amid the silent Alpine summits—History has equal phenomena. For History, too, has blossomed ‘in purple and red’ down many a stony highway, up many a forgotten and thorn-choked by-path. One of these gracious miracles has been the persistence of the Catholic note in English poetry, with all the powers of this world uniting to drown and silence it.” So Katherine Brégy points out very gracefully in her volume that devotes itself to the several manifestations of that “gracious miracle.” Its title is *The Poets’ Chantry*,* and its contents the nine papers that have appeared in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, giving the sequence of Catholic poets from Southwell down to Francis Thompson and Mrs. Meynell. A sequence of jewels—opals, are they not? For Francis Thompson a ruby perhaps, but for the others surely it is opals, now too pallid in their purity, now glowing to a soft, rosy fire of emotion, and each in a circle of tiny diamonds, for truth and clarity. How heartrending if they should be strung on a massive gold chain of the labored and ponderous criticism so easily imaginable! And how disgraceful if they should be held together loosely by an absurd little pink ribbon of indiscriminating and sentimental enthusiasm! But Miss Brégy has given them to us threaded on a silver chain that is slender and flexible, but strong in every link. She has that strangely rarest of rare possessions—a clear, accurate mind. She does not call Habington’s *Castara* a “truly great poem,” and she refrains from suggesting Crashaw’s superiority to Milton. Instead of revolving the entire poetical universe around the one particular star whose bright rays she happens to be observing, after the fashion set by a lamentably large number of critics, Miss Brégy never loses her true perspective. The clearness with which she sees, and makes us see, the power, the trend, the limitations of each one of her poets, as well as the positive and the relative value of his work, is itself, in these days of abstractions and superlatives, a “gracious

**The Poets’ Chantry*. By Katherine Brégy. St. Louis: B. Herder. Price, \$1.50.

miracle." Combining exactness and love of finality with large vision, she assigns to each poet his place in the scheme of things with relative justice, and with a definite correctness that can very seldom be found at all questionable. So much for the sterling strength of her silver chain. For assurance of its grace and delicacy we need take only a random paragraph—this one, for instance, in which the poetry of Father Gerard Hopkins is quite summed up for us in the two phrases—"its subtle and complex fancifulness and its white heat of spirituality." Or this other, which describes in a phrase of quick, delicate picturesqueness "that purple cloud of chaotic magnificence which so often wrapped, and sometimes obscured, Francis Thompson's thought." The critic handles the frail beauty of the poems studied with a touch correspondingly delicate, and her comments by their lightness and calm grace are admirably adapted to her subject-matter.

Crashaw receives from Miss Brégy an admiration less restricted and stinted than is his usual portion. Francis Thompson, despite his debt to the older mystic, does not hesitate to point out "his deficiency in the human element, and the ethereal insubstantialities of his genius," and berates him pretty severely for the many of his conceits that are hard and ingenious rather than graceful or poetical. Such elaborate images, for example, as the well-known couplet that describes the weeping eyes of St. Mary Magdalen as

Two walking baths, two weepings motions,
Portable and compendious oceans.

That is certainly the poet's very worst offence; but hundreds of conceits almost as absurd mar the beauty of his work. Miss Brégy, though perhaps a bit too indulgent, is not blind to this fault, but she graciously suggests the poet's present repentance in heaven. "*Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa,*" one seems to see him smiling down to us, from his high eternal place." And of the rapturous and tender beauty of the best of Crashaw's poetry our critic is a sympathetic exponent. By far the greater part is, of course, religious, and through it she is happy in tracing the potent influence of Saint Teresa, to whom, it will be remembered, the poet was strangely and beautifully devoted, and in whose honor he wrote perhaps the most exquisite of his poems. To the few secular lyrics Miss Brégy gives but little space; we are tempted to regret that she does not dwell longer upon the *Wishes to a Supposed Mistress*.

Instead of Shelley, to whom the poet is more often, and Coleridge, to whom he is surely more appropriately, compared, this lyric in many of its lines bears a marked resemblance to Browning. Note these two especially of the *Wishes*:

Days that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.
Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, "Welcome friend!"

Both in thought and in manner do these not suggest the yet unwritten *Prospice* and *Rabbi Ben Ezra*?

The paper on Aubrey de Vere, after recalling the too frequently forgotten fact that it was not Fiona MacLeod or W. B. Yeats or any other of this new school, but Aubrey de Vere to whom we owed the poetic revival of the old Gaelic legends and hero-cycles, insists for the most part on de Vere's two "closet dramas." Francis Thompson is emphatically of the opinion that it is by his lyrical rather than by his narrative and dramatic poems that de Vere should be judged—a discouraging sentence, surely, since it is obvious that the emotional and the musical were the two big deficiencies in de Vere's makeups. His lyrics may easily be called graceful, but with the exception of the *Autumnal Ode* and the *Ode to a Daffodil*, they deserve no warmer adjective. No, rather is it the nobility, the deep truth, and the grandeur of de Vere's thought that we find most impressive, and since such elements appear to greater advantage in the narrative poems and in the dramas, Miss Brégy has chosen wisely, we believe. She studies particularly the tragedies, *Alexander the Great*, and *St. Thomas of Canterbury*, which, she thinks, "contain much of the noblest poetry de Vere ever produced." In her final estimate of the poet she is more generous in praise than Francis Thompson (who, we can guess, would have liked more de Vere and less the Wordsworthian), and, on the other hand, she is not nearly so admiring as Maurice Francis Egan. Though according him his full meed of praise—running over, indeed—she yet (if we may be permitted a bit of guess-work) remains personally untouched. His poetry, with its lofty, cold gravity, its holy serenity, very naturally makes no personal appeal. He does not win the same warm devotion that she gives to Crashaw, to Mrs. Meynell, and most especially to Lionel Johnson. And by instance of that fact we see the comparative

failure of de Vere's work. Noble and profound and deeply, truly poetical though it always is, it yet is not widely loved; because of its remoteness, its unrelapsing dignity. De Vere is the Addison of poetry.

The longest and probably the finest, as well as the most difficult, of the papers is the one devoted to Coventry Patmore. The biography is unusually vivid and detailed, and of the poetic philosophy formulated in the essays there is an illuminating exposition. That wonderful poem, the *Unknown Eros*, is treated with rare insight, and with a sympathy by no means always granted to it. *The Angel in the House* is studied too briefly. We had hoped for something finer than Edmund Gosse's very satisfactory but not at all inspiring study, and we are cheated of it. There are a thousand thoughts explanatory of or derivative from the poem, and we cannot be content that our critic has not given us pages upon pages of the subject, instead of the few paragraphs to which we are limited. Of Patmore's value and position in literature, the estimate is exceptionally good.

Of Francis Thompson most of us must say humbly that "we cannot praise, we love so much." But Miss Brégy can say rather "There is delight in praising." The delight is also ours who read; at first we tremble lest the tender, sweet notes be suddenly snapped by some harsh or even some coldly formal word! "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," we whisper. What of our love for the poet, our secret, unphrased thoughts? Would it not be better to leave such fragile, beloved beauty undiscussed? But reading we find relief, and soon pleasure, for our critic touches poet and poems with tender hands; we even find our own thoughts, our own affections, phrased charmingly for us. We breathe a sigh of content when she says simply of *Her Portrait* and *Manus Animam Pinxit* that they are "ethereally yet poignantly beautiful;" we note gladly her phrase of the poet's "*unified vision*" of nature; and we like the reticent grace of the comment on *The Hound of Heaven*. Best of all, we applaud when we discover the refutation of the title so often bestowed upon Thompson—"the greater Crashaw." Both were Catholics, yes, and both wrote religious poetry. But here is a critic at last who points out (finally, let us hope!) that Crashaw's was a lyric, and Francis Thompson's a dramatic genius. Again, that the beauties of Crashaw were high and soaring, those of Thompson deep and passionate. "The one," adds Miss Brégy, "might well

be called the poet of Bethlehem—the other of Gethsemane!” In remarking in the nature poems “the mingling of the dainty and the profound,” our critic has somewhat the same thought expressed by G. K. Chesterton in his essay on Thompson. Making a comparison with Browning, Chesterton observes:

But his real energy, and the real energy of Francis Thompson, was best expressed in the fact that both poets were at once fond of immensity and also fond of detail. Any common imperialist can have large ideas so long as he is not called upon to have small ideas also. Any common scientific philosopher can have small ideas so long as he is not called upon to have large ideas as well. But great poets use the telescope and also the microscope. Great poets are obscure for two opposite reasons; now, because they are talking about something too large for anyone to understand, and now again because they are talking about something too small for anyone to see. Francis Thompson possessed both these infinities. He escaped by being too small, as the microbe escapes; or he escaped by being too large, as the universe escapes. Anyone who knows Francis Thompson's poetry knows quite well the truth to which I refer. For the benefit of any person who does not know it, I may mention two cases taken from memory. I have not the book by me, so I can only render the poetical passages in a clumsy paraphrase. But there was one poem of which the image was so vast that it was literally difficult for a time to take it in; he was describing the evening earth with its mist and fume and fragrance, and represented the whole as rolling upwards like a smoke; then suddenly he called the whole ball of the earth a thurible, and said that some gigantic spirit swung it slowly before God. That is the case of the image too large for comprehension. Another instance sticks in my mind of the image which is too small. In one of his poems he says that abyss between the known and the unknown is bridged by “pontifical death.” There are about ten historical and theological puns in that one word. That a priest means a pontiff, that a pontiff means a bridge-maker, that death is certainly a bridge, that death may turn out after all to be a reconciling priest, that at least priests and bridges both attest to the fact that one thing can get separated from another thing—these ideas, and twenty more, are all actually concentrated in the word “pontifical.”

In Francis Thompson's poetry, as in the poetry of the universe, you can work infinitely out and out, but yet infinitely in and in. These two infinities are the mark of greatness; and he was a great poet.

It is a temptation to linger over the others of the papers, especially that treating of Lionel Johnson, which is perhaps the most eminently artistic, and certainly the most exquisite in sympathy. And it is almost impossible to pass over the very last paper, which devotes itself to Mrs. Meynell, the poet of renunciation, the lover of the Lady Poverty. But space fails for anything beyond the quotation of a memorable paragraph:

Mrs. Meynell's poetry, 'like a certain school of modern music, suggests and betrays rather than expresses emotion. It is definite but intangible. It creates an atmosphere of angelically clear thought, of rare delicacies of feeling, and speaks with a perfect reticence. Mistakenly, perhaps, the hasty might dub it a poetry of promise: on the contrary, it is a poetry of uncommonly fine achievement. But it does not achieve the expected thing. We are conscious of a light, a flash, a voice, a perfume—the soul of the muse has passed by. And we were looking for the body, flower-crowned!

FATHER DOYLE.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

WHO was this man, whose memory in our hearts
Is touched by flame as frankincense by fire,
And like prayer's symbol, floats above the mire
Of sordid worldliness in earthly marts?

How well he knew the sad and various parts
We creatures play, each heart a lyre
From which he drew some music; his desire
To raise each soul above the stinging smarts

Of vulgar lust and pride! Not of this world,
But in the world, he, living, understood
The proud Athenian and the simple mind.
He was unmoved, while o'er him evil hurled
Deceptive threats; with the ensanguined wood
Of Christ's blest cross his heart was deeply signed.

New Books.

THE MASS: A STUDY OF ROMAN LITURGY. By Adrian Fortescue. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.80 net.

"This book," as the author says, "is intended to supply information about the history of the Roman Liturgy. The title shows that it is a study of the Roman rite. It is only in the Roman (or Gallican) rite that the Eucharistic service can correctly be called Mass. The chapter about other liturgies, and the frequent references to them throughout, are meant only to put our Roman Mass in its proper perspective, and to illustrate its elements by comparison. In spite of the risk of repetition, the clearest plan seemed to be to first discuss the origin and development of the Mass in general; and then to go through the service as it stands now, adding notes to each prayer and ceremony."

Dr. Fortescue in discussing the difficult problem of the development of the Canon, does not give us any new theory of his own. On the contrary he sums up clearly and accurately the views of the chief liturgical specialists, such as Bunsen, Probst, Bickell, Cagin, Bishop, Baumstark, Buchwald, Drews, and Cabrol. He favors indeed the main ideas of Drews and Baumstark, but while giving his reasons, he is never arbitrary and dogmatic like some of the scholars he quotes.

I have occasionally met Protestants who labored under the delusion that all Catholics believed that our present liturgical books and ceremonies were all existent in the first and second centuries. We recommend them Dr. Fortescue's introductory chapter on "The Eucharist in the First Three Centuries." Answering this very question, he says: "In the earlier period there was certainly no absolute uniformity in every prayer, in every detail of ceremonial as in our Missal now. The prayers were neither read from a book nor learned by heart. Liturgical books do not appear till later. The lessons were, of course, read from a Bible; psalms and the Lord's Prayer were known by heart; otherwise the prayers were all *extempore*. As for ceremonial, there was none or practically none. Things were done, as they had to be done for some practical purpose, in the simplest way. A ritual grew naturally out of these purely practical actions, just as vestments evolved out of ordinary dress" (p. 53).

The table of liturgies at the end of Chapter II. gives us at

a glance the parent rites of Antioch, Alexandria, Rome, and Gaul with their descendants. We see at once how mistaken those are who imagine that the uses of Sarum and Salisbury are really separate rites, essentially different from that of Rome, whereas in reality they are only local varieties of the Roman rite (p. 201).

Chapter IV. tells us of the Mass Since Gregory I. We no longer have the obscurity that marks the origin of the Roman rite. "There was first an infiltration of Gallican elements, then the evolution of prolific mediaeval derived rites. But neither affected the fundamental essence of the Mass. All later modifications were fitted into the old arrangement, and the most important parts were not touched. From the time of St. Gregory, roughly speaking, we have the text of the Mass, its order and arrangement, as a sacred tradition that no one ventured to touch except in unimportant details" (p. 173).

Part II. gives us the Order of the Mass in detail. For many this will prove the most interesting part of the book. We learn, *v. g.*, that the Introit was originally the processional psalm; that the prayers at the foot of the altar were for a long time simply the celebrant's own private preparation; that the Kyrie was a fragment of a litany introduced at Rome from the East about 500 A. D.; that the Gloria is a translation of a very old Greek hymn; that the short ancient Collects are characteristically Roman; that the Homily after the Lessons is one of the oldest elements, etc., etc.

There are two scholarly appendices on the Names of the Mass and the Epiklesis. A small but good bibliography concludes the volume.

It is without question the best book on the subject in the English tongue. It is clear, concise, and scholarly. It will be studied by many who otherwise might have been content with vague and inaccurate ideas about the great Christian act of Sacrifice. English-speaking Catholics owe a very great debt of gratitude to those who first conceived the idea of the Westminster Library.

THE GOLDEN ROSE. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.35 net.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, who is known as Marion Crawford's sister, and as the author of *A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands*, has written, in collaboration with J. I. Stahlmann, a novel of unusual strength and brilliance, called *The Golden Rose*. It bases itself upon the doctrine of the beauty and the discipline of suffering.

Countess Pauline Karolai, of a noble and Catholic Polish family, has been struck into agony by the horrible, shameful death of the young husband whom she had blindly revered and loved, and upon the birth of her child, Rose Aurore, the Golden Rose, she has taken a terrible vow. In her bitter resentment against God, she has sworn to obey and serve Him outwardly, to be a loyal member of His Church, so long as He shall keep her child from pain, and no longer. Believing herself to have purchased all happiness for Rose at the price of her own past suffering, she educates the child in religion, it is true, but only in a formal religion, without any real love of God or submission to His will. And Rose Aurore, while an innocent, wilful child, is led into a secret and legally incomplete marriage with the second son of the king of a German principality. This, of course, spells tragedy; the Prince's gradual inconstancy, and finally, upon his accession to the throne, his repudiation of Rose and his remarriage, mean for her an agony that bitterly punishes poor Pauline's sacrilegious presumption. In the end, however, it leads both mother and child safely back to the feet of God. Such is the theme of the story, and it is overlaid by brilliant depictions of court life that are doubtless expert, and by character drawings that are exceptionally fine.

CATHOLICISM AND SOCIALISM. London: Catholic Truth Society.

We recommend very highly these brief but excellent essays on Socialism by Father M'Laughlin, Father Rickaby, Father Garrold, and Hilaire Belloc. Some among Catholics may have been led to join the ranks of unbelieving Socialism, because appreciating the intolerable evils of our present industrial system, and anxious for their betterment, they were convinced by lying witnesses that the Catholic Church and her priesthood were on the side of capital against the workers. Such men read the writings of the Socialist enthusiast day after day. Pamphlets of the above type are a good antidote for the poison. Let us quote a few extracts: "Your (the Socialist) program is impossible to us because you want to suppress not only the evils of private ownership, but private ownership itself." "The Socialist argument on surplus value does evince this much, that the said surplus ought not to be turned merely to the private emolument and gratification of the capitalist. But it should be administered by the capitalist for the common good of himself and of his working people. To some extent already working people do

share in the benefits that spring from surplus value. It cannot be contended that the people's share in these benefits is so full as it ought to be." "But this disproportion is not to be all put down to industry, and thrift, and public services rendered by the wealthy, and to idleness, wastefulness, and crime on the part of the poor." "State interference to rectify this wrongful inequality is of the nature of a surgical operation, to be dispensed with where not necessary. There is no heroic remedy to ensure the right application of riches." . . . "Socialism is a political theory, according to which people would be happier and better if the means of production—that is, the land of a country and its buildings, ships, machines, rails, etc.—belonged to the government instead of belonging, as they mainly do, to private citizens and corporations. This is the only exclusive meaning of Socialism. All the other wobbly ideas that have been tacked on to it by its enemies or its friends—that it is 'atheistic,' or that it involves 'sexual immorality,' that it is 'progressive,' that it is 'Christian,' have nothing to do with the one proposition which alone distinguishes it from all other policies." "No man in a Socialistic state would be what we now call free." "Socialism would destroy what we call the satisfaction of the desire of property." "The Catholic Church does not admit that the possession of the means of production differs morally from the possession of objects which cannot be used or are not used as means of production."

THE BOOK OF SAINTS AND HEROES. By Mrs. Lang. Edited by Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.60 net.

A noted non-Catholic writer on pedagogical subjects stated some time ago that if his own religious body had the wealth of story contained in the lives of the saints of the Catholic Church, it would be abundantly supplied with religious literature for children. It is true that the lives of the saints are an inexhaustible treasure-house for all that will interest and stimulate children; and that the same treasure-house is too seldom drawn upon. Its riches are, comparatively speaking, little known to our children or, indeed, to our older folks.

A book that taps this vein of Catholic inheritance is: *The Book of Saints and Heroes*, by Mrs. Lang, and edited by the late Andrew Lang. Needless to say the work is admirably well written, and no child, even though tired, would think of sleep while the

story of Jerome and the Lion, or Francis and the Wolf of Agobio, was being read. Here is all that will arouse the imagination, fascinate the mind, and instill that romantic love of heroic deeds which, in turn, is so powerful a stimulus to virtue. The book is most richly and tastefully illustrated with page drawings, many of them beautifully colored. The author has combined legend and history, and has sought to give us an interesting story book. She has succeeded well, and the only criticism that we have to make is that in the preface Mr. Lang permits his playful humor to descend almost to frivolity.

THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. By Joseph Huby. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne et Cie.

The great battle to-day between faith and infidelity centres in great part on the battlefield of Comparative Religions. German rationalist scholars like Bunsen and Seydel, and their French popularizers like Reinach and his confrères of the anticlerical camp, are continually lauding to the skies the merits of Buddhism, Mithraism, Mohammedanism, and the pagan cults of Greece and Rome, the better to prove the inferiority and borrowings of Christianity.

Ten years ago when the Catholic university student demanded of us a good history of religions, we had nothing to offer him. Now Catholic scholars are beginning to supply the demand. In England, Father Martindale has given us the five excellent volumes of the *History of Religions* published in this country by B. Herder of St. Louis; in France, the Abbé Bricout, editor of the *Revue du Clergé Français*, has edited two scholarly volumes, entitled *Où En Est l'Histoire des Religions*, and now the Abbé Huby offers us a third manual of Comparative Religions.

Eleven of the Catholic specialists who have contributed to the present volume have already written for the series published in England by the Catholic Truth Society. The only new writers are Albert Carnoy on the Religion of the Persians, Ernest Böminghaus on the Religion of the Ancient Germans, John Nickel on the Religion of Israel, and Pierre Rousselot and Alexandre Brou on Christianity.

The lengthiest and most important contribution to the present series is the History of Christianity (pp. 671 to 1,012). This chapter is even more complete than the treatise of the Abbé Vacandard in the series published in the *Revue du Clergé Français*. As Father Huby says in his preface, "In our days the adversaries of our Faith are most dishonest in the arguments they deduce from

the comparison of Christianity with other religions. In ignorance or in bad faith they say nothing of the differences that exist, while they exaggerate every analogy with the secret or avowed design of robbing Christianity of its divine aureola. Such a method is false and sophistical; it originates in their concept of the supernatural. Some deny *a priori* its existence; others, like some of our apologists who are more zealous than learned, seem to think that the world of nature and the world of grace are total strangers to each other. Because they happen to discover some points of contact between Christianity and other religions, they at once flatter themselves that they have utterly destroyed all transcendental religion. They are utterly ignorant of the fact that the supernatural and natural orders are not separate nor contradictory, but that the supernatural builds on the natural, and supposes in us natural powers, which it develops and perfects. . . . Honesty demands that the comparison should refer not merely to isolated details, but to Christianity as a whole—to Christian dogma, Christian morality, and Christian worship. Instead of merely discussing gestures and words, the scholar must try to grasp the principle of life and the spirit which animates them."

This volume, the work of some of the best Catholic specialists in the world to-day, argues conclusively against the evolutionary theory of religion. "It shows the absolute superiority of Christianity; and makes us appreciate more and more the unfathomable riches of Christ." It will be a good corrective to the superficial manuals of the French lycées, which are doing so much to-day to undermine the faith of the rising generation. It is a most worthy contribution to Catholic scholarship.

HENRIK IBSEN: PLAYS AND PROBLEMS. By Otto Heller.

Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00 net.

Of writing books on Ibsen there is apparently no end, since Bernard Shaw first set the fashion with his *Quintessence of Ibsenism*—which, by the way, was, of course, about one-fourth Ibsenism to three-fourths Shavianism, that critic's trouble being, as usual, too much Shaw. But much can be said in praise of this newest arrival—*Henrik Ibsen: Plays and Problems*, by Otto Heller, Professor of German Language and Literature in Washington University. It is a careful and scholarly study, devoting special attention to the social plays, the so-called problem plays, rather than to the romantic and historical. It is Ibsen the social thinker that this present

critic shows us. Ibsen the artist interests him not so much; beyond stating a general admiration, and pointing out an occasional fault of technique or a needless ambiguity of construction, he is silent. Which is a bit disappointing, because Ibsen has not yet been summed up with any finality from the artistic standpoint; between those who exalt absurdly and those who drag down unduly, he remains suspended, like the prophet's coffin, between heaven and earth.

It is Ibsen's philosophy that is Professor Heller's chief concern, and although he evidently believes in it to an irrational extent, yet he presents it very sanely and fairly, and in as clear outlines as its shifting vagueness will permit. He defends his Ibsen with justice from the charge of indecency and immorality—a charge which we should really put by as cheap: anyone can fling stones at Goliath's feet, but an intelligent David will aim at his head. He even makes a half-way reasonable defense against the charge of morbidity. But he quite misses the point that Ibsen was a destructive, never a constructive, thinker. He was only half a philosopher. That he was an intelligent demonstrator of sins and of their result, is perfectly true. But he suggested no cure of sins, no scheme of morality that should combat sins. A man has no right to pull down a house until he knows how to rebuild it in better shape. Socialists and anarchists are alike in this, that they are all complete thinkers. They know what they want. They have a definite social ideal. Accordingly they are at least logical when they lay society upon the Procrustean bed of their ideal, and stretch it to fit. But Ibsen has no such bed, and it is really unfair of him to stretch society on the rack of his revolving theories.

Perhaps the biggest satisfaction that Professor Heller gives us is his study of that much and variously misunderstood heroine, Hedda Gabler. Every Ibsen critic sees Hedda through his own spectacles. To one she is insane; to another, her physical condition is responsible for her actions—(an obviously untenable theory, since we are explicitly told that her traits were the same in childhood)—to a third, she seems to have the full sympathy and approval of the dramatist.

In fact, to one critic (Mr. Grant Allen) Hedda is "nothing more nor less than the girl we take down to dinner in London, nineteen times out of twenty." Professor Heller offers, we believe, the true interpretation of Hedda as a heartless egoist, a "demi-vierge," a type of the over-emancipated woman. Her emancipa-

tion, he observes, "has led her clearly out of the path of duty into a moral wilderness. No profitable order of society can exist divorced from domestic obligations. Ibsen, his thoroughgoing championship of female independence notwithstanding, abhorred the type of woman whose 'social' interests lie wholly outside her family. And he simply loathed the Hedda Gablers of 'society,' surface idlers whose existence is equally barren at home and abroad." But what he fails to note is that this egoism, this theory of "living one's own life," is exactly what Ibsen himself preached in the *Doll's House*. Hedda Gabler is simply Nora ten years later.

Another frequent misunderstanding of Ibsen is corrected by this critic in his chapter on "Little Eyolf." The high burst of rather stagy philanthropy at its close has recommended the play for much mistaken applause, as Professor Heller notes, and he continues:

The conventionalist may even be seen pointing with satisfaction to "Little Eyolf" as a proof of Ibsen's abandonment of ultra-radicalism, and his return to the standing moral notions of "general humanity.".....The plain fact of the matter is that in "Little Eyolf" a theory of marriage is preached which, to my knowledge, has only one other open advocate among the great social thinkers of modern times; the same theory, namely, that is advanced in Tolstoy's *Kreutzer Sonata*.....Since by the outcome of the play the maintenance of platonic relations between husband and wife would seem to be commended, Ibsen is apprehended in the preposterous tenet that happy marriages must be childless.

In this Professor Heller is undoubtedly right. This immorally ascetic theory of marriage, though not elsewhere in Ibsen recommended, is, of course, the main idea in "Little Eyolf," and the play should be judged by it, not by a bit of philanthropy that is only a side-issue.

Of *A Doll's House* there is a lengthy and very able study, aiming to present a clear notion of Ibsen's ideas on the woman question. In the process of so doing our critic draws a rather doleful picture of woman's position here in America.

The national sentiment [he remarks], despite all appearances to the contrary, is still distinctly unfriendly to higher feminine aspirations, and refuses stubbornly to apportion between the sexes the responsibility for the nation's important concerns.....

At all events, the woman cult of the American man is limited and qualified. His sheltering gallantry is capable of nearly every sacrifice, but stops absolutely short of the concession of equality. It is really not such a fearfully far cry from the average relation of the sexes in wedlock to the domestic order pictured in *A Doll's House*, against which Americans more than any other people protest so loudly.

How discouraging! How really too bad of the professor! But he does not mean all that. Overstudy of his subject has left him temporarily minus his sense of humor, and in the mood which caused a lady to observe to her companion after a "Doll's House" matinée:

"Really, my dear, isn't Ibsen too perfectly lovely, and doesn't he just take all the joy out of life?"

THE LOST ART OF CONVERSATION. Selected Essays. Edited with an Introduction by Horatio S. Kraus. New York: Sturgis & Walton. \$1.50 net.

If the art of conversation be indeed lost (as universal complaint and individual experience would seem, for the most part, to imply), then modern society may well leave tea drinking and bridge playing and motoring and esthetic dancing—and the rest of her ninety-nine polite accomplishments—in the wilderness, and rest not until the fugitive is won back to her tents! The present well-chosen array of critiques on the subject may serve not only as incentive for the search, but perhaps even for guide-post on the way. For here we find Lord Bacon's terse sentences *Of Discourse*, a serious essay by De Quincy, and Hazlitt's ever-charming edict upon the *Conversation of Lords* and the *Conversation of Authors*. That the latter is "not so good as might be imagined," the author himself readily admits, with the afterword that "such as it is (and with rare exceptions) it is better than any other!" He metes out sincere admiration, also, to the originality and naïveté of artists' conversation; while his judgment upon the conversation of women is witty enough in itself to justify a perusal of the book.

Dean Swift contributes to this really classic collection certain "hints" toward an essay, and J. P. Mahaffy a rather formal analysis of the *Principles of the Art of Conversation*; while all lovers of Robert Louis Stevenson will be glad to find his *Truth of Intercourse* and his sympathetic pages upon *Talk and Talkers* included. The book as a whole is worth while and interesting.

BOOKS BY CATHOLIC AUTHORS IN THE CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY. Compiled and annotated by Emilie Louise Haley. Published by the Cleveland Public Library.

This careful catalogue does credit both to the intelligent and painstaking compiler and the library which can make so good a showing of valuable Catholic works. Too often the Catholic books in our public libraries are lost on the shelves, with no guide to point them out to the willing Catholic reader. Special catalogues have been attempted before, but few have reached the high point of excellence of the present effort. The catalogue is arranged according to subjects. Books in which Catholics have collaborated with non-Catholics are included, also Catholic works translated or edited by non-Catholics, but none but Catholic names are found on the carefully verified list of Catholic authors at the end of the volume. Annotations, comprising telling passages from the book itself, a brief summary of its purport, or notices from standard Catholic reviews, add unique value to this work as a guide to readers. We note, however, among these a serious misprint which the Errata has failed to correct. On page twenty-six in the quotation from *Questions of the Soul*, by Rev. I. T. Hecker, "supplement" should read complement. The catalogue is prefaced by a note of cordial congratulation to the compiler from the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Cleveland. It is to be hoped the appreciation of Miss Haley's work may lead others to render a like service to Catholic readers in other public libraries.

EARLY CHRISTIAN HYMNS. Series II. By Daniel Joseph Donahue. Middletown, Conn.: Donahue Publishing Co. \$2.00 net.

This second volume of Judge Donahue's *Early Christian Hymns* is designed to augment the first series by a "more general survey of the work of the most notable Latin writers of the early and Middle Ages," outside of the limits of the Breviary. Beginning with hymns of St. Hilary and St. Ambrose, it traces the golden thread of sacred song from Augustine and Prudentius to St. Peter Damien; so to the German Strabo and Benno; to Thomas à Kempis and Bernard of Clairvaux; closing with two sacred poems of Pope Urban VIII., and a pathetic fragment written by the hapless Queen of Scots in her own prayer-book.

Many of the most famous hymns of Christendom—the *Adeste Fidelis*, for instance, the *Veni, Veni Emanuel*, and the *Maris Stella*

songs—are, of course, of unknown authorship; and in this same category Judge Donahue places the popular *Anima Christi*, so long attributed to St. Ignatius Loyola. The merit of his collection lies less in the poetic excellence of any particular translation than in the fidelity and comprehensiveness with which he has revealed to modern Christians this ancient treasure trove of the Church. Any library is the richer for including Judge Donahue's two volumes of these noble hymns.

SOUTH AMERICAN PROBLEMS. By Robert E. Speer. New York: Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions.

If any Catholic has ever wondered why Protestant missions are universally so unsuccessful, despite the many millions squandered by unthinking and prejudiced multitudes at home, let him read this book. It is hardly worthy of a review in any serious monthly, unless perhaps to call the attention of fair-minded Protestants in the United States to the mental and moral calibre of those whom they pay to make converts abroad. The book is unscholarly, inaccurate, prejudiced, dishonest, and hypocritical.

Like a character Dickens would have loved to paint, Mr. Speer makes his bow to the American Protestant public with a most eloquent and unctuous appeal for a great many American dollars to win over "an unbelieving, superstitious, and immoral" continent from the grasp of an "intolerant, impure, and avaricious priesthood." The authorities he loves to cite are infidel apostates like McCabe, drunken renegades like O'Connor, professional anti-Catholics like Lea, and a host of South American priests whose names are wisely withheld.

We are solemnly informed, without the quiver of an eyelid, that the Catholic religion in South America is a horrible mass of corruption, superstition, externalism, Bible-hating, Mariolatry, and ignorance. "Is not celibacy," asks this modern defender of truth and righteousness, "a wrong and evil principle? Does not the Church through the confessional take over all past sins, allow the penitent to do what he likes, and be sure of salvation? Is not the Catholic Church radically hostile to free institutions, the advocate of a mere external conformity, the determined foe of all independent inquiry and intellectual progress, the bitter enemy of the Word of God, the foster of illiteracy," etc., etc.?

We are certain that Mr. Speer has mistaken his vocation. He ought to pose as an "ex-priest" in some of the small, illiterate

towns of the South land; he would then be certain of an audience prepared by tradition and lack of mental culture fully to appreciate his mouthings.

Only among the absolutely ignorant will his presentation of Catholic doctrine pass unquestioned, his so-called facts be swallowed whole, and his protestations of sincerity be accepted at face value. We beg to remember the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness."

CHANGING AMERICA. By Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: The Century Co. \$1.20 net.

Professor Ross writes no page that is not entertaining, and few that do not suggest matter for thought. In this present group of essays he touches upon several topics that lie near the heart of all concerned with current American history. In what are, perhaps, his best two chapters, he describes the rampant commercialism which has made business the supreme interest of life.

Very pertinent are the instances given of the way in which the daily newspaper constantly suppresses important news not agreeable to the interests of the big advertisers. But they would have been so much more impressive as arguments if the professor had been able to furnish us with specific data as to the newspapers and firms that figure in his illustrations.

The chapter on the falling birth-rate is—as might be anticipated—frankly pagan. Professor Ross affirms infant mortality to be so high among the French Canadians that they "show the census-taker no larger families than other Canadians."

We think that any candid reader of Commissioner Beale's monumental work on *Racial Decay* will begin to wonder whether Dr. Ross has not been led into this declaration by

The instinctive theorizing, whence a fact
Looks to the eye as the eye likes the look.

UNSEEN FRIENDS. By Mrs. William O'Brien. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.25 net.

If the "Unseen Friends" of whom Mrs. William O'Brien writes are unknown to any of our readers, we strongly advise them to secure the book and experience the joy of introduction. To those of us who already know the friends, there will be an equal, if not greater, pleasure in reading these pages. The author has se-

lected fifteen of her favorites, and in pleasant, easy style, with evidence of much careful reading, has told the history of lives that for literary charm, personal worth, and spiritual inspiration will never grow old. Of the fifteen, ten are great Catholic heroines; the remaining five are women, who, beyond mere literary ability, have possessed the charm of a personally worthy Christian character.

Mrs. O'Brien is partial towards women—not a man is allowed into this famous company. But we will not object. The book is too fascinating to admit of any such criticism. Mrs. Oliphant, Charlotte Brontë, Felicia Skene, Jean Ingelow, Christina Rossetti are all sketched attractively. The lives of religious founders and heroines who have become famous throughout the world, and whose story here will be of special interest to the members and special friends of the different communities, are interestingly reviewed: Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan of the Irish Dominicans, and Mother Francis Drane, her biographer; Nano Nagle of the Presentation Order; Mary Aikenhead of the Irish Sisters of Charity; Emilie d'Oultremont of Marie Reparatrice, and Marie Antoinette Fage of the Little Sisters of the Assumption.

A very valuable asset of the book is the intelligent suggestion and guidance it offers, particularly to Catholics, of further excellent Catholic reading. One who would read this volume, and then read the other works which it mentions, would be well-versed in Catholic life and activity of the last century—and better still have a treasury of inspiration for his own daily betterment. It was a delight to us to see that Mrs. O'Brien included Eugenie de Guerin and Pauline de la Ferronnays. The *Letters* and *Journal* of the former—both may be purchased at small cost—ought to be household books among Catholics. In Eugenie de Guerin, as all the world admits, and has long since admitted, the grace of unselfishness and the pure love of God, and in Him of her dear Maurice, gave birth to a literary art unexcelled. The man, who knows not *A Sister's Story*, by Mrs. Craven (Pauline de la Ferronnays), has missed much. Years ago it was named by the *Edinburgh Review* as one of the one hundred classics of the world.

THE POETS' CHANTRY. By Katherine Brégy. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.50.

A review of this work appears in an article in this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD under the title: *Our Catholic Poets*. We

wish to call direct attention to the work here in our review pages, because it is one of exceptional value, not only to all who are interested in our great poets, but also to Catholic schools and colleges. It is a lamentable fact that courses in English poetry are given in our Catholic schools year in and year out, and yet the pupil is graduated from them without any idea not only of the Catholic inheritance in English literature, but of the still greater fact that Catholic teaching has been the prolific and faithful mother of all that is enduring in that poetry. It is a large claim to make, but it might easily be defended, that the soul of English poetry is Christian, and when that soul goes out poetry will die. The supreme value of Miss Brégy's work is that she has given a valuable contribution to the defense of that thesis. Her volume is happily illustrated by photographs of the different authors, and is well presented. We bespeak for it the wide circulation which it merits.

PRISONERS' YEARS. By I. Clarke. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.35 net.

This is a novel of remarkable excellence. The title is taken from the lines in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*:

How long are lovers' weeks,
Do you think, Robin, when they are asunder?
Are they not prisoners' years?

and the lovers are a young English couple, Felix Scaife and Evodia Essex, who part in anger a week before their arranged marriage. It is Felix's announcement of his sudden conversion to Catholicity that loses for him his inheritance and his fiancée, but in the face of the double trial he remains loyal to his newly-found faith.

The second half of the story carries us to Italy and to the north of Africa, and we follow the slow evolution of Evodia's mind to the point where she, too, discovers religious truth and a simultaneous understanding of her lover's sacrifice. The story is told lightly, and with much skill and humor.

GOD MADE MAN. By Rev. P. M. Northcote. New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents net.

"In this work," as the author correctly states in his Preface, "there is no pretense at scholarship as the term is generally understood. . . . It is simply the record of the thoughts of one who desires above all things to be loyal, true, and loving toward the

Divine Person, Who, whether as Creator or Redeemer, did so much for man."

A busy priest will find this volume helpful in the preparation of his Sunday sermons, although we would advise him not to harp so much on the coming of Antichrist, which "dread event" Father Northcote feels "is at hand." That prophecy has been made too often by those outside the Church for us to imitate their false forebodings. Again we were tempted to get angry with him for his absurd "mistrust of government by democracy," which he thinks "so easily merges into Socialism," and his view that "the modern democratic spirit is a transient phase in human affairs" due to the stupidity of the masses. But our kindly oracle rather disarms us when he declares later on that we are at perfect liberty to disagree with him. He is fairer than some lovers of the old régime in France who would fain commit the Church to their own private political opinions.

Some of his expressions (*v. g.*, "the Patriot God") rather jar upon our hypersensitive ear, and as a rule he is absolutely devoid of that aristocratic "distinction" of style which we look for in a man so distrustful of the vulgar mob. Some kindly critic should have told him to omit the useless appendix on the Coming of Antichrist.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE OR THE JOURNEY OF THE SOUL TO GOD. By Father Malige. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

This beautiful treatise on the spiritual life is in three volumes, which deal respectively with the purgative, the illuminative, and the unitive ways of perfection. The style is clear, graceful, and interesting; the theology sound, and the pious practices recommended are most attractive.

The learned author had a prolonged and varied experience in the direction of souls. He was for years professor of theology; he prepared generations of ecclesiastical students for the sacred duties of the ministry. The numerous retreats which he gave to seminarists and to religious communities, both of men and women, endowed him with a profound knowledge of the human heart, and a far-reaching sympathy with the difficulties and temptations of the spiritual life.

As has been said, the book is in three parts. The greater bulk of the work, however, deals with the purgative and illuminative ways. The unitive way is touched upon, but not elaborated.

This is probably because for the majority of those leading a spiritual life, those books are more necessary which treat of the means of practicing virtue, and of avoiding faults and hindrances which impede the progress of the soul in its flight towards perfect union with God.

The author has made a loving and profound study of the works of the masters of the spiritual life, and is fond of quoting Saint Thomas, Saint Augustine, and St. Francis de Sales. Indeed, the charm and sweetness of his style remind one, at times, of the gentle Bishop of Geneva. For Pope Pius X. he has the filial affection and reverence of a devoted son.

Some of the chapters are exceedingly beautiful, notably those dealing with: Spiritual Direction; Frequent Communion (Vol. I.); The Vows of Religion and Prayer, (Vol. II.); and the exquisite chapters treating of Charity both with regard to God and to our neighbors; Devotion towards the Suffering Souls; and, finally, the concluding chapters on the Adoration of the Sacred Heart in Vol. III.

In conclusion, we heartily recommend this work to priests and to religious communities both of men and women, to whom it will prove a sure guide in the ways of the spiritual life. We wish it a wide circulation, and hope it may be the means of drawing souls ever nearer to God until the day of their complete and intimate union with Him.

LESSONS IN LOGIC. By Rev. William Turner, S.T.D. Washington, D. C.: Catholic Education Press. \$1.25.

The present volume admirably fulfills the purpose for which it is intended as a textbook for high schools and colleges. The reader must not regard it as a treatise meant to satisfy all the needs of advanced students, though these will find in it much information. The lucid thinking displayed in this work is characteristic of all Dr. Turner's writings. In his exposition the crooked ways of logic are made straight and the rough ways plain. A special example of his clear thinking, as well as a model of powerful refutation, is the defense of syllogistic reasoning against Mill's charge that the conclusion adds nothing to the premises. Dr. Turner shows that one may know the premises *before* attaining to the knowledge of the conclusion, and that the conclusion, consequently, adds to our knowledge, while it makes no addition to objective truth.

The definition of logic given in this volume is the best we have seen. It is clear and complete. Logic is defined to be "the science and art which so directs the mind in the process of reasoning and subsidiary processes as to enable it to attain clearness, consistency, and validity in these processes."

Dr. Turner emphasizes the point that work is meant to have a pedagogical value. His own example, too, as an unmistakable practicer of the logical arts, will have its influence upon students with their imitative instincts. For orderly arrangement, however, the chapter on "Method" is not in the best place, coming after a discussion of the methods of induction.

The author's treatment of the various moods of the syllogism might have been omitted. The practical utility of knowing all about Baroco, Bocardo, Bramantip cannot be discovered. In actual life we forget them. Nobody, consciously or unconsciously, makes use of his knowledge of this dialectic legacy from highly speculative times. The received method of discussing them at length might be substituted by a full treatment of some of the important, subtle, and complex logical processes of practical life which logic does not yet consider. Newman was a pioneer in explaining them by his theory of the "illative sense," but he has few followers. This omission, however, is not Dr. Turner's peculiar fault; it is a fault of the times. His work deserves the best success in the field for which it is intended.

THE MESSIAH'S MESSAGE. By John Joseph Robinson. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.00.

A refutation of the preposterous claims of modern scientists first engages the attention of the author of this apologetic work. He then proceeds to treat the fundamental questions of man's destiny; the necessity of religion, and Christ and His Church. The chapters on religion are particularly cogent. They display an immense amount of research, and give copious, useful quotations from the world's great writers, ancient and modern. The author writes in a strong, impressive style, and his zealous labor has produced a valuable book.

THE HOME RULE BILL. By John Redmond, M.P. New York: Cassell & Co.

The Home Rule Bill, written by John Redmond, leader of the Irish parliamentary party, though not so entertaining as a good

novel, is instructive and interesting. It contains the text of the bill itself, which were Greek to the common run of readers without commentary or explanation. Mr. Redmond is severely precise and impartial in his analysis of the great document, writing more like a lawyer than a partisan. Several of his own speeches, bearing on the subject of the book, are given in that earnest, solid, convincing style so characteristic of Mr. Parnell's disciple and successor. The mass of English voters are now definitely converted and committed to Home Rule, according to him; so that even though an accident were to befall the present bill and prevent its final passage, or the Liberals underwent untimely and unexpected defeat, Home Rule for Ireland is now inevitable.

THE LIVING FLAME OF LOVE. By Saint John of the Cross, with his Letters, Poems, and Minor Writings. Translated by David Lewis, with an Essay by Cardinal Wiseman, and additions and an Introduction by V. Rev. Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D. London: Thomas Baker. \$1.75.

The Saints show forth the glory of God in two ways: by their doings and by their writings. The life of a Saint is an epic poem in which the training, the combat, and the victory of his heroic soul are set out for our example, in order that we may be stimulated to imitate the harmony and discipline of his life, the generosity of his sacrifices, and the ardor of his onslaught against the enemy. Through him, too, we can catch a tempered ray of the unapproachable light of God's sanctity, even as we may safely look on the sun reflected in water. The exterior works of a Saint are but the material expression of an intense spiritual fire ever burning within his soul, which sends up flames to illuminate the heart, the will and the intelligence; heating, purifying, and stimulating into life first the thought, then the act. The Saint rarely reveals the secrets of his mind, but when driven by the mysterious promptings of the Holy Spirit, and seized by the burning ardor of divine love, he takes the pen and transcribes in a style that savors more of the celestial than the human, some of those inner experiences out of which grew his sanctity, and which he will tell you himself baffle the powers of language to relate.

Saint John of the Cross glorified God both in his life and in his writings in an admirable degree. His whole earthly pilgrimage was given up to the practice of the most sublime and heroic virtue, and his four volumes of poems and prose are there to reveal

to us something of the marvels of God in the Saint's inner life. In them he describes with the genius of a seraph the steps which the soul must take on its upward journey from the low life of sense to the high hills of the infinite. No other Saint has surpassed him in describing the trials and desolations of the way, but he is also unequalled in his power of showing the peace, the sweetness, the happiness awaiting the soul if she will only persevere along the path of heavenly love.

The Saint draws for us a survey of the country through which he himself traveled. We may think the route beyond our powers of endurance, and his standard of sanctity unapproachable to souls of more earthly calibre, yet this is not so. "To be commonly good, the easiest, indeed the only way, is to be heroically so." True, we shall not suffer so acutely or feel so intensely; we shall not see so clearly or realize the joys (or pangs) so deeply; our capacities for suffering, for love and for sanctity, will be greatly inferior to his, and unless God has a special vocation for us, He will not require us to pass through either the profound obscurity of the "Dark Night" or to taste to the full the ecstatic rapture of the "Living Flame of Love."

God asks goodwill and absolute fidelity on our part—these are the conditions He puts for the ordinary graces. If we seek to be exalted with Him, to be united "to Himself in His wisdom," then His will is that we should be tempted, afflicted, tormented, and chastened to the utmost limit of our strength. "For the joy of knowledge of God cannot be established in the soul if the flesh and spirit are not perfectly purified and spiritualized, and as trials and penances purify and refine the senses, as tribulations, temptations, darkness, and distress spiritualize and prepare the spirit, so they must undergo them who would be transformed in God—as the souls in purgatory, who, through that trial, attain to the beatific vision—some more intensely than others, some for a longer, others for a shorter, time, according to those degrees of union to which God intends to raise them, and according to their need of purification."

If so few attain to spiritual bliss, it is because so many are impatient and restless under suffering, that they refuse to take up the cross with the vinegar and the gall, and are unwilling to endure the least discomfort or mortification, or to labor with constant patience. Finding such souls negligent in the use of His graces in the earlier stages of their purification, God proceeds no further in the work,

because He demands a greater courage and determination than they have brought to Him. Yet the need of this purification comes from their own imperfection; God would cleanse the vessel in order to fill it with divine gifts, and does not oppress the soul or exact suffering as a tribute to His inexorable justice. Let it not be thought that the natural faculties die in this transformation from the material to the spiritual. The description of the state of the soul in this new life is among the most beautiful things found in all mystic (or any) literature. "When the soul shall have attained to perfect union with God, all its affections, powers, and acts, in themselves imperfect and vile, become as it were divine." The understanding is broadened under the influence "of a higher illumination of God;" the will is strengthened and "moved by the Holy Ghost in Whom it now lives;" the memory is changed and keeps in mind "the eternal years;" the desire tastes and relishes the food that is divine—the sweetness of God; the soul is keeping a perpetual feast "with the praises of God in its mouth, with a new song of joy and love, full of the knowledge of its high dignity."

How true is all this of Saint John of the Cross himself. Endowed by God with the most splendid natural faculties, with an unusually keen and brilliant intellect, imaginative and poetic, philosopher and psychologist, learned in all that goes to make an ecclesiastical scholar, he yet submitted his mind to the mental discipline of the schools, and his soul to the keenest sufferings, trials, and ignominy through which it is possible for a sensitive and refined nature to pass. He emerged from these ordeals with an intellectual vigor and energy of soul which not only taught him how to couch his burning thoughts into such logical order and shape that his writings are excluded for all time from any reproach of looseness of construction or illogical thinking, but makes him also the master-guide to the spiritual mountain. He leads us over perilous paths where we can scarcely breathe, so unaccustomed are we to the rare, fine air at such an altitude, or descends with us into the awful darkness of some deep cavern, holding us securely in his grip, and, if we will but trust him, lands us safely at last in the arms of God.

The Living Flame of Love is a piece of poetry consisting of four stanzas composed by St. John of the Cross during his nine months imprisonment at Toledo. A few years later he wrote an explanation of the poem in the same way that he had done for the Ascent of Mount Carmel (which includes the Dark Night) and the

Spiritual Canticle. He did this at the request of one of his penitents, a lady living in the world, which should do away once for all with the prejudice that this book was solely intended for contemplatives living in the cloister.

This is not, strictly speaking, a critical edition of the work, although Father Zimmerman has enriched David Lewis' admirable translation with a long and important passage which had been omitted in all former editions, Spanish and foreign, and supplied it with an Introduction, in which he tells us that "there is every prospect that a thoroughly reliable edition [in Spanish] will shortly appear." This volume contains also the Instructions and Precautions, eighteen Letters, the Spiritual Maxims, and a number of poems, six of which have been discovered since the appearance of the last edition, and are published here in an elegant version prepared by the Benedictine nuns of Stanbrook.

The book contains also an essay on St. John of the Cross, which was written as a preface to the first English edition by Cardinal Wiseman. In it the Cardinal defends all contemplatives from the charge so frequently made against them, by a material and ignorant world, of being "the drones of the human hive." He roots up, too, some other prejudices "firmly fixed in many non-Catholic minds," and traces succinctly the various steps which lead up to the highest contemplation. He shows us the Saint not only in his highest and distinctive character as a mystical theologian and a contemplative of the purest order, but as a man "of active life and practical abilities, industrious, conversant with business, where prudence, shrewdness, and calculation, as well as boldness, were required."

Eighteen letters are, indeed, few compared to the number we have of his twin-saint, St. Teresa, but we should consider ourselves rich if we only possessed the single letter to the religious of Veas (No. III.), in which he gives them "some spiritual advice, full of heavenly instruction, and worthy of perpetual remembrance." This letter alone proves to us the eminent practicalness of the Saint in his direction of souls. "What is wanting," he says, "if, indeed, anything be wanting, is not writing or speaking—whereof ordinarily there is more than enough—but silence and work. . . . As soon, therefore, as a person understands what has been said to him for his good, he has no further need to hear or discuss; but to set himself in earnest to practice what he has learnt with silence and attention, in humility, charity, and contempt of self; not turning aside incessantly to seek after novelties which serve only to satisfy

the desire in outward things—failing, however, to satisfy it really—and to leave it weak and empty, devoid of interior virtue. The result is unprofitable in every way; for a man who, before he has digested his last meal, takes another—the natural heat being wasted on both—cannot convert all this food into the substance of his body, and sickness follows.”

In the maxims the Saint becomes epigrammatic, and condenses into short aphorisms his profound science of the spiritual life. A more beautiful book than *The Living Flame of Love* could hardly be found, containing, as it does, such an inexhaustible mine of spiritual wisdom. Perhaps the key-note of the teaching of St. John of the Cross is struck in the following lines: “An instant of pure love is more precious to God and the soul, and more profitable to the Church, than all other good works together, though it may seem as if nothing were done.” The book is published in the United States by Benziger Brothers, and the price is \$1.95.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. Volumes XIII. and XIV.
New York: Robert Appleton Co.

The Catholic Encyclopedia is now almost completed, and the one volume remaining will have to fall far below the standard hitherto maintained to keep the work from a high place in the general estimation. The task of selecting contributors continues to be judiciously performed. Thus the religious and ecclesiastical aspects of the French Revolution are treated by M. Georges Goyau in an able and exhaustive article; Dom Chapman writes on “the Semi-Arians” and “Tertullian;” Dom Hunter-Blair on “Scotland” and kindred subjects; Dr. Kennedy on “Sacraments” and “Thomism;” Dr. Salembier on “The Western Schism;” Father Pollen on “The Society of Jesus;” Dr. Ryan on “Socialistic Communities;” Dr. Gigot on “The Book of Ruth” and other spiritual topics, etc. But while the *Encyclopedia* is thus in every sense “catholic,” the faithful of America may be pardoned an especial gratification in that it was planned in, and is being directed from, this country. The manifold difficulties attendant on the production of a work of scholarship for general reference have been almost entirely overcome, and now that they are near the completion of their labors, the editors are entitled to an added word of congratulation and thanks.

KATHLEEN NORRIS, author of *Mother*, publishes a new story called *The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne* (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net), in which she again preaches the old-fashioned virtues of simplicity and womanliness to a fashion-crazed generation. She attacks again the extravagance and the selfishness of American women, and points out the beauty of "plain living and high thinking." And she manages to give us, into the bargain, a very pretty little love story.

MARY, MARY is the title given to his first novel by the Irish poet, James Stephens. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.20 net.) It really can scarcely claim to be a novel at all, but is merely an exquisite sketch of a poor young girl on the Dublin streets, done with the mixture of humor and tenderness that suggests J. M. Barrie.

REV. R. P. GARROLD, S.J., has written another of his school-boy stories; this one is called *The Black Brotherhood* (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.35 net), and relates the adventures of Tommy, Billy, and Aleck, banded together by solemn vows as "Black Brothers." Their story is screamingly funny, the kind of farce that will be enjoyed even more by grown-ups than by boy readers, but there are many touches of pathos, and there is throughout a quiet, tender sympathy with boy nature.

A MARYLAND village is the setting of a little story called *Zebedee V.*, by Edith Barnard Delano—a truly rural farce. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.20 net.) It tells of the shrewd or pompous or childish absurdities of the village "character," and is really very amusing.

CATHERINE SIDNEY, by Francis Deming Hoyt (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.35 net), is a very well-meaning novel, based on sound Catholic principles, but deplorably stiff and stilted in style.

READERS of Bulwer Lytton's *Richelieu* will remember the character of the Friar Joseph who appears in that drama. He is presented as a foil to Richelieu himself; servile, obsequious, and crafty, he offsets to dramatic advantage the great-minded Cardinal. That the historical Friar Joseph did not at all correspond to Bulwer

Lytton's portrait we learn very fully in a short biography now published under the title of *His Grey Eminence, a Historical Study of the Capuchin Père Joseph François Le Clerc Du Tremblay*, by R. F. O'Connor. (Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. \$1.00.) In this little volume we see Père Joseph as he really was—religious reformer, statesman, theologian, and poet, and in the account of his various activities we get a valuable summary of the religious and civil history of France at the time.

IT is a little weakness with many of us always to be sure that the most expensive thing is the best. We prefer ermine to fox because it costs more. We prefer an imported automobile because our own are cheaper. The hero of a very clever little book called *Whippen*, by Frederick Orin Bartlett (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 50 cents), takes advantage of this human weakness. He places a new candy upon the market, advertises it at "A Dollar and a Half the Pound: Never cheaper," and it sells like wildfire, simply because of the price. His enterprise makes an amusing story—but isn't there a moral?

THE ROMANCE OF A JESUIT, from the French of G. de Bugny d'Hagerue, translated by Francesca Glazier (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.10 net), is the story of a young man who entered a Jesuit novitiate as a spy, in the employ of the French government, of his slow conversion, of his confession, and of his final acceptance as a legitimate novice. The story is very well told, but the title, we think, is ill-chosen.

A RELIGIOUS of the Visitation Order has written a very fine biography of Mother Peronne Marie de Châtel, one of the first Mothers of the Visitation. It is published by Burns and Oates, London, and in the United States by Benziger Brothers, under the title *Peronne Marie: A Spiritual Daughter of Saint Francis of Sales*. \$1.25 net.

THE old, old question: Is it ever right to take a human life to relieve pain? is the theme of a newly translated French novel by Leon de Tinseau. *The Decision* (New York: G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.25) is the story of a French officer—a man without faith—who kills a comrade to free him from horrible torture, and whose conscience later punishes him, despite the sincere approval

of his reason. The fact that he unknowingly falls in love with the man's widow almost leads the story into the cheaply melodramatic, but it is redeemed by dignity and real strength. The translator is Frank Alvah Dearborn.

A BOOK unusual in scope and treatment is *The Idea of Mary's Meadow*, in which Mrs. Armel O'Connor (Violet Bullock-Webster), (London: Alston Rivers, Ltd. 5s. net), describes the cottage and garden of "Mary's Meadow," in Ludlow, England, and outlines the life there, which she planned for the purpose of "making a saint of Betty," her adopted daughter. Although the spiritual note is predominant, Mrs. O'Connor has known how to harmonize with it the practical, the humorous, and the charmingly sentimental.

AN unusually charming book about Naples is just now published under the title *City of Sweet Do-Nothing*. (New York: The Alice Harriman Co. \$1.35 net.) The anonymous author, who signs herself simply "An American Girl," and who dedicates her book to Cardinal Farley, writes cleverly and very gracefully. Evidently a Catholic, she delights in retelling pretty legends of the saints, and in depicting the holy and memorable corners of Naples. Otherwise, she uses a piquant style that is distinctly up-to-date, and quite delightful.

MARGARET'S TRAVELS, by Anthony Yorke (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.25 net), is a letter-diary describing a trip through Ireland, England, France, and Italy. It is written in an English that would bring the blush of shame to the cheek of Macaulay's schoolboy, but its subject is one that always interests.

THE selection and arrangement shown in the little volume entitled *Christ's Christianity* of the precepts and teachings of Our Lord as given in the Four Gospels are worthy of much praise. The author, Albert H. Walker, makes no attempt at interpretation, and as he is not a Catholic, the selections are made from the Revised Protestant version. The volume is well printed, and is published by the Equity Press, New York.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (September 17): *The New Spirit in France*. A change is gradually creeping over France. Catholics, clergy and laity, are organizing themselves for the maintenance of religious worship and for the defense and spread of religion. The progress of this great movement is assisted in no small measure by the congresses which are being held in increasing numbers.—*The Eucharistic Congress—Happenings at Vienna*.—"The ownership of the property of Woodford, together with all its appurtenances, and of the house and garden known as 'The Oaks,' belongs exclusively to the Order of Friars Minor of St. Francis," was the decision of the Rota regarding the claims of the Franciscans to the property at Woodford.—*Mr. Lilly and Modernism*.

(September 21): *Shall the Democracy be Christian?* A further step towards answering this question in the affirmative was taken when the Newport Trades Unions' Congress resolved to eliminate from any future congress the discussion of the question of secular education.—*Some Memories of Father Matthew Russell*. A last interview.—In their reply to the address of the American Cardinal and Bishops, the Portuguese Hierarchy gives a deplorable picture of the religious crisis in their country, where, day after day, the violent and harassing persecution of the Church and her ministers assumes new and fatal aspects.

(September 28): *The Eucharistic Congress—A Wonderful Display of Loyalty to Catholicism*. Nations and peoples are divided, but the Catholic Church is one, governed and guided by Christ, its Eucharistic King.—*The Position of Home Rule*. Inadequate time for discussion may mean death of the bill. Lord Dunraven suggests that proposals for separate post offices and separate custom houses be dropped. The opposition attempting to make affair a struggle of religion. Charges against Catholic party of intolerance and unfairness answered by the tolerant spirit and fair play it has manifested in the past.—Revocation by the Syrian Bishop Raphael of allowing, in extreme cases, ministrations of Anglican clergy. Differences in the two churches in doctrine, ceremony, and practice.—A. F. in *Definitions* shows that the accepted sense is the proper sense of words; therefore they should be used as they are understood by present-day society. They should

not be abused. An example of abuse is the way some use the term "Catholic."—Pius X. admonishes the Tertiaries of St. Francis against too strenuous activity in social problems. This essentially religious organization is chiefly a means of promoting evangelical perfection, and of giving to the world examples of ideal Christian lives.—*Congress Papers*. Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., gives in brief the story of the Franciscan friary in Norwich; also the work of its members.

The Month (October): Under the caption *An Anglican Critic on Probabilism*, the Rev. Sidney T. Smith reviews a recent article by the Rev. C. J. Shebbeare, an Anglican clergyman, on *Theological Probabilism*. Father Smith takes each section of the article and points out where the Anglican divine has grasped or has missed the Catholic teaching on the various phases of this question. In conclusion he shows how impracticable would be the system of Tutorism advocated by the Rev. C. J. Shebbeare.—*Vitalism*, by James Scoles, discusses Professor Schäfer's recent paper on *The Nature, Origin, and Maintenance of Life*. The article first gives the new evidence for Vitalism on which the professor's paper is based. Throughout the article he gives many excerpts, all of which he refutes. In conclusion he maintains that the only lesson taught by Professor Schäfer's paper was the utter bankruptcy of the system he advocates.—*The Study of an African Mission*, by J. F., gives an interesting account of the sufferings, persecutions, and successes of a Catholic mission established in 1885 at Onitsha in the British Colony of Southern Nigeria, Africa.

Studies (September): A. J. Rahilly, discussing the recent address of Professor Schäfer at Dundee, states that it followed the well-known lines of Huxley and Tyndall. It was rich in statement and poor in argument. The speaker disclaimed all attempt at philosophy, and yet at once began to put forth a materialistic philosophy.—*The Penal Laws and Irish Land* is discussed by T. Arkins.—The need of courses in social work in Ireland is dwelt upon by T. Corcoran, S.J., in an article entitled *Social Work and Irish Universities*.—W. H. Grattan Flood in *Ormonde and the Irish Catholics of the Seventeenth Century*, tells of the hatred in which James, the first duke of Ormonde and Viceroy of Ireland for over forty years, held the Irish Catholics. The paper is of value because it shows how unreliable is the portrait of this

same James given in Lady Burghclere's recent biography.—H. Browne, S.J., maintains, in *The Future of Classical Education in Ireland*, that modern education must include the classics, and yet that it must employ modern methods making Homer and Demosthenes facts rather than phrases if it is to play its right part in preparing students for modern social life.

The Oxford and Cambridge Review (October): Under *Current Topics* it is stated that in England education has gone to the dogs, and, in spite of the recent unparalleled advance in positive knowledge, the present generation of Englishmen cares less for, and knows less about, the things of the mind than any generation of their predecessors since the "Wars of the Roses."—Francis Meynell contributes a poem entitled *Greater Love Hath No Man Than This, That a Man Lay Down His Life For His Friend*.—The third paper of Hilaire Belloc's study of Reform is entitled *The Restoration of Property*.—In view of the beginning of hostilities in the near East, the article *Constantinople and the Holy Cities of Islam* is of special interest.—E. Cecil Roberts contributes a lengthy and able poem called *The Strike*.

The International Journal of Ethics (October): *The Decline of Culture*. E. Benjamin Andrews, after drawing a comprehensive definition of the word, uses it as a criterion in showing that "our times, as compared with the not very remote past, display a lack." That which is termed individuality is no longer in the foreground of men's actions. In the world of art, industry, in thought, custom, and fashion all has become stereotyped and imitative. Growth in wealth, the spread of communistic socialism, bad theory and practice in education, and depressing views of the world, life, and man are diagnosed as the causes of this condition.—*The Value of Social Psychology*. In this lecture, delivered to the Leeds Summer School of the Workers' Educational Association, 1911, Helen Wodehouse disagrees with those authors on "social psychology"—"crowd psychology"—whose endeavors seem to be to emphasize the doctrine founded on observations of what moves the crowd, in opposition to the rule that "every man seeks what after deliberation he proposes.....as his greatest good." The writer would make both elements complimentary.—*Originality and Culture*. J. W. Scott treats of "the progress of mechanical invention, and the growing ease with which the material needs of man have

come to be supplied." This condition has changed standards, given rise to a new and more complex problem of life, and spurred on multitudinous wants, which before slept in unconsciousness, to clamor for satisfaction.

The National Review (October): A. Maurice Low discusses the Hay-Pauncefote treaty and the new Panama Canal Bill. Mr. Low writes: "His Majesty's Government must either vigorously combat what is clearly a violation of treaty rights, or else tacitly admit that any treaty between Great Britain and the United States is to be observed only so long as it suits the convenience of the latter."—*The Treatment of Cancer* is discussed by Dr. Lovell Drage; and *Liberalism and the Empire* by E. Bruce Mitford.

Revue des Deux Mondes (August 15): The interesting article *Feminine Questions in Ancient Rome* traces the development of women's rights during the Republic and the Empire. It is important to note the contrast between the rigidity of the laws regarding women of ancient Rome and the laxity with which the gradual abolition of these rules was regarded in later times. Intellectually, woman was always recognized by the Romans as the equal of man; professionally also she might have been if it had been advantageous to her; but politically it was impossible, since tradition and popular sentiment were against it. M. René Pichon ends his article with the paradox that, among a people who never prided themselves on being feminists, women had more liberty, activity, and influence than in many nations that boast of having emancipated them.—The curious disappearance of sculpture, as represented by statuary, from the beginning of the Christian era until about the eleventh century is discussed in *The Origins of Romance Sculpture*. M. Louis Bréhier attributes this not only to the Christian reaction against pagan idols, but also to the Oriental influence in art, which favored conventional designs that could only be moulded in relief. The reawakening of mediaeval sculpture was owing to the custom, which became popular in the eleventh century, of keeping the relics of saints in statues. One of the most celebrated of these reliquaries was that of "Sainte Foy."

(September 15): In a very clever and well-written article, M. Emile Faguet reviews some of the work, principally character sketches, of the Vicomte de Launay (Mme. de Girardin), an unusually witty, subtle, and acute observer of human nature, par-

ticularly its feminine side. M. Faguet well says that if two places in the "Académie Française" had been given to women, at that time, George Sand should have had the first and Mme. de Girardin the second.—The Emperor Mutsuhito and his remarkable reorganization and reconstruction of Japan are the subjects of an article by M. le Marquis de la Mazelière. He points out a curious fact, that, although the late emperor was always in favor of adopting European scientific progress, he remained uninfluenced by Occidental thought.

Études (September 5): *Anglican Ordinations*, by Joseph de la Servièrre, states that the controversy on the validity of Anglican Orders ended in 1896 when the bull of Pope Leo XIII., *Apostolicae curae*, appeared. But the literature on the subject since that date has been quite extensive, and the recent book of Lord Halifax is of special importance. The author accuses the members of the Commission, which met in Rome in 1896, of failing to examine all the evidence in favor of the Anglican claim. Dom Gasquet and Monsignor Moyes give convincing proof to the contrary. Lord Halifax further questions the sincerity of the consultors, the Cardinals, and even of the Pope. This charge also is refuted by Monsignor Moyes.—*Leo XIII. and Anglican Ordinations* serves ill the cause for which it was written.—*Albania and the Turkish Empire* makes it clear that the most pressing problem now before the Turkish government is the demand of the Albanians for autonomy. The Young Turks try to represent the uprisings as the work of a few malcontents, but in reality many serious and important leaders are behind the movement. To crush it by force would be to purchase a legacy of hatred and future reprisals, and probably to provoke the intervention of the Powers. Yet it is doubtful if the Albanians are fitted for self-government.—Paul Bernard begins a study of the late Edouard Rod, novelist and critic, describing the stages by which he gradually lost his religious faith, and leading up to those wherein he came to see Catholicism as the only salvation for society.

(September 20): *Lourdes and the Eucharist*, by Paul Aucler, reviews the report presented to the Eucharistic Congress at Vienna in the name of Monsignor Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes. That report shows the great part devotion to the Blessed Sacrament has in the miracles at Lourdes. An account is given of some of the more notable cures and conversions which have

taken place at Lourdes in the past two years.—*The New Spirit in France*, by Henri Dutouquet, tells how the past generation of French youths adored science, scorned religion; they were pessimists, dreamers, dilettantes. The coming generation, as described by its members in reply to magazine investigations, is practical, socially active, moral even if not always religious. Renan, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Loti are losing ground as popular leaders to Brunetière, Bourget, Husymans, Maurras. Patriotism is reviving. The change is due partly to the improvement in Catholic secondary and higher education; and still more to the growing realization of the danger of non-Christian theories and the weakness of non-Christian institutions.

Revue Pratique d'Apologetique (September 15): Dr. R. Van Elst, in article entitled *L'Extase*, shows that Catholic mysticism is not the same as the elevated spiritual efforts made in the Chinese, Indian or Persian religions; it is not the contemplation of the Neo-platonists or the Jewish Kabbala; still less is it that vague, universal aspiration after the ideal which animated Tolstoy, Mallarmé, and Nietzsche. The saints have carefully guarded themselves against all deceit and hallucination.

Le Correspondant (September 10): *Origin de la Pensée Religieuse* is a study of Andrew Lang's work: *The Origin of Religions*.—*Napoleon in Russia*, by Edward Gachot, reviews the reasons that led Napoleon to turn to the conquest of Russia; his campaign therein, and his humiliating defeat.—*French and German Students*, by Gaston Choisy, summarizes the results of investigations in the public libraries of the literature popular in each nationality.

(September 25): Alfred Michelin tells in *Pour nos Eglises* of a great meeting, held under the auspices of the Catholic Committee for Religious Defense, to consider the government's attitude toward Catholic churches. The delegates included men prominent in every walk of life, and the convention received the hearty approbation of the hierarchy. Every member of the hierarchy sent a message urging the delegates to make diligent use of press and of platform; to dwell on the importance of municipal elections, and to instruct the people on the necessity and right use of the ballot.—Supremacy in the Mediterranean is at the present time exciting all the nations whose shores are washed by its waters.

Revue du Clergé Français (October): Dr. Swoboda's *Ideas of the Pastoral Ministry in Paris*, by Leon Désers. Dr. Henry Swoboda, domestic prelate to His Holiness and Professor of Pastoral Theology at the University of Vienna, attacks in his *Le ministère des âmes dans les grandes villes* the clergy of Paris, describing the parish priests as unapproachable, and leading back to the time before the Revolution, in which an exterior piety, a pastoral activity limited to appearance, and a lack of pastoral success hitherto unknown in history, prevailed.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (September): The leading article is on *The Religious Attitude of T. H. Green*, who exercised perhaps the most potent philosophical influence in England during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The author, Edward Coutan, acknowledges Green's merits as a metaphysician, moralist, patriot, and scholar. He makes the point that Green's sympathies inclined to Unitarianism. He summarizes thus: "The philosophic error of Green lay in not discerning conditions under which he could and should admit the supernatural intervention of God in the world. His religious error consisted, despite his sympathy with the humble attitude of believers, in not appreciating that it was correlative with their faith in Jesus of Nazareth, and that by Him alone they attained their enfranchisement."—The second and concluding installment appears of A. Favre-Gilly's exhaustive treatment of the *Pagan Mysticism of the Poetry of the Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles*.—There is also a contribution by Maurice Blondel, containing a hitherto unpublished and recently discovered marginal note made by de Lamennais against Natural Religion and "Semi-Deism" in an old copy of Volume I. of Brucker's *History of Philosophy*, on pages 66 and 67.

Stimmen Aus Maria-Laach (September): M. Meschler, S.J., gives a valuable apologetic on the subject of ecclesiastical celibacy, and also an historical review of the same question.—W. Duchmann, in view of the coming celebration of the anniversary of the Edict of Milan, has an interesting paper on the religious views of the first century of the Christian era.

Freemasonry in Turkey. By Flavin Breuier, General Secretary of the French Anti-Masonic League. The Masonic lodges of Turkey were politically inactive until 1850. In that year they were

thronged with many discontented officials and many young ambitious enthusiasts. In 1859 a conspiracy was discovered against the life of the Sultan, Abdul Medjid. Several Freemasons were convicted of complicity in it. Some twenty months later the Sultan died in a manner which has never yet been satisfactorily explained. His successor, Abdul Aziz, surrounded himself with Freemasons as his ministers, little suspecting their future treachery. Among these was Madhol Pasha, who was destined to stain his hands with his master's blood. The Freemasons secured control of Turkey. They instituted many reforms, but they drove religion out of the educational system of the country, and aimed at restricting the liberty of all creeds, including the Mohammedan. They taxed religious funds, promulgated a civil code, persecuted Christians, and put down uprisings with much bloodshed. To hold office both Christian and Mohammedan would first have to affiliate himself with the Masonic sect. The Freemasons aimed at establishing an atheistic republic. The document issued by the head worker in this movement, Canesco, shows us that its prominent men were Freemasons.—*The Oxford and Cambridge Review*, October.

Suicide in Japan. By M. Le Boulanger. Attention has been drawn to the Japanese view of suicide by the recent deaths of General Nogi and his wife. In Japan there are two classes of suicide, namely, the "Hara-kiri" and the "Shinju." The exact origin of the former is unknown, but is traced back as far as the tenth century at the accession of the Shoguns. It became in the fourteenth century the penalty for the Samurai who forfeited their rites. About 1500 A. D. it was a privilege reserved for the warrior class, and after every war there were many who employed hara-kiri. The hara-kiri is held in great esteem by the Japanese nation. The shinju is the suicide of love. On the death of one of the lovers, the surviving one seeks to be joined to the departed, and seeks it by suicide.

In 1869, Ono Seigoro, who was an ardent propagator of European ideas, strove to induce the Japanese Assembly to pass a law against the hara-kiri. They were then opposed to foreign ideas, and the vote stood two hundred in favor of the retention of the hara-kiri and three opposed to it. Intelligent leaders are energetically combating this idea of suicide in general, but they dare not mention the hara-kiri by name, since it is held in such reverence.—*Le Correspondant*, September 25.

France and Russia. Unsigned. This article deals with the financial and commercial relations between Russia and France. France is reputed to be the richest country in the world. Owing to the wretched state of government in Russia, it has become necessary for that country to borrow extensively. France seemed to be the only country which could supply the needs of Russia, and within the last fifteen years have loaned Russia seventeen millions of French money. Russia has always had a leaning towards Germany, and Russia imports more from Germany than from any other country. Again, Russia's largest exports are sent to Germany. England ranks second, the United States third, Holland fourth, and France fifth. This has greatly disturbed the French Government, and accounts for the visit of M. Poincaré to Russia within the past few months. That visit means much for better commercial relations between the two countries. The article is of further interest, since it deals with conditions within Russia, for example, cruelty to prisoners, religious differences, and army discontent.—*Le Correspondant*, September 25.

French and German Armies. General Maitrot compares the equipment of the French Army with the German Army in regard to guns, cannons, aëroplanes, dirigibles, etc. He also gives a tabulated account of the number of men in the different departments of the army of both countries. He says that the infantries of both countries are on a par, but that the French mounted artillery is superior to the German; and, on the other hand, that the German horse artillery and cavalry are superior to the French. There is an equality between the two countries as regards the mechanism of war. In the active army Germany has an excess of one hundred and thirty thousand men over the French Army.—*Le Correspondant*, September 25.

Recent Events.

France.

The parliamentary recess in France seems to give pause to political discussions. Politicians do not indulge, to any thing like the same extent as in the neighboring island, in appeals to their constituents. The consequence that for the period in question, there is little of which notice can be taken. The Shipping Strike, which at one time threatened to cause a serious hindrance to commerce, after having lasted for nearly three months, was brought to an end by arbitration. The board consisted of three umpires appointed by the Prime Minister. The award went against the men. They have, however, accepted the decision, but only for the time being. The discontent among the working people of France, which has manifested itself on so many occasions and in such violent ways, seems either to have disappeared or it may be that they have sullenly acquiesced in the acceptance of existent conditions. Perhaps they are biding their time. Even in the *Confédération Générale du Travail*, the organization chiefly responsible for the troubles of the past, there are those who offer open opposition to the methods previously adopted. These argue that every time the revolutionaries in their ranks have got the upper hand, and have pursued their quarrel with capital by illegal means, so often had capital, with the aid of the State, regained the upper hand. Hence they maintained that it was wiser to seek reforms by legal agitation than to estrange public opinion and to struggle in vain against the power of the State by committing illegal acts. At the recent Congress of the *Confédération* these views were urged. They were, however, decisively rejected by the Congress, and the *Confédération* is thereby pledged to measure swords once more with the Government. This action separates the workingmen of France, so far as they are represented by the *Confédération*, from the Socialists of whom M. Jaurès is the leader. The latter, in comparison, are men of moderate views. It is worthy of note that the policy of Syndicalism—for such is the name given to the aims and methods of the *Confédération du Travail*—has been adopted by large numbers of the workingmen in England, and has been openly advocated there. In fact, it formed the basis of the strikes that have recently taken place. Most of the Unions of the Teachers in

the State schools who had thrown in their lot with the Confédération, and had been on that account ordered to dissolve by the government, have submitted to the order. A few, however, have refused. They are being prosecuted in the Courts of Law.

The concentration of practically the whole of the French Fleet in the Mediterranean has excited very wide attention. What the new disposition means has caused much speculation in various quarters. Before the outbreak of war in the Balkans—an event of such serious import that it may upset every previously established arrangement—the European situation was briefly stated as follows: The outstanding fact was the Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy, all of them formidable naval Powers, and two of them, at least, bound to assist each other with their total armed forces, if the *casus foederis* arose. On the other side, there was a definite Alliance between Russia and France. Quite recently a naval convention between these two Powers has been made, the precise terms of this convention, however, have not been disclosed, but they are thought to involve co-operation in case of war. Between Great Britain and the two Powers, Russia and France, there existed a cordial understanding of friendship and good will, but so far as is known, no definite alliance either offensive or defensive. In the event of war with Germany, the French Fleet, if divided, would be too weak in both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, to cope with the former power. The concentration in the Mediterranean makes secure the maintenance of French power in that sea, thereby preserving her communications with her African colonies. As for the Atlantic, if Great Britain were an active ally, its Fleet would guard the French ports; if neutral, they would have to rely upon themselves; but the weak Fleet recently sent to the Mediterranean would be saved from capture. This seems to be a reasonable explanation of the action of France. The German Press, however, see in it a scarcely-veiled menace to Italy, and take the occasion of urging upon Italy the policy of widening the scope of the Triple Alliance, which is to be renewed next year, so that it may include the interests of Italy in the Mediterranean.

In Morocco the French have had to extend the sphere of their military operations to a district a long way from the capital, which they had at first proposed to make the centre of their operations. Complete success, indeed, has attended their efforts, and the Pre-tender, El Hiba, has been driven from the country. The fact,

however, that something like sixty thousand soldiers are now employed in holding Morocco, and that the resistance of the tribes is by no means at an end, makes it clear that, in undertaking the protectorate, France has a serious work before her, a work too that might be a source of weakness in the event of European complications.

Germany.

For the same reason as in France, there has been a lull in the political activity. The dearth of food has been the chief subject of public discussion. This rise of prices has been so great that the members of the Socialist Party in the Reichstag have presented a petition to the Imperial Chancellor calling attention to the distress among the population, and demanding, among other things, the suspension of import duties on cattle and meat. Last year transport charges on the Prussian railways were lowered, but this measure has proved inadequate. To the petition the government did not turn a deaf ear. It has proposed a scheme for the relief of the distress, which is described as a fairly bold encroachment upon the Agrarian privileges, which are thought to be at the root of the evil. Fresh meat is, under certain conditions, allowed to be imported, and transport rates on the railways reduced. These proposals are expressly described to be of a temporary character, and while not completely satisfactory, will, it is hoped, lead to a reduction of prices.

The Pan-German League has been holding a Congress. Among the subjects under discussion was the decline of German feeling which has taken place among the Germans in North America. With the exception of some retired military officers, no one of any great distinction was present, and no very great importance is attached to the League's deliberations—a thing which indicates the good sense of the mass of the German people.

The Social Democrats have been holding their annual Congress. The registered members of the party now number 970,112, an increase on last year of 133,550. Like every other human organization, the Party has its Right and Left wings. Among the Social Democrats the line of division is between those who are Radicals and those who have Revisionists' tendencies. A member was expelled by the vote of the Congress, who, while sound on class warfare and on general tenets, had doubts about an entire nationalization of all production without exception.

The sudden death of the recently appointed Ambassador to London, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, has put a premature end to the special effort to improve the relations between Great Britain and Germany which had been entrusted to him. A substitute will doubtless continue the work of the Baron if that is the fact to which Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given public expression as his reasoned conviction, namely, that the Emperor William is and always has been a most determined supporter and maintainer of peace.

Austria-Hungary.

Among political events, in a certain sense, must be reckoned the meeting of the Eucharistic Congress at Vienna. Never has there been in recent years a greater manifestation of religious feeling among vast masses of the people. The Legate of the Pope was welcomed on his arrival by tens and hundreds of thousands. The Emperor himself and members of the government were the entertainers of the visiting Prelates. The annual manoeuvres of the Army were cut short in order that the heir to the Throne might take part in the solemn Procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of the capital. A Catholic organ in the Press declared that the celebration showed "the highest ideals of nations to be based on Christianity, and that our era is capable of manifestations which prove how little the rationalism and materialism of scientific and political systems are able to extinguish the yearning of humanity for the Eternal and the Divine." Non-Catholics, too, have been impressed with a demonstration of faith and piety which twenty years ago would not have been possible in Austria. Its success is attributed to the failure of what called itself the Party of Progress to prevail over the forces which spring from the fundamental needs of the soul. This Party of Progress, it is recognized, has lost all driving creative power, and has resulted in sinking mankind even deeper into making the acquisition of material wealth the sole worthy object of effort, divorcing it from all idealism and from all sense of moral and social responsibility.

The proceedings of the Hungarian Parliament on the occasion of its re-assembling, prevents one from being hopeful of the growth of political wisdom in that country. Hungary boasts, indeed, of having possessed for more than a thousand years the privilege of Constitutional government. Age, however, has not added to perfection. It will be remembered that last June the President and

Government put an end to something like two years obstruction on the part of the Opposition by the most violent of measures. It was hoped that during the summer recess an agreement might have been arrived at. Those hopes, however, were frustrated. When Parliament met the proceedings were interrupted by, or perhaps it should be said consisted of, the singing of songs, the performance of solos on musical instruments, such as cymbals, penny whistles, tin trumpets, drums, and motor-car hooters. On the arrival of the police, the Opposition Deputies linked their arms in solid resistance to the efforts which were being made to remove the offenders. Sometimes six policemen were required to remove a struggling legislator. The language which was used was very strong indeed. "Filthy pigs, rogues, villains, traitors," were epithets freely applied to members of Parliament. After having for two days given in this way adequate expression to their feelings, the Opposition retired, and allowed the government to proceed with the election of the members to the Hungarian Delegation, making, however, a protest against the legality of the election. The Emperor-King has expressed his approval of the methods adopted by the President of the Diet, for securing the working of parliamentary government.

In Croatia parliamentary government has been openly suppressed with no pretense of observing any of its forms. To this has been added an effort to restrict the facilities for the education of the peasants. In fact, every effort seems to be made to exasperate the Serbs and the Slavs just at a time when a policy of conciliation is of supreme importance.

**Italy, Turkey, and
the Balkans.**

Many pages would be required to give any thing like an adequate account of recent events on these fields of action; and if an attempt were made to bring it up to date it would not be reliable, for the news as given in one day's paper is often contradicted in the next. Several times has it been said that peace had been made between Italy and Turkey. The latest statement, however, seems positive and definite, although the terms as given in one column of the paper containing the news do not precisely coincide with those given lower down in the same column. Both versions agree that Turkey relinquishes the sovereignty in secular matters over Tripoli and Cyrenaica, while in religious matters the Sultan is to be left in possession of his authority. According

to one version, he is to have a representative in the country to exercise jurisdiction. Turkish regular troops are to be recalled, and Italy is left free to deal with the Arabs in the interior. The proportion of debt owed by the Turkish Empire which attached to the lost provinces is to be paid by Italy, but no indemnity is to be paid by either side towards the cost of the war. Those of the Ægean Islands that had been occupied by Italy are to be restored to Turkey, but guarantees are to be given by that power that the rights of the inhabitants shall be respected.

The main motive which made Turkey ready to accept these terms was, of course, the imminence of war in the Balkans. At first sight there seems reason to regret the unwillingness of the Balkan States to accept the concessions made by Turkey. The existing Cabinet is made up of men holding far more moderate views than those held by any of its predecessors. It had put forward proposals which seemed worthy of acceptance by the Great Powers. But experience has shown over and over again that no reliance can be placed on any promise made by the Turk. He holds the doctrine that an absolute ruler can never deprive himself of his powers, nor is faith to be kept with the infidel. Further demands were, therefore, made by the States which Turkey looked upon as studied insults. It is clear that for some time the population of Bulgaria at least—it is not so certain about Servia—has made up its mind to bring things to a decisive issue. Montenegro has always been willing, but is itself alone too weak to cope with Turkey. That it has ventured to declare war seems to show that an agreement exists between the States. So far the Powers remain united in their opposition to the war, and in the event of its breaking out, in the endeavor to restrict its limits. But any day may bring forth a complete change in the situation.

Spain.

Señor Canalejas still retains power in Spain, enjoying a longer term of office than is customary. As very little news comes to hand, it is to be presumed that no change of the political situation has either taken place or is impending. The death of the King's sister, the Infanta Maria Teresa, wife of Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria, has plunged not merely the court but the nation into the most profound grief. It was the occasion of a remarkable expression of public sympathy towards the Queen Mother; the Press paid a universal tribute to the memory of the Infanta for

her many charities. Thousands of messages of sympathy were sent, many of them from the humblest classes. The Spanish Royal Family seems to have found out the way in which its hold upon the nation is to be retained.

Portugal

The attempts of Royalists to overthrow the form of government which has been adopted by Portugal seem to have met with complete failure. The refugees who had fled to Spain, and who at one time threatened to bring about a collision between the two countries, have taken their departure to Brazil, where a home has been offered them. Those who fell into the hands of the Portuguese have been sentenced to long periods of imprisonment and to ultimate exile. The victory of the Republicans, however, has not led to the realization of the spirit of true freedom of government. Under republican forms the methods of a despotism survive. Arbitrary arrests have been frequent, the censorship of the press is very strict. Political prisoners are treated far worse under the Republic than under the recent Monarchy. They have been subjected to a penitentiary system of the hardest character. Courts martial are dealing at random with hundreds of peasants. Numbers have been arrested merely on suspicion of not favoring the Republic. In fact the *régime* of the present administration is one of terrorism and violence. Every one is cowed, and few dare to complain. There is no such thing as freedom of the Press. Papers presumptuous enough to offer advice unpalatable to the authorities have been attacked and wrecked, having been unable to secure protection from the mob. The Carbonarios continue to threaten and intimidate all who are not of their way of thinking.

No mitigation has taken place of the measures which have been taken against the Church. The change in the form of government has not changed the character of the rulers. Instead of correcting the fatal mistakes made by the self-seeking "Rotavists," the Republicans are following the same courses, wasting time and money in party politics, frivolous schemes, and doles to supporters, while allowing the real wants of the country to be neglected.

The only set-off to these many evils, of which mention can be made, is the following, which is given on the authority of the Portuguese Minister in London: "The prosperity of the country is progressive; the commercial transactions in the movement of exportation and importation have augmented considerably during the

last two years; the revenue of the State has increased; the traffic on the railways and other modes of transport has augmented; a great number of material improvements has taken place; the army has been reorganized in an evident and material manner, and all these without the necessity of recurring to the credit."

Persia. The situation in Persia is very strange. The Sultan is a child of fourteen; the

Regent has taken an indefinite leave of absence. The ex-Shah has departed under a solemn engagement never to return. His brother, Salar-ed-Dowleh, although so far thwarted in his efforts to secure the throne, has not been definitely defeated. The Mejliss has been dissolved, and although vague promises have been made that a new House will be elected, no signs of their fulfillment are visible. Russian forces are in the occupation of several places in the North, while the South is the scene of anarchy. There is in existence a Cabinet, but its power is merely nominal, and it is afraid to make use of the little it has. Mr. Shuster has a successor in the office of Treasurer-General, but there are scarcely any funds in the Treasury. Such funds as exist, are chiefly derived from small loans obtained from Russia and Great Britain on most usurious terms. It is a wonder that there should be even the appearance of a government. In fact, in some parts there is not. Large areas are overrun by banditti, or are the scene of chronic warfare between hostile tribesmen. Governors appointed to restore order prefer to remain in the capital. The Swedish officers appointed to form a *gendarmerie* have not been able to collect a force strong enough to cope with the situation.

It is felt that such a state cannot be permanent. In Russia there is a party outspoken in favor of the partition of the country with Great Britain. The Russian government, however, is thought to be opposed. It looks upon itself as bound by the agreement made in 1908, which had for one of its objects—at least so it was avowed—the maintenance of the integrity of Persia. The general feeling in Great Britain is opposed to any partition. There is no desire to have Russia for a neighbor, even among those who are for other reasons supporters of the existing *Entente*. In fact, on this account, a strong opposition has been shown to the project of a Trans-Persian Railway, which, if made, would link India with Europe. It is felt that this would involve a readjustment of Indian

defense. For even the most sanguine in their hopes for the future are not quite sure that Russia and Great Britain will always continue to be on the friendly terms existent at present. At least, they will not risk the secure possession of India upon such a project. It is thought that the recent visit to London of the Russian Foreign Minister, M. Sazonoff, had for one of its chief objects the discussion of the situation in Persia. The inability to maintain order in its own dominions is the plea advanced by those in favor of the virtual absorption of Persia. The defenders of the maintenance of the integrity of the country deny that a fair or honest chance has been given it to recover from the grinding tyranny of rulers to whom she has been subjected. They allege, and with justice, as is proved by the treatment of Mr. Shuster, that every effort of the Persian reformers has been paralyzed by outside action. The pressure exerted by Russia preventing the regeneration of the country has been relentless, unceasing, and persistent. Great Britain, forced by her desire to have the support of Russia in Europe, has been actually, however unwillingly, compelled to abet the aims of Russia. The question is arising in the minds of many whether or not too high a price is being paid.

China.

What is in reality the state of the Chinese Republic, and what are its prospects, are questions very much in debate. On the one hand, there are those who find both the one and the other satisfactory. The mere fact that Dr. Morrison, who has for some fifteen years been so well known as the correspondent of the *London Times* at Peking, has accepted the office of Foreign Adviser of the Provisional President, indicates that confidence is reposed in the stability of the new government by one who is most competent to form an opinion. In his judgment the Chinese Republic is an accomplished fact; an extraordinary change has taken place since the outbreak of the Revolution, and the inauguration of the Republic. There is no foundation to the pessimism which looks upon foreign intervention as imminent, universal anarchy as likely, or at least that China will be split up into warring kingdoms, involving bankruptcy and the ruin of the bondholders. There is no cleavage, he says, between the North and the South, both being equally Republican. The Customs returns of this year promise to be the highest on record. All debts have been punctually paid. Every railway is doing well. Inland China is the scene of im-

provement and progress. As to the new rulers, although they may not have experience, they surpass in intelligence, training, and education all who have ever held rule in the country. The so-called dissensions in the Advisory Council are merely the differences which exist between political parties in all countries, and are the direct consequence of free institutions.

Believers in these views have been found to be numerous enough to enable a loan to be raised of twenty-five millions, and to place this sum in the hands of the Chinese government without the imposition of any conditions as to the collection of the taxes upon which the loan is secured, or as to the expenditure of the funds. It was on account of these conditions that the negotiations with the Six Powers Group of Bankers, which began some time ago for a loan of no less a sum than three hundred millions, came to an end. This group insisted upon the appointment of a foreign auditor for the control of the expenditure, and upon foreign supervision of the collection of the revenues pledged for the security of the loan. These terms the Chinese government looked upon as inconsistent with its dignity. So the negotiations with the Six Powers had no result. There is a remarkable difference between China and Japan in the matter of financial transactions. Japanese private traders are said to be untrustworthy and dishonest, but full faith is placed in the government of Japan. In China, on the other hand, the individual trader can be thoroughly relied upon, while it is the government that so far has been looked upon as untrustworthy. The loan just made marks the opening of a new era in financial transactions with China. What the result will be remains to be seen.

Notwithstanding the confidence of Dr. Morrison in the future of the Republic, very general apprehension is felt in wide circles as to Young China's capacity to administer the country, and serious doubts as to their honesty. They think that it is impossible that real representative government should be established, that it is contrary to the racial characteristic of time immemorial—the Republic will be merely a new name for an old despotism. Nearly a year, these critics assert, has passed since the beginning of the Revolution, and nothing has yet been done to make the definite Constitution. The provinces are developing a spirit of disintegration, and this can only be checked by enforcing the necessary unity by means of a military dictatorship. The growth of opium is an instance of the way in which the country is ceasing to act as a whole. The

Emperor succeeded in a most remarkable way, by the issue of an Imperial Edict, in suppressing this growth. Since the establishment of the Republic, however, in no fewer than eight Provinces has the poppy begun to be cultivated again, and this in defiance of the Central Government, and in violation of Treaty obligations entered into by that government. As to honesty, the same authorities say that there are not to be found six men in high position to whom either Young China or Old China could entrust the handling of public funds.

Whatever doubt may exist as to the character of the change that has been made, whether a genuine Republic will result, or a veiled despotism, there seems to be substantial agreement that no change is possible in the social conditions of the vast masses of the people. All the changes will merely be on the surface. For centuries, and tens of centuries, the people have formed a character of their own, which has remained undisturbed by the overthrow of dynasties, and even of religions. The precepts of Confucius have retained their hold upon the population, and it is by the standards which he laid down that their rulers have been judged, accepted or rejected. The substance of the people have remained the same, only the dynasties have varied. The recent change is of a more radical character, but it has been brought about by a comparatively small handful of men. The Emperor had little power except within a small circle; the power of those ostensibly at the head of affairs in the Republic, should it succeed in establishing itself, will not be materially larger than his.

Recent conduct of Great Britain has excited indignation throughout China. Between the two countries an arrangement existed that there should be no British interference in the affairs of Tibet, and that Chinese suzerainty should be respected. China has lately by armed force substituted sovereignty for suzerainty. Since the revolution Tibet has regained her old position. Great Britain has now stepped in and forbidden any effort on the part of China to deprive the Tibetans of the comparative freedom which they have been able to secure.

With Our Readers.

IT is gratifying and encouraging to all thinking patriotic men to hear such words as were uttered by Henry M. MacCracken, Chancellor Emeritus of New York University, at the dedication of the Saratoga monument on October 18th:

"It fell to myself twelve years ago," said Dr. MacCracken, "as committeeman of the Hall of Fame, to choose for the bronze tablet of George Washington some utterance of his which represented his loftiest thought. I made choice of these words from his Farewell Address.....He says:

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.'.....

"The message of Saratoga to-day, I repeat, is the message of Washington's farewell words: 'The safety of the Republic is the morality of the people. Morality cannot be expected to exist with religion excluded.' May Americans ever be true to God and to native land."

THE COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,
30 WEST 16TH STREET.

NEW YORK, N. Y., September 21, 1912.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER: I find in your issue of September, 1912, on page 862, a reference to the recent affiliation of Fordham College and St. Francis Xavier's.

May I call your attention to an erroneous assumption in your comments on this event. You say that older and better college students are expected, as in the former arrangement the age of the college student was lower. This assumption is altogether incorrect. In our high schools we admit only those students who are qualified to enter high school, by the fact that they have completed their grammar school course in either the parochial or public grammar school.

The age of our high school students therefore depends entirely on the age of graduation in the grammar schools, and as a consequence the age at which the boys enter our college is altogether dependent on the same fact. The age of our college students cannot be affected in the slightest degree by this change in St. Francis Xavier's College. If you desire to see our college students older than they are at present, I quite disagree with you.

The average age of students leaving grammar school is about fourteen; they graduate from high school at eighteen, and from college at twenty-two, which is entirely too old.

The fact is the children are too old when they complete their grammar school course.

Yours sincerely in Domino,

JOSEPH H. ROCKWELL, S.J.

NEW YORK CITY, September 25, 1912.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

DEAR SIR: May I again remind you of the effort of this League, cordially furthered by the press, to urge upon the public *early Christmas shopping* for the sake of the workers in the stores and factories. If you have any opportunity, will you use your influence to arouse a stronger public sentiment on this subject. The shopping rush of December means a travesty of Christmas for thousands of over-strained and over-time workers.

Yours very truly,

HANNAH ANDREWS,

Chairman on Publicity.

THE IMITATION OF BUDDHA.

(WRITTEN BY LIONEL JOHNSON IN 1891.)

UNDER this most suggestive title, which is not really a challenge but an exhortation, Mr. Bowden put together many precepts of Buddhist morality: one for each day in the year. His little book is a true and valuable statement of much that is admirable and worthy of imitation in that impressive code of ethics; and Sir Edwin Arnold, who provided the book with a preface, did not go too far in saying that one who read its pages daily "must become a better man at the year's end than at its beginning." And yet, in spite of the moral loftiness, the gentle tranquility, the resigned patience, of these calm precepts, we seem in reading them to stand face to face with some image of Gautama: there is the sad, sleepy smile, the stone-cold eyes, the comfortless and satisfied immobility. Austerely we repeat the solemn words: "He whose mind is subdued and perfectly controlled is happy;" or "Let him not cause others to drink, nor even approve of those that drink;" or "Happy is he that is virtuous." Austerely and gravely we repeat them, and the words turn to ashes in our mouths. These sonorous and sententious precepts come from the lips of an adamantine sphinx, with a cold and hollow sound. The muezzin, calling aloud upon the faithful, finds his way to our hearts; so does the hoarse street-preacher bawling outside a public-house under the gas lamp. But the Buddha still smiles at us with his eternal look of apathy: and, whether or no he were flesh of our flesh once, now he is as frozen as a lovely icicle. The beauty of that fabled life and character seems gone into thin air: the suffering devotion, the winning tenderness, the gentle and compelling appeal, all have vanished. And here we have the residue: a very table of stone, engraved by an iron pen with laws and rules of life. Follow them, and you will die from "this delightful world," and reach at last that Paradise of unconsciousness, where "the souls of just men made perfect" fade into a dream. Tread the appointed Path, practice the holy Virtues, repeat the august Forms: one day, in one of a thousand lives, you will attain

the cessation of all desire, and upon your lips will abide the beatific smile of satisfaction, and in your eyes the beatific vision of nothingness.

You say there is no substance here,
One great reality above:
Back from that void I shrink in fear,
And child-like hide myself in love:
Show me what angels feel. Till then,
I cling, a mere weak man, to men.

If "Mimnermus in Church" felt that, what would not he have felt before the shrine of Buddha?

The answer to these shivering doubts is given by the one religion which sustains and is sustained upon personality. Let us turn to the weighty Bampton Lectures of Mr. Gore: "Compare Christianity with a system based on an opposite principle and observe the contrast. To the Buddhist personality is an evil, a hindrance; spiritual progress lies in the gradual evacuation of consciousness, of desire, in a word, of personality. With Christ the case is the opposite: 'I am come,' He said, 'that they may have life'—full, personal, conscious life—and may have it abundantly.'" In Christianity there is an inexhaustible depth of mysticism. Mystical theology, in all times and places, is no less illimitable in its desires and dreams than is the severest Buddhism. But the difference is a difference of heart and soul; here you find the thought of human personality reaching after the divine. It is for the sake of divine personality that theologians have lavished upon Pantheism such hatred and scorn. For Pantheism, perverting the truth of a divine immanence in nature, identifies the divinity with nature, and the divine personality is lost, just as the human personality in its Buddhist absorption. In the wildest Christian mysticism, in its least admirable expression, the sense of personal communion with the divine remains; thus Sir Thomas Browne: "Pious spirits, who passed their days in raptures of futurity made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-ordination and night of their forebeings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingress into the divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven: the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them." The restless and wandering souls who fly to the Mahatmas of Tibet, who yearn for astral bodies, for magical powers, for higher knowledge, might as well stay at home in their commonplace parishes, and find there what those lies distort.

There are plenty of modern doctrines which, without imitating Buddha in good or bad, make the same error; in especial the schemes

of those persons who call themselves humanitarian. In effect, humanity counts for everything, men and women for nothing; classes and masses, interests and communities, are substituted for the individual. Statisticians do it, doctors do it, priests do it, trade unions do it. Insisting upon their general laws, their working averages, they turn us into cyphers, insignificant in ourselves, important only in combination. There is always some great end in view, some great theory to prove; and we poor men, women, and children are absorbed into the great theory and lost to sight in the great end, no less really than the devout Buddhists in their Nirvana. If only our theorists had in view a Paradise as noiseless! But no; on go the great movements, with their tremendous mechanism, which is to twist and mould us all. "I will not give up my personality!" cries the badgered victim. But the pickets of civilization are down upon him; the universities extend him all in one direction; the philosophers feed him with their fads and inoculate him with their ideas. Between them the man disappears. O swimming baths and cookery classes, Botticellis and banjos, congresses and councils, what are you worth compared to a talk and a smoke with a friend by the fire? Which of us in these vexatious days can say with the long-suffering Buddha, "He felt compassion upon those who tormented him?"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Prisoners' Years. By I. Clarke. \$1.35 net. *The Romance of a Jesuit.* Translated from the French of G. de Bugny d'Hagerue by Francesca Glazier. \$1.10 net. *Love, Peace, and Joy.* A month of the Sacred Heart according to St. Gertrude. 75 cents net. *The Growth and Development of the Catholic School System in the United States.* By Rev. J. A. Burns, C.S.C., Ph.D. \$1.75 net. *The Black Brotherhood.* By Rev. R. P. Garrold, S.J. \$1.35 net. *Little Mass Book.* By Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. S. M. Lynch, D.D. 10 cents net. *The Way of the Cross.* Adapted by a Jesuit Father. 10 cents net. *Looking on Jesus, the Lamb of God.* By Madame Cecilia. \$1.75 net. *The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas.* Part I. Translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. *The Story of St. Mildred of Thanet, a Saint of Saxon Times.* By Minnie Sawyer. *Notes on the New Rubrics and the Use of the New Psalter.* By Rev. Arthur J. Heterington. 60 cents net. *Marriage, Divorce, and Morality.* By Henry C. Day, S.J. 50 cents net. *The Greater Eve, or the Throne of the Virgin Mother.* By Rev. Joseph H. Stewart. 90 cents. *The Litany of the Sacred Heart.* By Rev. Joseph McDonnell, S.J. 90 cents net. *Catholic Home Manual.* 25 cents. *The Little Cardinal.* By Katharine Parr. \$1.20. *Gone Before.* *The Story of the Sodality of Our Lady.* By Rev. Edmund Lester, S.J. 30 cents net. *A Practical Guide for Servers at Low Mass and Benediction.* Compiled by Bernard F. Page, S.J. 35 cents net. *The Sisters of Bon-Secours.* An Abridged History. Translated from the French. \$1.15 net. *The Living Flame of Love.* By St. John of the Cross. Translated by David Lewis. \$1.95 net. *St. Lydwine of Schiedam, Virgin.* By Thomas à Kempis. Translation and Introduction by Dom Vincent Scully, C.R.L. \$1.10 net. *Saint Joseph of Leonessa.* By Fr. Anthony Brennan, O.S.F.C. 30 cents net.

THE C. WILDERMANN Co., New York:

The Holy Bible; Translated from the Latin Vulgate. \$1.00 to \$6.50.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

The Golden Ladder Book. By E. H. Sneath, G. Hodges, and E. L. Stevens. 40 cents net. *The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne.* By Kathleen Norris. \$1.25 net.

AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York:

Kreuz und Quer Durch Deutsche Lande. By Robert Mezger and Wilhelm Mueller.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

- Catherine Sidney.* By Francis Deming Hoyt. \$1.35 net. *The Catholic Faith.* A compendium authorized by H. H. Pope Pius X. 40 cents net. *History of English Literature.* By Andrew Lang, M.A. \$1.75 net. *The Book of Saints and Heroes.* By Mrs. Lang. Edited by Andrew Lang. \$1.60 net. *Unseen Friends.* By Mrs. Wm. O'Brien. \$2.25 net. *The Eve of Catholic Emancipation.* Volume III. By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bernard Ward. \$3.75 net. *A Child's Rule of Life.* By Robert Hugh Benson. Paper, 40 cents net; cloth, 75 cents net.

CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

- The Enthusiasts of Port Royal.* By Lillian Rea. \$3.00 net. *The Unknown Quantity.* By Henry Van Dyke. \$1.50 net.

THE AMERICAN PRESS, New York:

- The Church and Social Problems.* By Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J. \$1.00.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:

- The Inheritance.* By Josephine Daskam Bacon. \$1.30 net.

THE MANHATTANVILLE PRESS, New York:

- Elements of Logic.* By His Eminence Cardinal Mercier. Translated by Ewan Macpherson. 60 cents.

THE SENTINEL PRESS, New York:

- Special Devotions.* 15 cents. *Short Treatise on Confession and Communion.* By Joseph Frassinetti. 5 cents. *The Eucharistic Way of the Cross.* By Ven. Pierre J. Eymard. 5 cents.

FREDERICK A. STOKES, New York:

- Between Two Thieves.* By Richard Dehan. \$1.40 net.

JAMES POTT & Co., New York:

- My Irish Year.* By Padraic Colum. \$2.50 net.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:

- The Golden Rose.* By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann. \$1.35 net. *Race Improvement or Eugenics.* By La Reine Helen Baker. \$1.00 net.

MOHONK SALESROOMS, LAKE MOHONK, New York:

- Wild Flowers of New York.* By Chester A. Reed, S.B. 50 cents.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN & Co., Boston:

- The Holy Christian Church: From Its Remote Origins to the Present Day.* By R. M. Johnson. \$1.50 net.

SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:

- Whippen.* By F. O. Bartlett. 50 cents net. *Mary, Mary.* By James Stephens. \$1.20 net. *Zebedee V.* By Edith B. Delano. \$1.20 net. *The Pope's Green Island.* By W. P. Ryan. \$1.50 net.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:

- Woman in the Making of America.* By H. Addington Bruce. \$1.50 net. *Folk Tales of East and West.* By John Harrington Cox, A.M. \$1.00 net.

THE DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia:

- Eucharistica: Verse and Prose in Honour of Our Hidden God.* By H. T. Henry, Litt.D. \$1.25.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:

- The Flowing Road; Adventuring on the Great Rivers of South America.* By Caspar Whitney. \$3.00 net.

PETER REILLY, Philadelphia:

- Faith and Suggestion.* By Edwin Lancelot Ash. \$1.25 net.

CARNEGIE LIBRARY, Pittsburgh:

- Classified Catalogue of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, 1907-1911.* Part I. 50 cents.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Pittsburgh:

- The Guardians of Liberty and Roman Catholics.* By Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D.D. Pamphlet. 5 cents.

THE OHIO APOSTOLATE, Cleveland:

- Thy Kingdom Come.* By Wm. Stephens Kress. 10 cents. *The Red Devil.* By Wm. Stephens Kress. 10 cents.

CLEVELAND PUBLIC LIBRARY, Cleveland:

- Books by Catholic Authors in the Cleveland Public Library.* By Emilie Louis Haley.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

- The New Rubrics and Psalter.* By Very Rev. Canon Welsh. 10 cents net. *Quem Vidistis Pastores.* By Richard Crashaw. 25 cents. *St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, 354-430.* \$1.25. *The Golden Prayer-Book.* By a Member of the Ursuline Community, Thurles. 60 cents. *A Pilgrim of Eternity.* By Rev. George S. Hitchcock, D.D. 60 cents. *The Poets' Chantry.* By Katherine Brégy. \$1.50. *Cardinal Mercier's Retreat to His Priests.* Translated from the French by J. M. O'Kavanagh. \$1.50. *Progress: What It Means; a Study of the Evolution of Religion, Education, and Woman.* By Mrs. Randolph Mordecai. 35 cents. *The Waif of Rainbow Court.* By Mary F. Nixon. 60 cents.

THE SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, Techny, Ill.:

- St. Michael's Almanac, 1913.* 25 cents.

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ANDREW LANG.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.



FIVE months have passed since the sudden and lamentable death of Mr. Andrew Lang. The echoes of comment and criticism, of keen appreciation and of patronizing praise, are silent at last. And as this silence deepens, we begin to feel with increasing distinctness the nature of our loss. We are dull enough at all times, heaven knows, nor is it the coveted function of modern literature to quicken our spirits; but the blotting out from our literary horizon of this familiar figure has left us sensibly depressed. It cannot be that Mr. Lang, fighting single-handed, held dullness at bay; but now that his infectious laugh, his wise, light, raillery, are heard no longer, we are more than ever at the mercy of that portentous gravity, which, fooling heavily over trifles, acquires the name of knowledge.

The two qualities which in these days of sedate specialism are held to be unpardonable are levity and universality. They were united in Mr. Lang. He could no more forbear a jest because the occasion did not call for jesting, than could Charles Lamb when he made a pun at a funeral. This was not the spirit of journalism, which is flippant, because it understands nothing deeper than flippancy; it was the unconcern of the scholar who can afford to be whimsical because of the breadth of his scholarship. Mr. Lang felt no need to be solemn, no desire to be staid; the foundations of his knowledge were firm enough to put him at his ease. That preter-

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natural stodginess with which the self-made critic deals with literature is meaningless to a man who reads Homer and Horace. The *Saturday Review* says that Mr. Lang "wore his scholarship as lightly as a flower." This is both graceful and true. He hated pedantry, and he hated with his whole soul the pedantry which busies itself over matters of no moment.

As for universality, it grows daily in disfavor, and with some reason. We can hardly expect a man who has worked all his life in one field of research to regard with pleasure the brilliant invasions of a free lance; and when the free lance harries the expert with his own weapons, the provocation is very great. But it must be remembered that, until these days of grace, it was not considered amiss for a scholar to be informed on more than one subject. There was even an impression that he ought to know a number of things, in order to understand rightly any one of them. Mr. Matthew Arnold said that a man who knew nothing but his Bible, did not know his Bible. No one can accuse Mr. Lang of meddling ignorantly with any theme. If he did not know as much about it as did the expert who knew little else, his general information was so wide, so deep, and so accessible that it leant weight as well as lucidity to his views. From the days when he first crossed swords with Professor Max Müller over Aryan mythology, until his last passage at arms with that distinguished scholar and translator, Mr. Gilbert Murray, over the unity of the Homeric poems, his thrusts were no less keen because he waged war in many fields. His love for the rare *cante-fable* of early France never interfered with his diligent researches into the intricacies of Scottish history.

In the matter of bookmaking, Mr. Lang's record is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Eight hundred publications—books written, books translated, books edited, lectures, broadsides, etc.—stand attached to his name—too many by far. Sixteen pages of the British Museum catalogue are filled with the titles of these publications—too much space for one author to hold. Yet a great portion of his work was journalistic, and never took permanent form. Well may the *Athenaeum* call Mr. Lang the most remarkable man of letters of his day, and well may those who love him best wish that he had worked on a less heroic scale. An army of assistants probably collected and arranged the data for his later books, and this may account for the superfluity of data in many of them. *James the Sixth and the Gowrie Mystery*, *Sir George*

Mackenzie, John Knox and the Reformation are so crowded with facts, and with documentary evidence for these facts, that they confuse the most careful reader. Salient points in the narrative are blurred by detail. Even *The Mystery of Mary Stuart* and the noble defense of Jeanne d'Arc sin in this regard. We know the less about the central figures in these narratives because we are told too much.

To follow Mr. Lang's meteor-like flight through the vast spaces of history, tradition, and literature is beyond the compass of a critic. He went too swiftly and he went too far. Nor was he often wont to reappear in the same orbit. Having scored a success with his *Letters to Dead Authors*, he was never tempted to repeat the experiment. Having gathered a handful of fugitive papers into two volumes, *Lost Leaders* and *Essays in Little*—both of which were among his most popular books—he cheerfully abandoned their companion papers to oblivion. For years his whole heart and soul were turned to Greece. He wrote *Homer and the Epic*; he made his beautiful translation of Theocritus; he published, in conjunction with Mr. Ernest Myers and Mr. Walter Leaf, a prose translation of the *Iliad*; and, in conjunction with Mr. S. H. Butcher, a prose translation of the *Odyssey*. It sounds like the labor of a lifetime, but it was only one episode in Mr. Lang's laborious career. For years the study of primitive religions held him in thrall; but even this pursuit, with its engrossing hostilities, could not long absorb his superabundant energy. It sought and found other outlets. In 1892 the University of Pennsylvania, meditating a series of lectures on the history of religions, asked Mr. Lang to cross the sea and give part of the course. He declined the invitation, writing to the Provost of the University that the delicacy of his throat made public speaking impossible; but this is what he wrote to me: "If your good people of Philadelphia know how to read, why not give them my book, *Myth, Ritual, and Religion*, which I wrote five years ago. They will then know all that I knew about the subject when I wrote it, and far more than I know now, as, unfortunately, I have forgotten a great deal in the interval."

I doubt whether many of these searchers after truth did read the book, which is a stout and learned volume, bristling with notes and references. It is one thing to hear a few lectures, and another to read a book; and the people who hear the lectures are apt to think the book a superfluity.

There was one love to whom Mr. Lang's allegiance never

weakened nor wavered. The flame of romance burned steadily in his breast, burned with the clear white light of the North. It hallowed Helen of Troy as "a Saint in Heathendom;" it lit up every page of *Aucasson and Nicolette*, made familiar to thousands of American readers by pirated editions of Mr. Lang's translations. The audacity with which this book was pilfered, the coolness with which the pilferers pleaded its beauty as an excuse for pilfering, Mr. Lang's helpless wrath, and the lofty self-commendations of the publishers—all made up a controversy which can never be forgotten, and which, in these more stringent days, can, happily, never be repeated.

Romance—touched by reason—held Mr. Lang faithful to the great Jacobite traditions of Scotland. Romance—untroubled by reason—held him faithful to the ghostly traditions of that beautiful and ghost-haunted land. "Brought up under grey skies and in a hostile atmosphere," says an acute modern critic, "the Scotch have realized that it is only against grey skies that flaming adventures stand bravely out. Realists in material things practical and 'canny,' they have reacted toward a strange pursuit of the mysterious." In truth, Scotland and Germany have always been the ghost-ridden countries of the world. A French ghost seems as preposterous and paradoxical as an American ghost. The Latin mind, orderly and logical, the American mind, skeptical and indifferent, have no affiliations with the preternatural. But the Harz mountains are of necessity haunted mountains; even the casual tourist sees this much; and the Scottish fens are of necessity haunted fens. There is hardly a corner of Scotland (save Glasgow and, I presume, Thrums) where a ghost might not be reasonably content. When Mr. Lang dedicated his edition of Kirk's *Secret Commonwealth* to Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, he did so in the spirit of sympathy, inasmuch as his exiled friend was parted forever from the boggarts and banshees of his youth.

O Louis! you that like them maist,
Ye're far frae kelpie, wraith, and ghaist,
And fairy dames, no unco chaste,
And haunted cell.
Among a heathen clan ye're placed,
That kens na hell.

Even in his cheerful *Angling Sketches*, Mr. Lang tells many a grisly tale—the story of the Black Officer who sold himself and

twelve soldiers to the Evil One; the story of the witch who ran as a hare to lure the sheep dogs from the fold; and the story of the three shepherds in a lonely sheiling by Loch Awe, to whom came at night their three sweethearts, with smiling eyes, and laughter on their lips. Two of the lads sat in the dusky corners of the hut, each with his arm around his girl; but the third was playing on a jew's-harp, and he continued to play, albeit somewhat tremulously, for fear was upon him. "Harping is good if no ill follows it," said the semblance of his sweetheart; but the shepherd made no answer. From one dark corner he saw red blood trickle into the firelight, and from the other corner came a second crimson streak to meet it. Then he rose, still harping, backed to the door, and fled into the night, far from those cruel shapes of false desire.

The noblest aspect of romanticism is the love it bears for the heroic, and its understanding of great emotions. Mr. Lang's sonnet on the death of Colonel Burnaby, and the verses, beautiful and poignant with regret, which begin

When Nelson's sudden signal came,

bear witness to the strength and depth of his emotional temperament. In the gayety of his habitual moods, with sadness ever underlying them, in the light laugh with its echo of a sigh, we read the signs and tokens of romance. Realism is wont to make the most of its troubles, and to parade them liberally before the world; but romance, with its zest for the feast of life, and its sob over the pathos of lost causes, sees sorrow clearly, and holds it bravely at bay.

The one flaw in Mr. Lang's romanticism was its wilfulness. It was a too exclusive affection. It severed him from the great as well as from the petty realists, from those who deal with the vital things of life, as well as from those who are wedded to the insignificant. It inclined him kindly to *any* fiction which dealt with the unlikely or impossible. Mr. Rider Haggard makes, after all, an indifferent substitute for Ibsen. Mr. Lang's gay little verses in praise of Miss Braddon and Gaboriau are but a perverse pleasantry, and his *partant pour la Scribe* can hardly be taken as a sober confession of faith; it belongs in the same category as does Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Three-Decker*. But a serious sonnet on Mr. Rider Haggard's *She* is more than the reader can stomach. What place has a charlatan like *She* in the golden land of Romance?

For the lost cause of the Jacobites Mr. Lang pleaded heroically,

nor was this wholly a matter of sentiment. He saw—what other and more hard-headed historians have seen as clearly—that if England lost little in losing the Stuarts, she gained less in gaining the Hanoverians; and that if the French alliance placed Scotland in a precarious position, the triumph of kirk and covenant was an intellectual blight, and a political error, involving years of bloodshed. An oligarchy of preachers seemed to him the worst form of government under which civilized men could live and suffer. “Calvinism,” says Mr. Chesterton, “which, among the fickle English, passed like a fashion, remained with the fanatical Scotch like a disease.” It spared neither ancient creed, nor ancient monument. It burned the manuscripts of St. Andrew’s; it “broke down and wasted” the abbeys of Kelso and Melrose; it wrecked the tomb of the Bruce in Dunfermline.

Contemplating these events without enthusiasm, Mr. Lang spoke many a bitter truth. The *Spectator* gently hinted that, although he was a leal Scot, his countrymen were “always a little uneasy about him”—which is hardly a matter of surprise. There was room for uneasiness when he rooted deep into documents which had lain snugly hidden for centuries, dragging them ruthlessly to light, and hurling them with scant and bitter comment at his foes. There was some room for uneasiness when he let fall his little scalding jests, his sarcasms so gently spoken and so full of guile; when he said that the English Litany was regarded by Knox “as rather of the nature of magic than of prayer;” that “It was Mary Tudor’s misfortune to be able to execute on a grand scale that faculty of persecution to the death for which her Presbyterian and other Protestant opponents pined in vain;” and that “If an historical event could be discredited, like a ghost story, by discrepancies in the evidence, we might maintain that Darnley never was murdered at all.”

This last remark tells its own tale of earnest pursuit after a glimmering truth. Mr. Lang’s enthusiasm for the Stuart’s never extended to the Queen of Scots. She made no appeal to him, as to so many generous hearts; her sorrows, nobly borne, never outweighed the passionate follies of her youth. For Jeanne d’Arc his devotion was the sentiment of a lifetime. He loved and honored her above all women, and, after the fashion of lovers, he brooked no dissent, and no half-hearted allegiance. Even the slow and orderly processes by which the Church approached the beatification of the Maid puzzled and angered him. He would have

liked to see her canonized by acclamation. But upon the meager claims of Mary Stuart to sanctity, he looked forever askance. When I was in Rome in 1895, he wrote me: "Tell your Pope to hurry up Jeanne d'Arc, and to let Mary Stuart alone. You don't want her in your hierarchy. She'd be making eyes at every male saint in heaven."

Yet when, six years later, Mr. Lang came to write *The Mystery of Mary Stuart*, he did not do so in the spirit of a public prosecutor, but of a true historian, keen on the scent, and with a mind honorably open to conviction. When he sought to ravel the hideous web of plot and counter-plot which culminated in the murder of Darnley; to sift the evidence for and against the Casket letters; to throw his searchlight upon the men who were Mary's advisers, men with historic names and lying tongues, gallant bearing and treacherous hearts, he confessed in sorrow and scorn that the noblest figure in the group was that of the young queen. "Mon naturel était bon," sighed poor Mary Stuart, realizing how little chance life had allowed her, and the words are the saddest on record. Never was an enthroned queen so harried, so insulted, and so deeply betrayed. Never was a girl of twenty so friendless in her father's land. Had she possessed the innocence of the dove and the wisdom of the serpent, she could have escaped neither calumny nor defeat.

For John Knox and the Presbyterian divines who helped to drive Mary Stuart to her doom, Mr. Lang had little more liking than for the Bishop of Beauvais and the Burgundian clerics who left to Jeanne d'Arc no loop-hole of escape. The militancy of the Scottish preachers was of a singularly offensive character. Harlot and fornication were words forever on their lips, and to liken their young queen to Rahab and Jezebel and Athaliah were the current compliments of controversy. Mr. Lang quotes in *John Knox and the Reformation* a letter written by Lethington from Edinburgh to Cecil, with whom (being by taste and habit a traitor) he kept up an intimate correspondence.

"The Queen behaves herself as reasonably as we can require: if anything be amiss, the fault is rather in ourselves. You know the vehemency of Mr. Knox's spirit, which cannot be bridled, and yet doth utter sometimes such sentences as cannot easily be digested by a weak stomach. I would wish he should deal with her more gently, being a young princess unpersuaded. Surely in her comporting with him, she declares a wisdom far exceeding her age."

There is one incident in Knox's career which is calculated to

fill the unregenerate with joy, and that is the refusal of Elizabeth in 1559 to permit him to set foot on English soil. The Tudor queen was more than willing that he should harry Mary of Guise and her Catholic adherents in Scotland; but she had neither forgiven nor forgotten the "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women," and was ill prepared to brook in her own person any such denial of authority. In vain Knox pleaded his close alliance with the Protestants of England; Elizabeth would have none of him; and the reformer, smarting under such an indignity, bitterly reproached Cecil, telling him he was "worthy of hell" (Knox was always so hospitable with hell), and affirming that Turks actually granted such safe conducts as were now refused to him. "Perhaps," comments the historian softly, "he exaggerated the amenity of the Turks."

Mr. Lang's last great battle was fought against M. Anatole France in defense of Jeanne d'Arc. The brilliant Frenchman's denial of Jeanne's mission and her genius, of her visions and her feats of arms, was based rather upon the law of likelihood than upon the testimony of historic documents. It seemed to him more probable that she was hysterical than that she was inspired; that she was the dupe of priests than that she was the deliverer of France; that she was a mere mascot than that she was a military leader. Therefore he made light of contemporary evidence, as being on the whole untrustworthy. But, as the English doctor said of night air, "it may be bad, but it is the only air we can procure at night." So Mr. Lang contended that contemporary evidence, being the only evidence obtainable, is better than no evidence at all. To ignore it is an error; to misuse it is a crime. He himself was sometimes inaccurate, as the result of speeding to conclusions; but neither prejudice nor enthusiasm could have tempted him to withhold from his readers any portion of a text which militated against his views.

It was perhaps because his deepest feelings had been aroused by M. France's belittling history, that Mr. Lang wrote his own book in a spirit of guarded composure. It was not an occasion for rhetoric or for reproaches, and he indulged in neither. With patience and determination he searched every available document, and a series of quiet refutations is the result of his scrutiny. They seldom go further than, "As the authority cited for this belief is not to be found in the passage cited, it may be a misreference;" or "Jeanne 'passed for being rather crazy,'" says M. France, "but cites no evidence for the statement;" or "M. France says that the

quarrel which led to the slaughter of the prisoners (at Jargeau) was a dispute between the nobles and the common people. There is no word to that effect in his only authority, *Journal du Siège*, as printed in the *Procès*." The keenness with which Mr. Lang piled proof upon proof in defense of Jeanne's military genius never betrayed him into any excess of speech. His sorrow over her shameful death was veiled in decent composure. At the close of Chapter XII., which tells of the relief of Orleans, he writes:

"She had kept her word, she had shown her sign, Orleans was delivered, and the tide of English arms never again surged so far as the city of St. Aignan. The victory, her companions in arms attest, was all her own. They had despaired, they were in retreat, when she, bitterly wounded as she was, recalled them to the charge. Within less than a week of her first day under fire, the girl of seventeen had done what Wolfe did on the heights of Abraham, what Bruce did at Bannockburn; she had gained one of the 'fifteen decisive battles' of the world."

The last chapter, which tells of the tragedy of Rouen, closes with these stern and bitter words:

"That the world might have no relic of her of whom the world was not worthy, the English threw her ashes into the Seine."

Mr. Lang's death robbed English letters of a rare element of distinction; but it is a matter for rejoicing that he struck this brave blow before he died. It was in a cause dear to his heart, and worthy of his sword.

THE MONKS' CHURCH.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S.J.

NOTE.—There stands on the brow of Mt. Adams in Cincinnati, a stone church dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. Its position on a commanding height, which rises suddenly from the smoky river bank, makes it a striking feature of the city front, while there cluster around it some remarkable customs and traditions. It is said that the statesman Adams, for whom the hill is named, declared, at the dedication of an astronomical observatory there, that here at least the cross should never come to domineer over science. Two cross-tipped spires now top the hill. There is a devout custom among the Catholics thereabouts of ascending very slowly the long stairs which lead to the church, and with a prayer at every step, to commemorate the Passion on Good Friday. The sight is a remarkable evidence of simple faith and devotion.—[Ed. C. W.]



ERE is a shaggy hill that struggles free
From the swart city's peopled wilderness,
A little nearer God, a little high
Above the stress and clamor of the world,
And on the bold hill's brow, a temple stands,
Serene and simple, rising from the earth,

As though itself were earthly, yet fore'er
Stretching to heaven. Its door is open wide,
And lowly folk are there, who whisper prayers
Or sob awhile, or smile at Mary's face
Wrought tenderly in marble. All within
Is twilight reverence, and the tender thrill
More eloquent than tongues, that shakes the heart
From yonder Hidden Presence. 'Tis the throb
Of that great Heart, still leaping 'neath the veil
That hides, not stills it. Unregarded love!
Unthought of, yet unending—lonely Christ
Because Thy love hath distanced all our thought!

About, above, the wild air hath its way.
The winter's gale, careering livelier here,
Raves round the spire, the fingers of the rain
Pick at its crannied stones, the summer's heat
Makes the strong sunshine quiver on its walls—

But still that rest within, heart's ease, surcease!
Beneath, the city lies, begrimed with toil.
Seen through the rollings of its vaporous shroud,
Filling the vale with dust and din of trade,
Wailings, and shouts of merry lads at play,
The harsh, quick breath of engines, and the roar
Of laboring factories, sounds that blended rise,
Like a hoarse litany, to where Mary stands
Carven in stone, on the roof's topmost verge,
And watching o'er all her world, unwearying,
Mother of men. And oft the red-eyed morn
Hath waked the dim hill and the slumbering town
With unregarded splendor, gorgeous noon
Hath touched the smoke-drifts with unvalued gold,
And oft the thickening mantle of the night
Shrouded the sable city, till the lights
Brake from a thousand windows, and the gloom,
Sparkling all diamonded with sudden stars,
Out-stared the midnight heavens—more black than they,
More thickly sown with fiery brilliancies,
Till the wan morn crept weary from the east
And bid them pale their beams—but still she stands,
And still sweet Mary watches all the world,
Uplifted, unregarded, merciful
Most, where her mercy finds no gratefulness—
Pleading for good and evil. And above
Gleams the sweet emblem of the Crucified
Bright on the darkened heavens.

Runs the tale.

Or true or false I know not, yet I know
That in its inner meaning it is true,
That one, far-famed for wit and eloquence,
Speaking one morn to festive multitudes,
Who gathered round a new-built dome where men
Nightly should turn their lenses to the stars,
Gleaning the golden harvests of the sky,
Spake boastful, "Here upon this windy height
Is Science free! No bigot's frown shall here
Check her sublime outwanderings—never here
Shall flame the slavish emblem of the Cross!"

O frantic boast! and that was long ago!

Where now the dome? The churches rule that hill,
Crowned each with Christ's meek emblem, humbly high!
Proud Science! still God's mighty fanes must come
To crown thy dearest summits. Time tries all,
All works and toils he tries, for false and true.
The false, his own, he crumbleth, truth hath naught
From Time, nor Time can take from truth,
And so thy truth shall stay, a mountain heaved
To lift aloft the higher truths of God—
To higher bear the emblem of the Cross!
So thy dross crumbleth, but thy gold remains
To honor goodness—all truth praiseth Truth—
God's Church fears but thine error, that shall die,
Then she will love thee wholly! Lo! the fane
Heaves its gray walls against the western sky,
An emblem of the changeless cares of God!
Its walls are builded of a shelly stone,
The hardened ooze of ages. In what blank
Primordial night, or from the sobbing breast
Of what primeval and forgotten wave
Rose up its massy ridges, or how long
Fell the soft shells in showers to make the stone,
God knoweth only! Then He built for now,
Now builds for undreamed ages, ever thus
With long prevision, through the gaps of time,
Worketh His prescient Will, nor swift nor slow,
Building eternal temples. Trust Him yet!
How did the blind worms, in their limy beds
Dream they were building high a fane to God!
He wills the slight deeds of our petty days—
Each trifling as a shell—shall fall in showers
To the dark fathoms of forgetful pasts,
Till Time's deep sea shall heave, and from its breast
Cast up the treasured merits of our lives
Grown to pure, gleaming marbles, fit to build
The Heavens' city. Now we cannot dream
Those bright, eternal mansions. Trust and wait!

Gaze toward the shaggy summit-yonder stair
That trails its dark way down the rude hill's side—
Is that the stair of penance? There at noon
That sweet, sad day on which our Savior died,
Throng the devout and simple, every one

Intent on his own purpose, wisely bent
On his own cure, and scorning curious eyes,
Climbs painful up this summit, step by step,
As Christ went up to Pilate, moving slow,
And at each tedious moment breathes a prayer,
Craving his sins' forgiveness—touching scene!
Is this the age of scoffers? Gentle God
Still live Thy lowly martyrs—witnesses
Who in the proud front of the sneering world
Bear Thy sweet shame, and lift Thy holy cross,
One time the joy of princes. Tenderly
Thy prescient eyes forever blessed the poor—
Thy poor shall never leave Thee!

Slow from the city's breast upbreathes a night
Of noxious vapors, and the smoky veil
Ere yet the pitying skies beam forth their stars
To cheer the dusk—whelms roof and tapering spire
And wraps the church in shadow. Fare thee well
Dear guardian of the hill; keep well the world
Through the dim night, till smiles thy tower with dawn!

THE MYSTERY OF RODIN.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.



WHAT is that secret of Rodin which makes him at once so attractive and so repulsive? The whole of the younger generation of sculptors adore him as their hero. His influence is evident in all their work. Yet he is a decadent. Some of his work is supremely lovely. Most of it is hideous. All of it is fascinating. Get away from the company of artists and move in the society of critics, and then, instead of adulation, you will hear criticism. One of the functions of the literateur is to correlate art with the wider interests of life; and it is in this correlation that we must seek for the mystery of Rodin. Rodin has plumbed some of the profoundest depths of experience. If, therefore, we are to understand him it will be needful to make a deep plunge of exploration into that "something more" in art, which Mr. Lewis Hind has accentuated so well, but which so far, I think, he has not explained.

A definition must describe all and only the things defined. In seeking for a definition of art, then, every art must be included. The definition must not be confined to painting, sculpture, and the like. It must be extended to such occupations as nursing babies, sailing yachts, or directing souls. By common consent there is an art in all these things. In its widest acceptance, art is the translation of thought into work. If thought is merely expressed in words coördinately, yet without any particular regard to literary form, it constitutes science. This may be seen in the ordinary books on arithmetic and geography. Or again, art may be described as the right way of doing things. There are always two ways of doing a thing, the right and the wrong. Thus art does not consist in meaning well. It is the worst compliment one can pay to an artist to say that his intentions are good. He must be able to carry his intentions into practice. Of course, he cannot do well unless he also means well.

According to the predominant use of head or hand, art falls into two divisions, the fine arts and the useful arts, the work of the artist and the work of the artisan. There is no hard and fast

dividing line between them, for every artisan is in some measure an artist, whilst every artist is in some measure an artisan. Since, however, art is the translation of thought into work, the artist must begin by using either his own thoughts or someone else's. In so far as he merely reproduces the thoughts of others he is an artisan. In so far as he puts his own thought into his work he is a true artist. The artisan imitates. The artist creates. A work of art, then, considered as mere art, is good or bad according as it is true to the thought from which it springs. It may represent something ugly, or something immoral, or something untrue, and yet at the same time be good art in so far as it is a correct translation of thought into work. The work is intrinsically good though extrinsically bad. The thought has been well expressed even though, when conceived in the mind, it was neither beautiful, good nor true. Thus the parrot cry of "art for art's sake" is a declaration that anything whatsoever may be expressed without any reference to external standards, whether of beauty, of morality, or of truth.

Let us give full value to this opinion. To express a subjective experience merely for the sake of expressing it is a normal tendency of the human spirit. Some people never can keep secrets. Most people long to tell them. If I conceive a good plot for a story I want to write it. If I imagine a good subject for a picture I want to paint it. Whenever I see a great truth, or feel a strong emotion, I am not at rest until I have uttered it. The word of the mind ever tends to become the word of the flesh. The tendency is present whether there are others to see the result or not. It is enhanced when there is a chance of others admiring the effect. The instinct for self-expression, since it is natural and normal, is a good thing in itself. But then arises the question: Shall an artist express his higher self or his lower self?

Before a thought can be translated into a picture or a statue it must first be translated into an imagination. Ruskin, indeed, used to say that the imagination was the greatest faculty of man. He was obsessed by his artistic predilections, and forgot about the faculties of intelligence and will. The quality of artistic work depends on all three faculties: intelligence, will, and imagination. The intelligence sees the greatness of the truth to be expressed; the will measures out the ardor with which it is loved; the imagination hints at the possibilities of external expression. Thus, although a rich and vivid imagination is wanted for high art, yet, since each

phantasm is but a particular instance of a universal idea, there is first wanted a fertile stock of ideas.

Whence does the artist get his ideas? He gets them from his experience of life. The deeper he has drunk of life the richer will be his ideas. The richest of all life is the life of love. It is even better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, because then one has tasted what life is. Such love, however, is that substantial energy which consists in willing good for the loved one. It is not mere emotion, sensation, sentiment, or sentimentality. It is the ultimate force of the universe, the force of will power. Then, after love, the richest form of life is that of intelligence. It shares with love the power to produce a lasting satisfaction. The third best of the vital activities is that of emotion. This is put third because of its transitory nature. It passes away with its own satisfaction. Thus those critics who regard art merely as a medium of expressing and exciting the emotions, extol music as the highest form of art. By the law of association certain sounds suggest certain ideas. But music is the least apt of all the arts for expressing ideas. Try, for instance, to paint a picture of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, or to write it out in blank verse. Literature, on the other hand, is the most apt. And painting and sculpture are but an extension of literature.

In order, therefore, that an artist may bring thought into his work, he first looks at an outside object, say a landscape, a studio model, or an historical event. He reflects upon it, asks himself what is the meaning of the subject, what is its relation to life. Then he transfers the likeness of the landscape, the model or the historical event, together with the meaning he has attached to it, on to his canvas. The painted form must utter the invisible thought. Hence the finished picture has two values: a fact value and a spirit value. The fact value could be given by a camera. The spirit value can only be given by an artist. The deeper the spirit value is, so much the greater is the artist. Wherefore an artist must be educated in far more things than the technique of his art. The more liberal his education has been so much the better for the artist. The wider his experience of life, especially the life of love, also so much the better for the artist. And one may give an exceedingly rich interpretation to a very narrow experience, as did the author of *Wuthering Heights*, whilst another may depend more on experience and less on interpretation, as did the author of *Adam Bede*. In the case of Emily Brontë, her philosophy was unequal to her art,

whilst in the case of George Eliot, her art was unequal to her philosophy.

Now we are able to say precisely what is that "something more" in art which Mr. Lewis Hind speaks of so freely. It is the universal idea, spiritual in its nature, which is suggested by the material image. Further, if this idea is a very complex one, or if it is a leading idea connected with a series of subordinate ones, then the picture may be said to have mystery about it. A real mystery is a truth which is partly revealed and partly concealed, the revealed part suggesting the concealed part. If a picture has no clear idea about it other than the likeness of the object represented, then it is no better than a photograph. If it seems to have something, but that something can neither be explained by the artist nor discerned by the spectator, then the picture has no mystery, but only mistiness. The distinction is quite clear in literature. Take the hymn, for instance, "Lead, kindly Light." There you at once see the fact value, and at least two spirit values. But then take William Morris' "Two red roses across the moon."* There you at once see the fact value, but the spirit value is a vague nothingness.

Yet if, on the one hand, we emphasize the inward truth, we must not, on the other hand, undervalue the outward expression. The artist must know his technique. That is the first consideration in dealing with art pupils. Then he must have a wide experience of external signs as well as of internal truths. He must both know and love nature.

Nature, as an object of artistic study, may be divided into three parts: irrational nature, man, and the human nature of Christ. The reason for this division is that it is an orderly introduction to the deepest truths of the spirit world. Irrational nature, such as animals, trees, fields, rocks, sea, and sky, bears the footprints of God. It is as if He has passed by in the night, leaving the marks behind Him where He has been. There is no being in the universe which is not in some way an analogy of a divine attribute. In so far as an artist recognizes the divine attributes through the medium of the analogies, even so keen is his spiritual intuition. He has now something to express, and provided he has learnt how to express himself, he has something which will appeal to his spectators. Rational nature, man, provides a still clearer sign of God. Man

*There was a lady lived in a hall,
Large of her eyes, and slim and tall,
And ever she sung from noon to noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

shows an image of God, whereas animals and trees only show faint suggestions of Him. Man has this in common with God, that he can think and love. Moreover, through knowledge and love he can arrive at a purer conception of the spirit world than if he had nothing but emotion or mechanical action to help him. Lastly, the richest expression of God is the human nature of Christ. Christ is the Eternal Invisible Word made visible and incarnate. He is the most brilliant splendor which mortal eyes might behold. He is the Sum of all creatures.

We are now able to discern some of the elements in Rodin which make him fascinating. First and foremost, he is a master craftsman. He can make bronze and stone say the things which he wants them to say. When he has finished with a piece of marble he is satisfied that his work is an expression of his thought. Long and hard training was, of course, a necessary means of arriving at this perfection. But apart from this constant labor there was another important factor which told upon his craftsmanship. He discovered that if the work to be produced must be strong and original, the thought from which it sprang must be clear and vital. The thought in the mind must be replenished not only from other thought, but also from life and experience. Hence we find Rodin giving every attention to Greek thought as it appeared in Greek sculpture. But that was not enough for him. He must not only have the idea, but he must make it more vivid and active. He must observe those general ideas as they are particularized in the living individual model. He had already, in fact, grasped this principle before he traveled in Italy to study the Renaissance. "I went to the Salon," he says, "and admired the works of Perraud and other leading sculptors, and thought, as ever, that they were great masters, though in their sketches I saw that they were not strong. In looking at the hands they made, I thought them so fine that I should never be able to equal them. I was all this time working from nature, but could not understand why. But when I got my hands all right from life, I then saw that theirs were not well made, nor were they true. I now know that those sculptors worked from plaster-casts taken from nature; I thought only of copying my model." His visit to Italy and his study of Michelangelo confirmed him in his discovery. Michelangelo and Donatello had not derived their forms from their predecessors, but from life. Rodin would not copy the antique, but he would learn from it. He would go to the same source.

But unfortunately this new strength of Rodin proved also to be his weakness. He was caught as in a snare. The life to which Michelangelo and Donatello could refer was a life of religion. It was a life already illumined by the Christian revelation. Whereas the life to which Rodin referred had no other revelation but that of Beaudelaire. Rodin naturally wanted some thought. He had a philosophic mind. Hence he tried to use Dante in order to get some clear and noble ideas. But he spoiled them by mixing with the foul miasma of Beaudelaire. He had a certain half-truth on his side to give some justification to his procedure: "Since I hold all existence to be beautiful, and all beauty to be truth, I have the right to choose from amongst all true things." Certainly all being is good in so far as it is being. *Omne ens est bonum*. But the defect which may be inherent in a being is not good nor yet beautiful. Rodin forgot this; and hence he mingled good and bad together, and produced the hideous. A clear example of this is his *Man with the Broken Nose*. Here we have a head fashioned with supreme craftsmanship. There is clear idea expressed by it. The face is that of a tragic poet. All this fires the emotion of the young student of sculpture. But then comes that want of being in the place where it is due. The man has a broken nose. To the layman in art that incident outweighs all the artistic and intellectual qualities. It makes him laugh.

Or take the bronze statue of *St. John the Baptist*. Rodin felt that it ought to be something more than a lay figure. It must express some idea. Yet he deliberately shut out from his mind the idea of the mission of the Baptist. He would have nothing from the inspired Word that could be associated with that mission. A loin-cloth of camel's hair must be discarded for a fig-leaf. Moreover the statue was produced under the inspiration of the sting of wounded pride. Some of the critics had said that in his *Age of Bronze* he had made his figure with moulds cast direct from life. So he would show them that he could produce honest work, and would do so by making a figure true to Nature, yet larger than life. In consequence, we have a statue of supreme workmanship, yet which, to an onlooker who has other interests than those of workmanship, is nothing but ludicrous. There is idea in the work: the figure is in the attitude of preaching, and certainly appears to have a message. But through over-emphasis of nature and through neglect of the rich Christian tradition, the spiritual element, which is undoubtedly present, has been made subordinate to the carnal element. "I endeavored simply to imitate nature," says

Rodin; "I interpret it as I see it, according to my temperament and feeling, and the sentiments which it evokes within me." But the Baptist happened to live two thousand years before Rodin. Consequently the sculptor could hardly appeal directly to nature in order to get an impression of the Baptist. A Parisian model would hardly produce the same effect, nor could the temperament or sensibility of the artist supply the deficiency. No study of St. John could afford to neglect either the written word or the living tradition.

We are now able to formulate the truth which the modern artistic world, with Rodin at its head, is groping for, but which, through want of vision, it has not yet grasped. Man's highest happiness consists in the keenest activity of his thought and love. His emotion and feeling are but subordinate to these. Further, the keenest activity is obtained when the faculties are directed towards their highest object, namely, God. Thus, whether in painting or singing or modelling or writing, if you are living life at its keenest activity, you are enjoying the greatest amount of happiness compatible with your present state. You are declaring the glory of God and showing forth His praise. Having seen a ray of divine goodness, truth or beauty, you love it and you want to tell it. Praise is the utterance of love.

It is not enough, therefore, either for the artist or for the society with whom he lives, that he should choose haphazard any particle of truth, beauty, or goodness for expression. If he wants life he must choose the best. If his patrons want life they must demand the best. Only in a Futurist salon have I heard the doctrine that happiness is not the thing to be desired. If the modern painter does not want happiness then by all means let unhappiness be provided for him. But let it be arranged in such a way that he shall interfere as little as possible with the happiness of those who do want it. Let him be detained at his country's expense.

Happiness, in the widest acceptance of the term, is the same thing as well-being. It is the *eudaimonia* which Aristotle makes the starting-point of his ethics. We want not only well-being, but we also want the richest measure of well-being. We seek the highest good. We must have an aim which is final. The man who gets into a railway train with the intention of going to nowhere in particular is an idiot. Therefore in planning our lives we must all decide definitely to go somewhere. We may dispute with our friends as to what our highest good consists in, but we shall all agree that we want the highest good. We cannot be content with

the intermediate stages. The highest good must be something final. There must be nothing beyond it.

Yet how do we know that man's highest well-being consists in the highest exercise of his highest faculties? All things have their proper function. The purpose of a bicycle is to enable the rider to get from one place to another more easily and more quickly than by walking. The function of an organ-grinder, as organ-grinder, is to grind organs. The function of a mole-catcher is to catch moles. The function of an artist, as artist, is to paint pictures and carve statues. But what is the function of the organ-grinder or the mole-catcher or the artist as man? It is the exercise of those faculties which he possesses apart from irrational nature. It is the exercise of intelligence and will. Just as the mole is a higher being than a barrel-organ because the mole has imagination and feeling, and the barrel-organ has not, so man is a higher being than a mole because he has intelligence and will and the mole has not. Mere emotion is not the distinctive character of the human being. As regards this function, the mole can give us points, for every time a female mole falls into the trap of the mole-catcher the male mole dies of grief.

To think and to love, then, are the characteristic faculties of man. His highest well-being, therefore, will consist in knowing and loving according to his full capacity. But the highest possible object of knowledge and love is that which is infinite and ultimate, namely, God. Man's highest happiness, therefore, will consist in knowing and loving God, and in knowing and loving creatures, each as it were being a broken arc indicating the perfect circle of God's beauty. If, however, anyone does not see this at present, still let him strive after that which, intellectually, morally, and aesthetically, is the best. Man, at any rate, is made for the best that man can do.

Nor by happiness do I mean pleasure. Pleasure is the nice feeling which arises when the nerves are in a condition desired by the intelligent will. Pleasure is the less nutritive jam of sensation, which is spread over the more nutritive bread of knowledge and volition in order to promote their activity.

Obviously, then, art as such, the mere drawing, painting, modelling, writing of that which has been conceived in the mind, must be made ministrant to the higher spheres of experience. The artist must not forget that he is also a man, and that as man he has a higher destiny than the mere manipulation of paint. His technique must be instrumental towards his higher well-being.

Now well-being is normally promoted by what is beautiful,

good, and true, whilst it is normally retarded by the representation of what is ugly, wicked, or false. Rodin says that the ugly can be made beautiful by art. Once again there is a grain of truth in what he says. The skill of the craftsman gives a certain amount of pleasure which to some extent counteracts the disgust which is caused by the ugliness. The supreme example of this is Rodin's statue of Balzac. It took him five years to complete it. So much thought and so much work of such a genius could not fail to command the admiration of those who knew anything about technique. In fact, every artist raves about it. Yet, after all, what is it to look at? Simply a clown trying to be funny. Something of the spirit of the author of *Comédie Humaine* is certainly expressed. In comedy there must be some presentment of absurd contrast. Rodin has given us a very exaggerated example in his statue of Balzac: a man grinning with irony, carved in marble, dressed either in his dressing-gown or his night-shirt.

Perhaps *La Vieille Heaulmiere* is more hideous. Probably its very hideousness has deterred artists from praising it too much. It is a representation in the nude of a woman of the streets, grown old. Yet there are to be found critics who, in their zeal for the manifestation of craftsmanship, will go into ecstasy over such a subject.

There is more excuse for the *Ugolino*. This is the naked figure of a starved emaciated man bending down to gnaw the corpse of his son. Dante has told the story in poetry. But we may well doubt whether the incident is fit to be perpetuated in sculpture. The hideousness would there seem to be too much in evidence, and not, as it is in Dante, subordinate to the beautiful. Indeed, the whole subject, of which this is a detail, namely, *La Porte de L'Enfer*, has been treated so repulsively that even Rodin's conscience could not include the fair form of Beatrice. There the literary tradition had left its mark on his mind, forbade him to represent Beatrice in the nude, and determined him to call his central figure *Le Penseur* instead of *Dante*. Nor can we admit that *Le Penseur* wholly justifies its title. Its face and attitude does give the impression of a person absorbed in thought, but the muscles and the fist suggest rather the thought of the prize-fighter planning a method of attack against his adversary.

For an impression of thought as a means to the higher spirit life we must undoubtedly choose *La Pensée*. And here we not only have the spirituality of the ancients, but we have it brought near to us, and made personally applicable to our own thought. We

feel that we are units of that race of beings who think, participators in that eternal process of thought, symbolized by the simple head in marble. Here is all the universalism of the Greeks and of Michelangelo, yet it is arrested and thus made particular to each one of us. The block of marble from which the head is carved is left rough and unfinished, thus accentuating the craftsmanship of Rodin in being able to model such a spiritual form from such hard material.

First fashioned in the artist's brain,
It stood as in the marble vein
Revealed to him alone;
Nor could he from its native night
Have led it to the living light,
Save through the lifeless stone.

In *La Pensée* Rodin announces the true mission of impressionism. It is to redeem art from an extreme of objectivism, but to do so without rushing to the other extreme of exaggerated subjectivism. We want the personality of the artist, but we want it at its best, corrected of its eccentricities, brought to its highest perfection by constant reference to universal experience. Yes, Rodin has a few fine things which correlate art to happiness.

None, however, is more eloquent than his "Hand of God." There he discloses the secret of deepest personality. Man is most man when he is most flexible to the Hand of God. Then it is that the faculties which constitute his personality, namely, his intelligence and will, are actuated to their fullest extent and capability, for they are reinforced by divine wisdom and divine volition. The spiritual idea which Rodin here wished to utter would seem to have dominated all his technique. The light and the shade of the modelling are counted as some of the finest work in all sculpture. Anthropomorphic analogies of the divinity are from their very nature crude and earthy. But here the analogy is redeemed from its native roughness. The artist, under the inspiration of his idea of the transcendent God, has formed a hand which, although it is flesh, is not fleshy; a hand which is strong, yet delicate, supple, and clever; a hand which at once symbolizes with a natural and proportionate symbolism the infinite distinctness of God and His intimate closeness to us. The glorious contrast between human figures and the rock from which they are being hewn tells of the triumphant power of the Divine Hand which can together uphold, move, and mould all things according to the Divine Will. But why are the human figures so unlovely? Why are the bones and

muscles of the back so unduly accentuated? We have high authority for saying that the less comely parts of the body should have more comeliness put upon them. Somewhat in harmony with this, Rodin holds that all ugly things can be made beautiful by the hand of the artist. But the temptation is very strong to believe that Rodin was striving too violently to break away from past traditions. The pose of the "Danaïd" is of course his extreme example of this. And there is something more than a suggestion of the same thing in the figures representing our first parents in the "Hand of God."

Many ugly things are also strong, and perhaps by the law of association of ideas ugliness may frequently express strength. But it does not necessarily do so, as Rodin would seem to think. This is clearly his chief eccentricity which, by reference to the ancients, he ought to correct. Elsewhere* I have ventured to call Corot the Newman of painting. Rodin just falls short of being the Newman of sculpture. He is impressionist; he takes ideas from the world's experience; he sees God transcendent as well as immanent; he makes man essentially a spiritual being; he arranges the flesh subordinate to the spirit. But he does not strike a fair equipoise between the objective and the subjective elements in his work. The subjective element is slightly but persistently exaggerated. He expressly professes to accentuate those lines representing the spiritual idea which he wishes to portray. And that is well. But then there is only a narrow margin between the sublime and the ridiculous. Rodin hovers about that margin. His fine and delicate accentuation of characteristic lines keeps his genius always in evidence. But the subjective element in his work, being overweighted, hinders him from holding the balance of artistic perfection constant.

Whilst insisting that artistic craftsmanship must be subordinate to the higher activities of the spirit life, one must be on one's guard not to pervert it from its essentially liberal nature to one of mere utility. The fine arts have their proper function quite distinct from the useful arts. It is as much a desecration of art to devote a novel to the purpose of religious controversy as it is to devote a magnificent picture to the advertisement of somebody's soap. Fine art is, of its very essence, liberal. It is free. It is the work produced from the activity of a free mind, not from the activity of a determined sensation. If we remain steadfast to this conception of it, and resolutely refuse to favor any lower con-

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ception, then we shall see why the very exercise of it constitutes the highest joy of life. The mind is the highest faculty of man. Its highest exercise, therefore, must be his highest grade of well-being, and consequently his highest joy. When art is thus made subordinate to truth and love, it is raised to its highest perfection. When thus raised to its highest perfection, then, and then only, can we admit the principle of art for art's sake. There is a grain of truth in the modern maxim after all. The joy of craftsmanship becomes keen and satisfactory when the mind plays upon truth, goodness, and beauty, rather than when it plays upon lying, hatred, and hideousness.

The symbol of the Hand of God deepens this lesson. It is the Hand of the Divine Artist. Only an infinitesimal part of His work is seen of men. He is the uncreated Truth, Goodness, and Beauty, substantial and personal. Although He has an infinite satisfaction in the production of the eternal Word, yet He also takes a pleasure in producing millions upon millions, upon millions, of finite reflections of Himself. Nor does He do this merely or chiefly in order that we may admire them, for, indeed, we see few of them. He does it chiefly for the joy of doing it, for the purpose of manifesting His glory. Yes, there is purpose in it all, infinite wisdom, infinite love, and infinite good taste, but it is not therefore utilitarian. It is, in the supreme sense of the word, fine art.

So likewise does the human artist find his highest well-being, and consequently his highest joy, in the very work itself, and not in the market, or exhibition, or patron to which he may afterwards send it. When he is working aright and at his best, he is exercising his highest faculties of intelligence and love, and, moreover, he gives to these their most delightful and liberal play when he reproduces the best analogies of God which he knows. Nature is to him a veil through which he peers dimly into the features of Divine Beauty. In reproducing them he is telling the glory of God and showing forth His praise. He has seen the "Something More" in the picture of the Divine Artist. And having seen, he loves. His love is his joy, and must burst forth in outward expression. Whether in carving, or in painting, or in writing, if he speaks the inner beauty which he has seen and loved, then is he doing that for which precisely he himself was made. He is doing the best of which he is capable. It is deepest life. It is highest well-being. It is richest wealth. And this is why the work itself is the artist's chief reward.

THE KING'S CRADLE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY E. M. DINNIS.



HAVE you a crib for the child to sleep in?" the doctor at the Children's Hospital had asked, diagnosing the complaint from which Jimmy's mother habitually suffered. Their baby (Jimmy considered that he went shares in the proprietorship of that wizen scrap of humanity) had been taken to the hospital suffering from the direful results of neglect, and of a case of sudden and violent over-laying, which had caused a superficial injury, for which the infant was being treated.

"Crib? Lord love you, sir! 'Ow is a pore widow like me to git a crib?" the mother had responded, weeping. "It was the magistrite as said 'as 'ow I ought to 'ave 'ad a fireguard when the Lord took my Willie!"

"Well, then," the doctor said, "you must get hold of an orange box and make the child a bed in that. Do you understand? It will be brought in manslaughter if you go to bed intoxicated and suffocate the child. What's the matter with this one?" He had turned to Jimmy, who stood open-mouthed, pitifully flushed, and short of breath, by his mother's side. Jimmy had been many times to the "'orspital" in the course of his seven years existence. It was nothing new to him to hear the doctor pronounce, after a brief examination, that he was suffering from valvular affection of the heart, and that he must not hurry to school if he started late, or play running-about games. Above all, the mother was exhorted not to give the boy any exhausting work to do in the house. All this rather bored Jimmy. It was the baby who was being seen to, and the baby who mattered. Jimmy's devotion to the baby was a wonderful thing. It was he who made a mental note of the orange box; and it was he, moreover, who procured the necessary article from the gentleman at the corner shop.

The crib, thus obtained, was filled flock from an old mattress, together with some assorted rags, and the baby escaped the vicis-

situdes of a night in the parental bed, where Jimmy lay curled up like a little dog at the foot. In spite of the orange box, however, and the substitution (more or less) of condensed milk for herrings, pickles, and other luxuries suitable to adult persons, the baby dwindled and shrank. The court where Jimmy and his mother lived was not salubrious, and the intemperate habits of the latter were not conducive to the well-being of her offspring. The orange box could hardly be said to have produced the desired results.

Jimmy dragged the sorry little bag of bones about with him everywhere. It was nearly a year old—a wizen little old-man child, in a dirty woollen night-cap, and unspeakable raiment—and Jimmy grieved in his little heart over its decreasing weight.

“Our baby used to be like yours,” one of the children at school said to him one day, “and they took ’er to the ’orspital and put ’er in a crib. There was beautiful toys all over it, and she got quite fat, she did.”

Jimmy listened to this cautiously, saying nothing. The hospital people had once proposed to take him and put him in one of those beautiful white beds, away from the baby, and the thought had filled his heart with terror. But if the baby could only be put in a crib somewhere—somewhere where they only wanted babies, not boys with valvular heart complaint, there might be great virtue in a crib.

“We have a Crib in our church at Christmas,” another child broke in. “A beautiful one with an ox and sheep, and a black man, and little cherubs, and lots o’ things.”

“Do they put babies in it?” Jimmy asked.

“O’ course they do!” was the answer. “You naughty boy not to know about Little Jesus!”

“Where is your church?” Jimmy inquired, meditatively, with a calculating glance at the speaker.

“I’ll take you to Catechism, if you like,” the other volunteered. “It’s just acrost the old Cut.”

“Could I take baby with me?” Jimmy queried.

“Course yer could!”

“Right,” Jimmy said, in business-like tones, “I’m takin’ some.”

So it was that Jimmy attended Catechism, and sometimes the children’s Mass, at St. Joseph’s Mission. Nobody objected to the little Protestant boy’s presence, and Jimmy contrived to pick up a certain amount of Christian doctrine during the summer and autumn months. It was a long way to take the baby, that was the one draw-

back. Jimmy's breath came heavily, and his feet swelled terribly, after the expedition, for the baby, though so poor a specimen of its kind, was a good weight for a child of seven, let alone the valvular heart complaint.

"You said 'as 'ow you 'ad a Crib in your church at Christmas," Jimmy remarked one day, with a due show of indifference, to the child who had introduced him to St. Joseph's. "That'll be coming on soon, won't it?"

His companion eyed him with some asperity.

"You don't belong to our church," he said, safeguarding the privileges of those for whom the tea-meeting season was approaching. "You'll have to be baptized first." To this Jimmy made no response, but fell to considering.

"You'll see the Crib," the other went on, in tones of patronage, noting Jimmy's thoughtful appearance. "We gets it ready on Christmas Eve, and the Little Jesus comes and gets in in the middle of the night—just before Midnight Mass."

Jimmy deliberated.

That evening he sounded his mother. "May I 'ave 'Erbie baptized?" he asked, with some abruptness.

"Well," the parent said, "I always did mean to 'ave you both done, but your pore father was dead agen it."

"May I 'ave 'Erbie baptized now?" he asked again, in his patient way.

The fact that his own baptism had been neglected did not seem at first to come home to him. If the baby could be christened and belong to the church that kept a crib, Jimmy would be more than satisfied. The mother made no demur—she had dropped off into fitful slumber, peculiar to her normal condition, as a matter of fact—and Jimmy felt that, on the whole, things were arranging themselves satisfactorily.

Occasionally the recipient of coppers from the lady next door, for whom he ran errands, Jimmy, thanks to a careful husbanding of these remittances (he had a hiding-place for them unknown to his mother), by the time Christmas arrived had acquired what he considered a "tidy" sum. But by that time the baby had pined away to a mere shadow. The orange box cradled a wailing and miserable little form, and Jimmy felt that the Crib, with its medicinal properties, had become essential, and an orange box, as a substitute, grievously inadequate.

By Christmas Eve, too, Jimmy's heart complaint had become

considerably more pronounced. It was with the utmost difficulty that he dragged the baby as far as the mission church.

The church was open and dimly lighted. The priest, who had been hearing confessions, had just come out of his box to stretch his limbs, when Jimmy walked boldly up to him with the baby in his arms. The little lad's face was glowing and eager. He had just been inspecting the Crib in the south aisle, ready for the morrow. He had peeped behind the curtain and seen it—all surrounded with bright lights, with little-winged cherubs suspended above it, and a glorious big cow, and a "moke," bigger than any toys that he had seen in the shop windows, for the Babe of Bethlehem to play with. The Crib itself was unoccupied. The figure of the Christ-Child had not yet been placed there. "He hasn't come yet," Jimmy had said to himself. "I hope He won't be cross if He finds our baby there instead. I dussay He won't mind." He crept across the church to the Lady Altar and regarded the representation of the Holy Child in His Mother's arms. "He looks quite healthy," Jimmy had opined. 'E don't need a crib as badly as our baby do, and 'Is Mother looks a kind lady."

The priest surveyed Jimmy with kindly interest.

"Well, little man, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"Please," Jimmy asked, thrusting ten very sticky coppers into his hand, "I want yer to baptize our baby; and, please, is that enough to pay for it?"

The reverend Father looked at Jimmy, and at the money, and smiled. Then he looked at the baby and the smile died away, and his pleasant countenance became grave.

"Your baby looks very ill," he said. "You should have sent for me. He's too ill to bring out on a night like this. But you don't belong to us, do you, my child?"

"I want the baby to belong to you," Jimmy said, "'cos 'e's ill and you've got a Crib."

The look on the Father's face grew more perplexed and concerned as he saw how desperately ill the child was.

"Have you got a mother?" he asked. "Does she want the baby christened?"

"She says as 'ow she don't mind," Jimmy replied, accurate in substance.

"Very good," the priest answered, "I'll christen your baby now."

He said it with hasty decision. "'Erbie" lay like a wax doll in

Jimmy's arms, drawing his breath feebly. Beckoning to Jimmy he led the way to the font, and, then and there, with the simple formula used in cases of emergency, baptized Herbert.

Jimmy stood by gasping. His feeble little heart throbbing painfully, and a deep purple flush on his thin little cheeks.

"Have *you* been christened?" the priest asked of the little sponsor.

"No," Jimmy said, hanging his head. Then, feeling it incumbent on him to trot out some feature of interest, he added, "but I suffers from valvular complaint of the 'eart."

The priest looked closely at Jimmy, and came to another hasty decision. "Would you like to be baptized?" he asked.

"It would cost too much," Jimmy said.

"It's given away free—all God's gifts are free, little man. What do you know about God?"

"'E made me to know and love and serve 'Im, and to be 'appy with 'Im in 'eaven," Jimmy answered glibly. He had picked up odd bits at the Catechism.

"Excellent!" the Father said. "However came your mother to neglect you? Never mind—Jimmy, is it?—I'll baptize you now!"

And so it happened that Jimmy was baptized too—all on a sudden—on Christmas Eve, with his heart bumping against his ribs. He rather grudged the time it took, but it gave him a strange sort of pleasure to feel that he belonged to this church where so much attention was paid to babies—usually thought so little of.

"And now," the priest said, after the second ceremony, "I'll fetch a sister from the crèche. Wait here a moment."

Jimmy watched the priest disappear. He had no idea what a crèche might be, but his opportunity seemed to have come. The church was empty. He pulled the curtain back and looked at the Crib. He remembered that the children had been taught last Sunday to say the following prayer: "Little Jesus, amiable and beautiful, make my heart Thy cradle!" Being (so far as he knew) neither a theologian nor a mystic, Jimmy was fairly vague as to the meaning of this invocation; but he gathered from it that the Little Jesus could be addressed, and invited to cradle Himself according to His choice. "Little Jesus, amiable and beautiful," Jimmy prayed, kneeling by the Crib—and varied the petition according to an idea of his own—after which he carefully placed "'Erbie" in the vacant Crib, and let the curtain fall back into its place.

When the priest returned with Mother Ursula, the mother of

all sorry infancy, Jimmy and the baby were nowhere to be seen. A feeble wail, however, reached them from the Crib, and "'Erbie" was discovered in the place prepared for the divine Child. But Jimmy was nowhere to be seen. Due search was made for the absconding catechumen, but in vain.

"I suppose he got tired of waiting, so he left the baby and went," the Mother said. "He knew we should be going to the Crib."

So Jimmy's baby was removed to the crèche and placed in a real crib, much grander and more comfortable than the one prepared for the Babe of Bethlehem. "We may save the poor mite yet," Mother Ursula said. "The boy is sure to turn up again, sooner or later."

The Father shook his head. "The little lad was in a worse way than the baby," he said. "Advanced heart disease, and dragging that burden! I wouldn't risk it, I baptized him as well, then and there."

Jimmy was heard of duly, as the Mother had opined. The next morning the little companion who had introduced him to the mission brought a message to the priest, that the boy whom he had brought to church wanted to see him, being "ill abed," and having something "partic'lar" to tell him. A "lady" had spotted him and sent him along, she herself being gone for the doctor.

The priest hastened without delay, Christmas morning though it was, to Jimmy's home. He found the boy in bed, and breathing painfully. His mother lay on the floor in a deep sleep, which was not that of the just. The neighbor, who had accidentally looked in, had not yet returned with the doctor. But what caught the priest's eye was an orange box next to the bed—an orange box of which a cradle had been improvised, containing some unspeakably dirty bed clothes, protruding from under a coverlet of pink paper, and adorned with a number of garish Christmas-tree ornaments. Bright colored paper surrounded the miserable crib. There were some tinsel leaves, and a small woolly donkey on a green stand lay on its side in the middle of the bed. Jimmy lay with his eyes shut—he had evidently broken a blood vessel, and the poor untended child was a sufficiently gruesome sight. He looked up when he heard the Father's voice, and gasped out his question: "'Ow's 'Erbie?"

The visitor told him of the baby's gorgeous surroundings—of the lap of luxury into which he had dropped. "He's in a beau-

tiful crib," he explained, "as cosy as you please. All nice and snug and beautiful, and toys all over the place!" It never occurred to him that Jimmy was identifying this description with the Crib in the church. "All the other babies will be crying out from envy," he went on lightly.

A troubled look crept over the lad's face. "Your Baby was all right," he whispered. "I didn't mean 'xactly to take His Crib from Him, but He isn't ill like our baby, and I thought He wouldn't mind for once. Your Baby—I means wot comes into the world every Christmas Day," he explained laboriously, for the priest was looking mystified. "Our baby was gettin' so queer, and they said as how it would cure him if he was put in a crib—a real crib, not jist an old box." His conscience was troubling him badly. He glanced at the Father's face and took courage. "I thought," he whispered, "if I got a few bits of toys and things and put 'em in 'Erbie's bed that it might do for your Baby, 'cos 'E comes where you asks 'Im. So I spent the ten pence on them things"—he turned his head towards the cot—"and that there woolly moke." He spoke, with some pride, and surveyed the garnished box with obvious satisfaction. "And," his tone was lowered to a yet fainter whisper, "He came all right. I seed Him there, in the middle of the night. It was dark, but I seed Him—a little Baby, sitting up there." In still fainter tones, "He was smilin' and playin' with the little moke. He went away after a bit, and He didn't take the moke. 'E left it lyin' there—I stooded it at the end of the bed. D'ye think He'll come again, Father? He was beautiful! I'd like to see Him again." The dying boy's eyes shone. "I know He wasn't cross 'cos He played with the little moke, but I'm sorry I took 'Is own Crib for 'Erbie. It ain't as good as 'Is, ours, but it ain't bad—I got it all for ten pence."

The priest glanced, through misty eyes, at the little bed.

"I've watched for 'Im ever since, but He ain't come back," Jimmy added after a moment's silence.

"Has anyone else been to the cot?" the Father asked.

"No," Jimmy said, "I wouldn't let 'em go near. I watched!" The weary eyes were still fixed on the crib.

Something gripped at the priest's heart. Did the child know that the angels—those who brought good tidings to the shepherds—were also guarding his crib, and others, perhaps more beautiful still, standing about his own bed? For who is more beautiful than the Angel of Death?

The little thin voice started again: "You ain't cross about it, Father?" And then it gave out.

The doctor's step sounded on the stair, but the experienced priest knew that human aid had come too late.

There is a little cross set in the Catholic corner of a great city cemetery, erected by the children of a poor Catholic mission in memory of one who lies underneath. On it are the words: "Little Jesus, amiable and beautiful, make my heart Thy Cradle."

As for "'Erbie," he waxed fat and sturdy under the care of the Sisters, by whom he was ultimately adopted. He is now grown well-nigh into manhood, and occupies a position of trust at the presbytery as confidential odd man. He is one of the few who has access to the old rector's "holiest of holies," and knows that amongst his valuables the Father preserves a certain little woolly donkey on a bright green stand.

COMPENSATION.

BY HELEN HAINES.

SIGHTLESS they are not,
Who in their lucent dark,
Have seen Thy face:
Neither deaf are they,
Who in their throbbing silences,
Have heard Thee call.
Not lame—whose grace
To walk beside Thee;
Not dumb—whose soundless lips
Do chaunt Thy praise.

A NEW LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS.

BY VIRGINIA M. CRAWFORD.



THE life of Francis of Assisi,* like that of other supreme geniuses, whether of sanctity or of intellect, suggests so many problems of absorbing interest, that the literature concerning him can scarcely fail. Just as the last word can never be said concerning the theology of the *Divina Commedia*, or the wisdom of Shakespeare, or the influence of St. Paul on the growth of the Christian Church, so it has still to be written concerning St. Francis and his ideal of poverty, or the part he played in the decline of feudalism, or the inspiration he gave to the literature and art of mediaeval Europe. Students are drawn irresistibly to these fascinating problems, and having studied they must perforce write also. So it comes about that while, on the one hand, lovers of the Saint affirm, sometimes insistently, that with Celano and Bonaventure and the *Fioretti* in our hands we need no gloss of modern mind, on the other hand biography after biography is put upon the book market, and not only St. Francis himself, but his writings, his spiritual sons, his very haunts, are made, again and again, the subjects of an eager scrutiny.

The call for this perpetual overhauling of historic evidence is all the more keen in the case of a man or woman of whom it has become the fashion to declare that he belongs not to the Church, but to humanity: not to the Church that nourished him and to whom his life-long fealty was vowed, but to an outside world that judges men and things by a different standard, that is apt to ignore much that is indispensable to a true presentment of character, and to draw conclusions based upon misconceptions none the less vital, that they are frequently adopted in good faith. The controversies then become more complicated, the dangers of misinterpretation more acute, and the necessity for a frequent re-burnishing of the mirror of historic truth more urgent.

It is no doubt to considerations such as these that we owe in part the new life of St. Francis to which Father Cuthbert has devoted many years of study. For to-day, as we know, the Franciscan cult

**Life of St. Francis of Assisi.* By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50 net.

is pursued with even greater enthusiasm, and perhaps with a more critical acumen, outside the Church than within, and in the last twenty years, since the publication of Sabatier's epoch-making volume, the world has been enriched by a veritable harvest of Franciscana, the outcome of much scholarly research by men filled with a devout enthusiasm for their subject. Yet though invaluable material has been brought to light and made accessible to the ordinary reader by their means, the ultimate presentment of the Saint in the fullness of his sanctity can surely only be achieved by a Catholic pen. This has now been accomplished for us twice over by men working far apart: by the Danish *littérateur*, J. Joergensen, whose own conversion was the first fruits of his Franciscan devotion, and whose *Life* has already been translated into German, French, and English, and, in these last weeks, by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., known to us through many studies of Franciscan interest, which find their culmination in this solid, scholarly work.

Admirably produced, and illustrated with views of Assisi and the surrounding country, happily chosen so as to convey to the reader some impression of the natural beauties amid which Francis' days were spent, this new *Life* is primarily intended for the serious student. Every fact is supported by references to original sources, and matters of more elaborate controversy are dealt with in appendices that are models of clearness and impartiality. The Capuchin author assumes in his reader a general knowledge of the subject, and the incidents in Francis' career are told, not merely as biographical facts, but in their relation to those wider events of the day which confer on them their true significance. Indeed it is in this that the charm of Father Cuthbert's narrative lies. It is not, as so many biographies, a mere string of incidents stretching over a long period of years, but rather a vision of life in nineteenth century Italy, in which—as in some Umbrian fresco—Francis is posed indeed in the foreground, but in a landscape of enchanting interest.

The book opens with a picture, drawn with a few vivid strokes, of the unrest in Central Italy in the closing years of the twelfth century, of the rival claims of Pope and Emperor, and of the feud between Assisi and Perugia, culminating in the fight at Ponte S. Giovanni, in which the twenty-year old son of Pietro Bernardone chanced to be made a prisoner. It sets the future Saint straightway in the romantic setting of war and adventure, in which his young and chivalrous soul found its delight before it was drawn to a higher allegiance. Very rightly, I think, Father Cuthbert emphasizes the

chivalrous idealism of Francis' nature, his passion for knight-errantry, his familiarity with the songs and the music of the troubadours who had penetrated from Provence into Italy, for these things were to color all his life. They exhibit the extravagancies of his gay youth in a more harmless aspect than some of his biographers would have us accept. "Where others came quickly to moral shipwreck, his temperament allowed him to assimilate only the subtler and more refined sensuousness of the scenes, and not the coarser elements" (p. 6). Later they flung a halo of romance over the harsh realities of a life vowed to poverty, and they help to explain that marvelous gayety of soul which even on his deathbed caused him to break out into those joyous songs, which, we are told, shocked the narrow soul of Elias.

To the end of his days [writes Father Cuthbert] this dream of romantic chivalry will remain with Francis, and be the chief secular influence in the shaping of his story. He will outgrow his early crude ambitions of secular achievement and change his ultimate purpose, and take to himself other weapons of combat, and extend his vision of life: but to the last he will always think of himself as a knight-errant, and the governing law of his life will be the knightly code of fearless courage, worshipful love, and gentle courtesy. To the end, too, he will be a singer of song, and carry with him a poet's sensitive feeling for the sunshine and shadows of life. Always he will feel a knightly scorn for compromise and the by-ways of diplomacy; he will be quick to obey the call of the quest, and will deem disloyalty the blackest of sins (p. 12).

We are apt to think of Saints as though their conversion had been necessarily a sudden thing, a road to Damascus final in its effects, and we dwell insufficiently on the temptations and moments of weakness and despondency that they share with other men, though armed with infinitely greater powers of perseverance. It is this intimately human aspect of Francis' life that Father Cuthbert has treated in an altogether admirable manner. He shows us the first soul-hunger of the captive at Perugia, and the months of indecision and weakness that preceded the final breaking away from the old life of pleasure, and that yet had brought the fastidious young citizen to the heroic charity of kissing the leper. The poignancy of these years of probation lay in the fact that whereas many sinners and many Saints retire from the world, or at least break with their families and friends when they turn to the higher

life, Francis was impelled to work out his sanctification in Assisi itself, under the eyes of his old companions, beneath the ban of his father's curse, and amid the jeers of the very children as he passed, bare-footed and girt with a rope, begging from door to door. Moreover he had the genius to set aside the accepted conventional paths towards sanctity, and to carve out for himself an entirely new and unauthorized route with the Lady Poverty as his bride. Such a vocation, akin to that of the beggar in the street, required on its human side not only a buoyant and generous courage, but a soaring idealism, an exquisite gift of poetic imagination to save the noble enterprise from being crushed beneath material hardship. It is not every Saint in the calendar who could have intoned St. Francis' hymn to Holy Joy.

One loves to read how those who make a whole-hearted sacrifice of everything that life holds dear, do sometimes, even in this world, gain rewards the hope of which can never have dimmed the perfection of their offering. Such a gift, wholly unsought, came to Francis in the friendship of St. Clare, the strong, loyal woman who never faltered in her allegiance to the ideal of poverty she had embraced at his bidding. Francis inspired many renunciations, but surely none so heroic as that of the eighteen-year old daughter of the noble house of Scifi. For when Clare fled by night from her father's house, when kneeling before the altar of the Portiuncula she offered her hair to be shorn by Francis, and when, time after time, she withstood the angry entreaties of her kinsmen to renounce her folly and return home, it was by no means clear even to her well-wishers, as it is to us, that she was following at all costs God's appointed way. On the contrary, like Francis, she was tilting against every religious and domestic convention of the day, and she was throwing in her lot with one, beneath her in rank, whom many in the town still regarded as a fool and a madman. In the result no one understood St. Francis as St. Clare did; from her alone he received complete and unquestioning sympathy in his highest aspirations, and when the brethren were still disputing as to the wisdom of the Rule that their founder had left them, San Damiano remained "a constant witness to the pure Franciscan spirit." The life of St. Francis had not been as redolent of beautiful fragrance as it is, if the romance of his ideal friendship with Clare had been unwritten. Round these two heroic souls there grew up one of the great religious revivals of Christendom.

How beautiful the early beginnings of the community life were

that centred round the little Portiuncula chapel where Francis welcomed his "first brothers in the knightly order of poverty" is known to every lover of the Franciscan legend. The perfume of its simplicity and its spiritual fervor has been preserved for all time in the pages of the *Fioretti*. In between the missionary journeys on which the Friars met with such hardships and humiliations, there were times of peace and prayer in the narrow huts of branches that were built round the chapel, when the brethren learnt their rule of life from Francis' own lips, and were trained in the wisdom of poverty. There was no idleness in this primitive friary; the days were spent in prayer and manual labor and begging the daily bread; the whole life was based on mutual service and brotherly love, and Francis' idea of authority was that of leadership in the harder paths of the vocation, and of ceaseless solicitude for those in his charge. As new members offered themselves, they were received straightway into the circle on condition of first selling all they had and giving to the poor. This was test enough of their vocation! Never was the example set by Christ to His disciples followed with a more humble reverence. "To some it seemed as though the radiance of Bethlehem and Nazareth had again broken through the clouds which encompassed the world, and was flooding the plain below Assisi with a clear and joy-giving light" (p. 118).

Unhappily this ideal state of life could not continue, and the success of the Order became in a sense its own undoing. With men of all sorts and conditions presenting themselves for admission by the hundred, with the Friars touching life at many points—preaching, teaching, settling disputes, evangelizing the heathen, nursing the sick, wandering over half Europe—the old, sweet, primitive ways had perforce to be abandoned, a more elaborate rule had to be imposed, and the place to be occupied by the fraternity within the organization of the Church had to be clearly defined. This "new phase" in the development of the Order, marked by the general Chapter of 1217, receives full and sympathetic treatment from Father Cuthbert. It is one of the periods in which his reading of events differs widely from that of M. Sabatier. The whole question of the relations between Francis and the Holy See, in which to a considerable extent Cardinal Ugolino was the intermediary, offers a series of intricate considerations. M. Sabatier's fundamental dislike and distrust of the Holy See color all his pages. In his view it is Rome who, for her own sinister purposes, cribs, cabins, and confines the pure genius of Francis within narrow

ecclesiastical bonds. In this perfidious task Cardinal Ugolino is the arch-traitor, the inspirer of the men eager to tamper with the Franciscan ideal. Viewed from such a standpoint the long friendship between Francis and the Cardinal is indeed—as M. Sabatier admits—inexplicable. Father Cuthbert's reading of the situation greatly simplifies the problem. He frankly regrets the necessity for the Cardinal's intervention in the affairs of the Order, but sees clearly that the need for such intervention was there. He draws a sympathetic portrait of Ugolino, the strong practical man of affairs, with a tender spot in his heart for the mystical Umbrian enthusiast, and he considers that in the difficult years that were to follow, Ugolino, far from fomenting dissension, genuinely did his best to reconcile the idealism of Francis with the practical needs of the Church, and the demands of the dissident Friars. His diplomacy may not always have been of the straightest, but possibly without his moderating counsels the rupture between the two parties in the Order, torn asunder by the vexed question of poverty, might have been complete even in the lifetime of the founder. That much, at least, was spared to Francis. Yet when all is said the history of the Order, from the revolt of the Vicars during Francis' absence in the Holy Land, has in it an element of deep tragedy. One can recall no sadder home-coming than that of Francis, ill, so weak that he had to travel on an ass, learning on all sides of the disloyalty of the men he had trusted, and reaching Bologna to find the brethren, vowed to perpetual poverty, living in a spacious convent which they claimed as their own. To Francis it was the betrayal of all he held most dear. The election of Elias as Vicar, and later the need for composing a new Rule, with the omission, at the demand of the Ministers of the Order, of the Gospel admonition to the brethren when traveling to carry nothing by the way, that had been so notable a passage in the primitive Rule, were the outward signs of the purgatory of the spirit through which Francis passed in these years. His life's work had drifted into the hands of others, many of his own sons intrigued against him, and his lofty, chivalrous ideals were flouted as impracticable in the very Order he had brought into being.

Yet we know that for himself Francis was able to preserve to the end that spiritual freedom, that liberty of soul, in the service of Christ in which he would have had his Friars find a sufficient rule of life. Into the closing chapters, telling of Francis' retreat at Greccio in the rugged Rieti valley, and of that mystical representa-

tion of the Nativity by which he was moved to celebrate the Christmas festival, or of that still more awe-inspiring retreat on La Verna from which he descended with hands and feet pierced with the nails of the Cross, to the last moving death-scenes at Assisi and the Portiuncula, Father Cuthbert has allowed no note of controversy to penetrate. With the solemn approbation granted by Honorius to the Rule of 1223 Francis' active life was closed. So far as he could, he had secured for all who loved the vocation of poverty the liberty to follow it with the supreme sanction of the Church. For himself his remaining years were dedicated, as far as might be, to prayerful seclusion:

His task was finished, and in his new freedom he turned all-desiringly to the life hidden with Christ his Lord. From this time the world of men will but little disturb the soul of Francis: more and more he will be drawn into the embrace of the Beloved, and the voices of the earth will reach his spirit only through that mystic life which is the borderland of eternity (p. 329).

They were years of ever-increasing pain and blindness and infirmity of body, yet of undimmed joyousness of soul. Indeed there returned to Francis at this time much of his old spirit of a *Jongleur de Dieu*, with a conviction that the world was to be conquered by love and poetry and song. To it we owe the thrilling Canticle of Brother Sun, composed in the convent garden of San Damiano, "a song of the kinship of all God's creatures and of God's Fatherhood of them all" (p. 355), a poem which is reckoned the very fountain-head of Italian verse. It supplies the *motif* for these last months, and the brethren would sing it to the Saint to soothe his hours of suffering until the day when, with a great happiness in his face, he stretched forth his hands to heaven and exclaimed, "Welcome, Sister Death!" Then in the fervor of his joy he dictated to them yet another verse:

Praise be to thee, my Lord, for our sister, Bodily Death,
From whom no living man can flee;
Woe is to them who die in mortal sin.

But blessed they who shall find themselves in Thy most holy will.

To them the second death shall do no ill.

Yet Sister Death tarried long, and the slow dying of the Saint in public—even "Brother" Giacomina was admitted—the carting

about of his poor sick body, the alarms lest it should fall—whether alive or dead—into the hands of others save his faithful Assisians, shed a curious light on mediaeval ways. One traditional belief we are asked to relinquish. St. Francis, it would seem, did not die chanting the one hundred and forty-first Psalm as St. Bonaventure relates. This incident took place, according to Celano, several days before his death. It was to the Gospel according to St. John that he was listening, lying habitless on the bare earth, when the summons came. And the larks that he had loved all his life filled the twilight with the melody of their song.

A chapter to which clients of St. Francis will turn with interest is that dealing with the institution of the Third Order. The author differs both from M. Sabatier and Père Mandonnet, O.P., in declining to believe that at the outset these informal disciples were considered members of the fraternity in the same sense as the Friars themselves. There surely was from the first a small band of brethren bound by a rule, though of the simplest kind, and round them, inspired by the preaching and example of their founder, was a group of devoted followers of Francis and of Clare, men and women living indeed in their own homes, but bound to the Order by a sense of spiritual kinship, and adopting its precepts in a greater or less degree. In so far as they had a rule it was that eloquent "Letter to all Christians" which Francis penned early in his apostolate, inviting all to a more perfect Christian life. The actual Rule of the Third Order, on the contrary, was in the main the work of Cardinal Ugolino, and was largely based on that of the *Humiliati* of Lombardy. It was part of the Cardinal's plan for harnessing the spiritual forces energized by Francis to the service of the Church, to form a definite organization into which the Franciscan laity could be enrolled, and in consultation with the Saint he drew up the original Rule. This document unhappily has disappeared, and all that we now possess is the recently-discovered and much-discussed Capestrano Rule of 1228, drawn up after Francis' death, and after Cardinal Ugolino had become Pope. In it Father Cuthbert considers that the importance originally given to the distribution of superfluous wealth has been transferred to the prohibition to take the feud oath. The reasons for such a change are fully discussed in Appendix III. Such as we have it, the Rule, as the author points out, is not an inspiring document; it is simply a Rule for external conduct, and presents none of the glowing idealism of the early Franciscan days. The life of the Tertiaries, how-

ever, went far beyond it in simplicity of life and generosity to the poor, and it was from the inspiration and example of Francis, far more than from the letter of the Rule, that they derived the spiritual vigor which for a time gave them so large a place in the fortunes of the Order.

Father Cuthbert accepts the traditional account of the institution of the Portiuncula Indulgence, and he follows the learned Father Holzapfel in assuming that the silence concerning it in all the original authorities was due to the opposition it had encountered in many quarters. In Appendix II. he summarizes very lucidly all the pros and cons of this great controversy. That the Indulgence existed already in 1280 is uncontested; how and when it came to be instituted would seem to be one of those problems that can never be solved beyond dispute. Perhaps the fact that the Holy See never revoked this Indulgence, although it revoked other and similar ones, and that it survived the bitter enmity of the powerful Friars of the Sagro Convento, anxious to establish their convent as the Motherhouse of the Order in opposition to St. Mary of the Angels, are the strongest proofs we have that the privilege must have rested on some unquestioned—though now unverifiable—authenticity. And in our own day it is at least worthy of note that two of the Saint's most distinguished biographers, first M. Sabatier and, within the present year, J. Joergensen, should have publicly come round to a belief in a tradition which both had vigorously combated. Nevertheless, when all is said that ingenuity can suggest, the silence of Celano, of Bonaventure, and of the other primitive legendists on a matter redounding so greatly to Francis' honor, remains baffling in the extreme.

This latest life of a Saint who holds, even among Saints, so unique a place in the affection of the modern world from the spirit of which his own spirit lives in such sharp contrast, is a permanent acquisition to our Franciscan literature. It possesses a mellowness and a sanity of judgment that can never be acquired by hasty or superficial work. Here and there a more careful revision might have been given to the proofs, and more dates of years—the month is often given without it—would have added to the clearness of the narrative. These, however, are small blemishes easily remedied in any future edition of a work which for the scholar possesses the merit of very accurate documentation, and for the general reader the literary charm that comes from an intimate and sympathetic understanding of a character of singular beauty.

THE MAID OF SERAGHTOGA.

BY "OLIVER."



HEY called her Marguerite in Quebec and in France where she was educated; but her father, the admiral, called her Priscilla—after her mother—and we called her simply daughter. For she was truly a daughter of the Etchemin, duly adopted, and had been with us, and been taught our ways, when she was a little girl. Nadoga knew her from her infancy, standing by when her mother in dying gave her over to the whimsome man in the black gown; and when—having buried her mother there in the wilderness—he would have carried the infant all the way on that long trail from Seraghtoga to the Saint Croix, Nadoga alone was suffered to share the tender burden with him. It was no duty of a great chief to carry a puling infant in the presence of his warriors; but he had an over-riding way with him when he gave an order, and Nadoga had no daughter at home. She grew amongst us, and played with our children, and in her innocence helped restrain the wildness of her strange guardian, and no doubt saved other helpless children from his wolfishness when the mad fit was upon him. Nadoga and his wife, Nallowa, had the care of her; and, when death awaited him, it was our chief who met the admiral and gave him back his daughter; this duty done, our fearsome visitor followed death to the graveyard.

"All this I have already narrated to you," said Peol, "in the story of our experience with the strange being—part man, part beast—whom they called the Wolf of Seraghtoga. He was of the royal house of France, quite close to the king—it was whispered he was a brother. When he died—as you know—he left the young girl his estates in France, and he gave her more, for he handed her over to her father who had grieved for her as dead with her mother. How it happened that Admiral Warren afterwards consented to her being educated in France, practically brought up a French maid, when feeling ran so high between the two countries, is more than I can settle; no doubt he hesitated at depriving her of the great dowry which had been left her. Perhaps, too, the young girl after due residence in her father's house did not find her new

mother to her liking. The English of that day to the south of us were not so kindly and gentle as the French—not near so indulgent as our people—to their children: long-faced, unsmiling race they were, and hard with their children. You cannot blame the girl then if after some experience in France she disliked to live on land with her stepmother, in the intervals of her visits to America, but would much rather be on the sea with her father or remain in her convent school back in France. Besides, her native tongue might now well be said to be French—when you do not call it Etchemin; in the beginning she learned of English only the broken parts he could teach her, so that her Yengee relatives mocked her speech. But all the time, at home or abroad, she carried the memories of Nadoga and Nallowa and our tribe in her heart, and grieved that the wickedness of men kept us from seeing her—for in those days a price was set on the scalp of an Abenaki down by Massachusetts Bay, so much for the scalp of a woman or child, and double for the scalplock of an Etchemin warrior.

“So it came that she spent years in France in a convent at school in preparation for her high destiny, and the French called her the Etchemin Princess, and wondered after their gossipy fashion whom she would marry and endow with her great wealth. So that, were it not for the stipulation made by her father, she would have forgotten her English blood. Once she visited us, on the eve of her first departure for France; she came in her father’s great warship, the sight of which at first alarmed our runners and made confusion in our settlement until Nadoga, and the chiefs who had seen the ship before, quieted the general fear. She had besought her father, before turning the prow of his ship to the great ocean, to take her down amongst her own people of the Abenaki, where she had lived so happily; to see her nurse Nallowa once more and the chiefs in their feathers and the girls who had been her playmates. She recalled him, too, who had loved her in his wild way, and ever treated her with old-fashioned courtesy, and made her his daughter. And so she came in love and in the constancy of her gratitude, and our tribe received her in the same spirit, as a daughter whom they would always welcome.”

We were out in the Maine woods, Peol and I, on one of the smaller and least accessible of the Sysladobsis lakes, in a hidden corner of the hunting grounds of the 'Quoddies, known perhaps to few even of the tribe. There Peol had, with much secrecy and a morose silence, built his winter hunting camp, and thither he now

had carried me—not without great fatigue and effort on my part—that I might, between times of resting, witness his prowess in trapping and slaying bears. He cozened me into making the tiresome journey by his pictures of the beauty of the place, once we should get there: the basin of water between the hills, the dry ridges running the purest streams, and the freedom from visitors—which is in itself no mean attraction. The place was all he pictured it, and more. His camp was new and freshly clean, warm likewise as befitted October chills; the lake lay at the small end of the telescope down beneath the towering ridges; the flame of the maples, the blood-red of the dogwoods, the yellows and saffrons of the beeches, with ever and anon the dark green of the firs, were mirrored and reflected in its untroubled depths.

The old Indian was cooking dinner now out under a great beech, telling his story between whiles. A dried bearskin gave me the luxury of a comfortable stretch on the ground while I peered beyond the sun to the noonday stars, invisible at an earlier season, and listened to his story. More than once I had speculated on the subsequent history of this English child, so strangely adopted, so closely connected by blood with the first people of the Old Bay Colony. Would she be English or French or Etchemin? Would the court of Louis of France recognize her claims when, perhaps, they conflicted with others nearer home? Here she was, however, back again in the flesh in Peol's story, and I welcomed her warmly.

"She departed in tears, as a young girl will"—you must not for a moment imagine that my old Indian knows or is consentient to this untimely interruption (even while he was dipping water from the spring he made effort to continue his story unbroken)—"for the admiral was anxious lest war should set in before his mission to France was accomplished. Years passed, and war did come again—it was the custom of the times—and Admiral Warren did his duty in guarding the English shores and intercepting, when he could, French communications. Peace came then again for a wavering spell, but all knew that it was only the prelude to the final struggle. The Great Father Onontio sent word through Quebec that he would welcome the chiefs of the Abenaki in France, if they would come; and so Nadoga and other chiefs, with their womankind, crossed the great ocean to France at the king's cost.

"What they saw during that visit they related in after years at many a camp fire to the wonderment of their listeners; but two incidents stood forth with especial prominence in their experience

of that time, and these I will narrate to you as I heard them. Everything was a novelty to them, and they a novelty to the French. Little wonder then that the royal court should be crowded with courtiers, great ladies, and eager sightseers on the day on which they first stood before the king. Dressed in the finest of deer-skin, painted and plumed, with hatchet and scalping knife, they came into the royal presence, their women following them, dressed also in the bright colors which we Indians like. A small man, withered and of mean appearance, but dressed in velvet and bearing one great medal on his breast, sat on a throne at the end of a long room, the sides of which were lined with a moving throng of soldiers with swords and arquebuses; while close to the throne women and men were banked, all standing, and the glint of women's jewelry and the sheen of gold sword hilts and steel scabbards lighted up the assembly like the shining of the sun through the leaves of beech trees in summer.

"Nadoga used to tell how he had scarcely time to wonder why the chief of such a mighty nation should himself be such an inconsequent man, when his eyes rested upon a fair-faced girl standing near the throne. In color and tint of face she differed from the darker skinned ladies around her as the blossoms of the cherry in spring-time differ from the earliest colorings of the flowering maple. Her yellow hair—caught up in a crown above—shone golden in the sunlight, and her eyes were aglow with excitement. To him—he used to tell—there was in all that vast audience no other person but this stripling maid. Forgotten for the moment in the joy of the sight of her were king and courtier, great ladies and guarding soldiery; he saw but the girl, and headlong he strode towards her. Before she herself could protest—had she wanted to—he had her in his arms, as if she were the little girl of long ago and not a woman grown. And then he handed her to Nallowa to fondle, while the chiefs grew noisy when they recognized her.

"All this time the great company looked on in amazed silence, and the officer who was charged with the duty of presenting the chiefs to the king was at his wit's end to know how to get them back in line to be presented. But Marguerite, with a woman's presence of mind, leading Nadoga by one hand and Nallowa by the other, led them gently onward to the foot of the throne, and with a low obeisance and in a sweet voice presented them as His Majesty's faithful children from across the water, noted for their loyalty and their constant love of the French. The king gave

gracious welcome to his guests, all the warmer and more gracious because the presence of the girl recalled the tragedy of him who was his brother, whom we had sheltered. And then Marguerite, with great deference to the king's wishes, begged to be allowed to entertain these her brothers and sisters of the Abenaki, for she had been their guest and the object of their solicitude when she was a helpless child. And the king, smiling, gave his consent, after Nadoga in his blunt fashion had told him that, having found this daughter of their tribe, they would not be separated from her. A wave of excitement shook the large audience, and a sigh went through it, for men and women had seen and heard things which touched their hearts. Great ladies, in jewels and powder, kissed the maid over and over, and shed tears after the manner of the French, and laughed and called her their Princess of the Etchemins. But our chiefs and women were rejoiced when it was all over, and they had Marguerite to themselves.

"She lived in a palace, they found, within a great enclosure, and spread of grass and trees, with water bubbling and shooting in the air, and flowers such as never grew in the wild places of their own woods lining the paths. She had a great service of people about her, noisy and curious, whom Nadoga did not love. Some of these were deputed to wait upon the chiefs and prepare their food, but our people did not relish such dainty cooking, so they frightened away the servitors with playful brandishment of tomahawk or frowning glint of scalping knife. And then they did their own cooking in the open and ate it at their ease by the fountains. Nallowa, being privileged, lived in the great house with Marguerite, and instinctively learned every secret of the maiden; but Nadoga remained with the others, encamped in the open, having first assured himself that he knew every trail of the place—every stairway and turn of the house.

"It did not take Nallowa long to discover that the maid was troubled in mind, nervous and frightened at times, and distrustful of some of those around her. The girl, though mistress in her own home, was still in some indistinct way under the tutelage of certain ancient dames, who were charged with her guidance, and whom Nallowa came to dislike because of their silent whisperings. She could not fathom at once the heart of the maid's distress, nor was she in a hurry to ask, for it is a law with us to wait until secrets are willingly told us.

"At length one day after an old man—much belaced and with

crossbars of gold on his tunic, but wide-kneed and shaky in his walk—had made a call on our young woman, kissing her hand and fain wishing to hold it long in his—as Nallowa did not fail to note—Marguerite after his departure, being greatly alarmed, took her into her confidence. The old man, she said, was one of the royal dukes—relatives of the king—and wished to marry her for her great wealth which he did not wish to see go outside the royal family; the king himself might be said to favor the match, although he was in some way bound in honor not to interfere too openly with her wishes. This was a stipulation which her father had made, knowing that court intrigues do not respect much the private wishes of young maids. With the same intent of safeguarding her freedom of choice when she should come of age to choose a husband, it was covenanted that in case she elected to marry a French subject, her father's consent should be first obtained; while if, on the other hand, she chose a husband outside of France, the king should be notified and his consent secured. It was absolutely agreed and covenanted that Marguerite should be free to leave France and live in America among her own people when and as often as she chose. The girl rejoiced now that her freedom was thus a matter of state agreement with her father, although she had her doubts whether in the trial she would find herself as free as it was stipulated on paper. The king was growing feeble, his end approaching, she feared that when he was gone the court might not hold itself so strictly to the bond. There were already signs which made her distrustful. Nallowa inferred that Marguerite if left to her own choice, would not marry in France; in fact, that the girl had already decided whom she would marry—but this too was a secret to be learned only when the time was ripe.

“Now, ever since the times of Guesca—whom you know—it has been the law among the Abenaki that a daughter should be free to choose her mate, without let or hindrance from her parents, except a word of advice where it is considered good for her welfare. Nallowa grew hot in her mind, therefore, when she learned of the constraint which was likely to be put upon the maid, and in view of the husband who was intended for her, a decrepit and worthless figure of a man. She hastened to inform Nadoga and the chiefs, and they all held a council together to decide what had best be done. It was out of reason to expect that the admiral, her father, could at that moment when war was again in the air, revisit France, nor was it possible to get word to him; but Nadoga, as head

of the tribe of which the girl was a daughter by adoption, had a certain right to interfere—he would suffer no heartbreak to come to her. So it was decided that the demand should be made by himself and his companions, that the maid be allowed to return to America with them, and that in case of refusal the chiefs should bluntly announce that they would afford no help to the French in the forthcoming war.

“It happened at this conjuncture that the military authorities in France were planning to launch an overwhelming force of soldiers and Indian allies against the American colonies, and were in consequence eager to retain the good will of the Abenaki, knowing that the Micmacs and other tribes would follow our leadership. Nadoga’s request was therefore listened to more readily, and after some demur granted: Marguerite could accompany her good friends to America—her presence with the tribe would be a guarantee of their loyalty and service. Preparation was at once made for the voyage home; the same warship was allotted for the return trip; and the king in a farewell audience to the girl kissed her, and granted her the royal privilege of hoisting the white flag of the lilies on her ship. Again Nallowa ventured the prediction that the maid dwelt more in her mind on the hope of meeting her father on the high seas than on the privileges of royalty.

“The word went out broadcast, of course, that the Princess of the Etchemin was about to return to her tribe and people; and the young gallants who paid her court professed to be heartbroken by the news. Some wanted to accompany her, and sought enlistment in the navy; others begged to be informed where they should find her when the chances of war took them to Canada; others wrote on paper smart bits of sentiment to the effect that the goddess of the hair of gold should not leave them to a hopeless passion. Marguerite, with much lightheartedness, read these sentimental poesies to Nallowa and made her understand them—but the old woman believed it all foolishness—little cones of whirlwind dust on a windy day.

“There was one, however, who was not willing to let the girl escape so easily; the royal duke of the bandy legs, and in this he had the countenance of many an influential dame of the king’s household. He saw, or imagined he saw, great estates slipping from his grasp, not to speak of a beautiful wife. He opposed the project at first with all outward energy; but finding that the diplomacy of the state made his opposition fruitless, he adopted

other means to secure his ends. If the girl could be held until our people were safely out of France, it would be an easy task to reconcile the government to subsequent developments. The king was old and verging on imbecility—it would be easy to conceal the facts from him.

“On the day before the time set for the departure, the chiefs were entertained in council by the board of war, which conducted the military affairs of the kingdom, and they were admitted to a certain knowledge of the plans for the coming campaign. The general who was to lead the king’s forces”—what you call him? “Montcalm? Yes, Montcalm was there with the others. Nadoga always liked him: he was a man much like the girl’s father, open of countenance; a man who hated chicanery and deceit, except the laudable deceits of war. As they left the council chamber the general accompanied them, and when they reached the street he made a signal to them to gather closely around him. He spoke our language sufficiently well to make himself understood without an interpreter—in fact, the official interpreter had not been admitted to this critical interview, the general acting as such.

“‘The Princess of the Etchemin—the English girl—goes with you?’ he inquired, although he was well aware of the fact. Still there was doubt in his voice, as if he wanted them to doubt with him. ‘The princess has enemies who would not see her go,’ he said in a steady voice. ‘My brother will take no sleep until the morning comes, and the maid stands safe with them on board of ship. Tomahawk may be needed, but I pray my brothers not to use the scalping knife.’ More he said not, but turned and left them.

“That night if any curious passerby could have looked over the high enclosure which saved the grounds from the street, and if he had the faculty which we cultivated of seeing in the dark, he would have noted many forms lying in the grass or sheltered behind trees; and if we imagine him closer in his approach, he would have been able to distinguish that these were Indian warriors in their war paint—no pleasant sight—and that they were alert to every sound. In the huddle of shrubbery near the great gates, the youngest of the band kept watch, for it was very properly understood that from the front would the danger come, not from the rear where they were known to sleep. Nadoga had said nothing to the mistress of the house, fearing to alarm her, but to Nallowa he had given strict command to keep the back entries open. There was no

doubt that some of Marguerite's servants were in the conspiracy, and bribed to admit the abducting party.

"The night passed tediously on its course; the great clocks clanged lazily the hours with many strokes, and had just begun again with one single clap, when the faint call of a tree toad rose on the night air. The chiefs were on their feet and then on the ground again, which was the signal; noiselessly they trooped behind Nadoga, who led them up the wide stairs and into the body of the house. Already the tramp of feet could be heard ahead, yells and a scuffle—which they knew was Nallowa—the crash of wood as if doors were breaking, for the marauders, sure of their prey, were at no pains to conceal their presence, and then to their intense surprise came the cry of the maid—not heard by them since she was a child and played at war with their children, *A moi, A moi, les Abenagues!* Coming from son or daughter in distress, it was a cry which fired the blood of our warriors. With a whoop and a headlong rush they threw themselves upon the rascals, and using the flats of their hatchets they opened a way to where the girl was struggling in the arms of a gigantic ruffian. He fell to the lot of Nadoga, nor did the chief spare any strength in the blow he gave. The slant of the axe struck the fellow on the temple, and he went down with a sob, releasing the girl as he dropped. The rescue was effected in less time than it takes to tell of it; for the other marauders, pitched about and manhandled so unexpectedly, and crazed with fear of these dread specters of the night—as they took our chiefs to be—plunged headlong down the steps they had so lately mounted in security, and fled howling into the night.

"Nallowa had been roughly used, but not enough to matter; and Marguerite at first was slow to recover from the shock, but smiled weakly when Nadoga assured her that they had but answered to her call. Her women, now in greater terror of our chiefs than they had been of the midnight invaders, put her to bed, with many an invocation to her to save them from the painted friends in the great hall. Nadoga had his men carry the wounded man out, and leave him on the street for the nightwatch to pick up.

"Perhaps it was never given to the idle gazers of the great city before to behold chiefs on the warpath, in times of peace, and in the home of their allies, but that day they saw such a sight; for Nadoga and his warriors, not yet assured against another attempt to abduct the girl, went down to their ship in their loin cloths,

the frown of battle on their brows, their hands significantly on their scalping knives. A detail of soldiers accompanied the carriage in which Marguerite and her women were carried, but our warriors surrounded it all the way. The old duke was on hand to bid her good-bye; to the great surprise of our chiefs he showed no sign of disappointment; still Nadoga refused his hand, laying, as he did, his wife's injuries and the insult to the maid to his charge. The crowds cheered as the vessel swung into the stream, bands played, and guns were bandied back and forth.

"These were the two incidents which distinguished the visit of our chiefs to the French court; they were glad to be on their way home, and doubly glad to have the maid with them.

"Dinner, dinner," Peol cried with such suddenness and incongruity of occasion that I came near resenting what had otherwise been welcome tidings. But dinner is always dinner, more especially when one has done his eight good miles since breakfast—to the farthest bear trap and back. Still I feared for the rest of the story; for my old chief, when his stomach is full, may idly refuse to continue, with a pretense of finishing it some other day. In truth, why he has deigned to start a story at all amid the various engrossing occupations of making a fire, slitting bacon, peeling onions—nay he did not let up even while he was drawing water from the well—all this is one of the small mysteries of his psychology that only time will unravel. There is a purpose in his madness, some undefined connection of lake or wood or trail—or even of bear hunting no less, which connects this spot and time with the far-off events of the eighteenth century. My readers will have to wait with some of my own patience for the development of Peol's dramatic purpose. For the moment let them share in my satisfaction that he is showing promising signs of continuing.

"Marguerite's one anxiety as the voyage lengthened was to pick up with her father's fleet—his own warship by great preference," Peol resumed when we had both done justice to his cuisine. Sitting on the ground, one knee drawn up for his arm to rest upon it while his hand coddled his well-browned pipe, he smoked and talked with amusing facility. "She had a watch set at the mast head, and a money prize was offered to the first sailor who would bring in authentic news. It was consequently unexpected of Nadoga that he should be the first to sight the admiral's frigate on the sky-line, and still more remarkable that his contention was verified in the face of the French captain's denial. As the two

ships continued to approach each other it was soon seen from the French deck that the other was an English frigate and carried an admiral's flag. At Marguerite's order the lilies of France were now run up, for this was the signal agreed upon with her father.

"After an exchange of courtesies, which our people at first mistook for war, the ships rode side by side, as close as was convenient. The admiral, despite his daughter's presence in the French frigate, sent his captain on board to represent him—for it appeared that he might not go himself, being an admiral and the Frenchman only a lieutenant; and this our people found strange and amusing, as must all the crotchets of the white man be. But he had the French officers to dine with him, and when he learned that Nadoga was on board with his chiefs he insisted on their being of the company. Nadoga would have been willing to refuse—for he did not relish being slung in a rope downwards to a boat and then upwards to the great ship, but Nallowa, now recovered of her injuries, and having certain womanly conjectures to verify, clamored to follow Marguerite. She had noted the eagerness of the young English captain to meet the girl, and Marguerite's evident pleasure in meeting him. She had seen enough to lead her to believe that the maid's dislike for the old duke back in France was not altogether due to his ill looks or stag-like gait.

"It was decided now that the young woman should remain in her father's ship, which should convoy the Frenchman the rest of the way to the Saint Croix. The French commander was inclined to resent the idea, but the American discretely assured him that it was the safety of Nadoga and his party which he had at heart; in these perilous times no one could tell what danger might spring up. Nallowa, still eager to follow developments, and finding the English ship more roomy, refused to be slung back into the Frenchman, so that Nadoga in turn was compelled to remain in the English frigate. When the admiral learned the details of the midnight attack in France, he called the old chief Priscilla's watch dog, and shook a warning finger at his blushing assistant.

"Together the two frigates pursued their voyage, now losing sight of each other for perhaps half a day, but always recovering each other in the end; and together they ran into the Saint Croix much to the amazement of our tribe on shore. To their astonishment, also, Nadoga, who had left in a French ship, came home in an English one—but the puzzle was solved when they saw the maid.

Admiral Warren sailed, with the girl, immediately for Boston; while the Frenchman, having to land stores and ammunition for our tribe, was some days with us before he left for Quebec.

"I have read the histories of the old French War—at least two of them, and these the best; I guided, when I was a younger and better man than I am to-day, through the woods of Maine, the writer of one of these histories—a man verging on blindness, but strong of purpose, and possessing strange knowledge of Indians such as I never met—and discussed the question with him at our evening camp fire; yet he and the others agree in laying the blame of that massacre of American prisoners up there on Lake George to the Abenaki and their Micmac allies. Unrestrained by the French soldiery, and under the eye of the commanding general, they slaughtered unarmed and defenseless men when these, trusting to the honor of the French, had surrendered as prisoners of war and given up their arms. Even women and children were put to the tomahawk that day, while Montcalm made but feeble efforts to save them. Now I do not deny that outwardly, and so far as surface facts go, there is some truth in the charge, and so I admitted to Parkman sitting by the fire on Squawpan Lake many years ago; but I did not explain to him, as I am about to do to you, that the facts can wear another face when they are narrated, infused with the underlying truth. I will leave it to yourself to decide, when this story reaches its end, whether our Abenaki were led by bloodthirsty purpose when they started the affray which resulted in the deaths of some prisoners; at the same time, too, you will be enabled to conclude that Montcalm did not at the moment foresee consequences when men's minds were excited and in a tumult.

"In pursuance of the plans discussed in France at that war council of which I spoke, our chiefs quickly sent out runners among the Micmacs, Malecites, and Penobscots—our allies—bidding them prepare for the fight. Abundance of arms and ammunition had been landed to supply the three tribes; so that expectation and spirit mounted high everywhere in Indian hearts, and we awaited only the word to concentrate on the Saint Lawrence. In fact, some were premature in their haste on the war path, and gathered at Montreal before the French general was ready for them. There they caused uneasiness by their impatience, and their feuds with the Algonquins. But in the end the expected reinforcements arrived from France, the word went out to the tribes, and a thousand

camp fires lighted the south shore of the river. The army started in bateaux and canoes; first our warriors from the sea, then the French soldiers with their cannon and supply boats, and in the rear and on the flanks the Hurons and Algonquins. It was a glorious show of strength.

"I will not live over again the long story of that victorious campaign under a great soldier as it has been told in our wigwams for more than a hundred years; nor will I dwell upon the first events of it when Oswego was taken, but rather carry you forward to that day when the fort on Lake George surrendered because cowards within would no longer hold it, and a coward without delayed to come to its rescue.

"The French soldiers lay in cordons around the place, their great guns sending forth shot and shell into the fated enclosure where the English colonists and soldiery held the walls. Women and children were in there also; they had gathered from every outlying village and hamlet down the Mohawk to the Hudson, because war parties of Indian scouts had threatened them. They lived in holes and caverns made in the ground, where they hoped to be safe against the French fire. And the French were unsparing with their fire; day and night the guns thundered back and forth; the French had the advantage of big guns, but the English excelled with the rifle. And daily the besiegers made advance, now ploughing great holes in the battlements, again securing better positions for their guns. The end was not far off. Our warriors had been employed to occupy the woods between the fort and the direction from which succor should come if the English commanding general had thought of rescue, but when he hesitated and then turned his back upon the beleaguered fort, our people drew in closer so as not to miss the event when surrender should be made.

"And thus it came about that Nadoga did, for a second time, meet and converse with the French general as he rode along the line of tents where our warriors made their homes. Again he seemed to court secrecy as on that day on the streets of Paris. Nadoga met him as one chief meets another, and listened to his words of commendation for the work our men had done.

"Suddenly, however, the general changed his tone. 'Have my friends,' he asked, 'heard anything of late from the golden-haired maid? Do they know where she rests, that she is in safety?' He paused to await Nadoga's answer, but Nadoga was at a loss to know what reply to make. War and its occupations had put the

girl out of his mind—doubtless his wife at home was thinking of her. Was she in danger? for he sharply conjectured that this great man would not lightly bring up the maid's name.

“‘Old men who love women and money,’ Montcalm went on as if communing only with Nadoga's ear, ‘have long memories, and the Court of France has long arms. All America has been searched by hidden hands for this girl, to give her over to a royal duke; French spies and emissaries have penetrated even into the cities of Boston and New York, and French gold has been poured out lavishly in the search; but without avail. Would you who love her best know where fate or foolishness has driven her? There’—and he pointed with his sword to the fort in the distance—‘beneath our guns. And in my camp, close to myself, are men who are paid and sworn to bring her back to France. Her father did me a great favor when the fortunes of war put me in his power at Louisbourg: I would repay it to his daughter, but my hands are tied, for this is a matter which affects the crown of France.’

“He rode on as one of his aides approached with some hurried information, and left Nadoga to his thoughts. What these thoughts were, and in what plans for Marguerite's safety when the looked-for day of surrender should come they resulted, Nadoga made plain to his chiefs in the council. In the meantime the Abenaki drew together, and watched intently for the first signal of surrender. Orders came to them to spread out into the woods at a distance, and occupy their former advanced position; but Nadoga quietly passed the word on to the Penobscots—who shared with us the common title of *Abenaki*—and they went.

“At last the day came when the white flag went up, and the English soldiers surrendered their position. There was delay, of course, when terms were being discussed, and arms afterwards given up; but in the end the long train of unarmed soldiers, officers, and civilians—with the women and children, soiled, bedraggled, and tearful—wound its way out from the fort. The soldiers of France lined both sides of the approaches, fearing tumult perhaps; and further out, where wider space was given and the soldiery was fewer, a band of French officers held together and conversed in excited whispers. These Nadoga watched with eager eyes, and gathered his warriors around him, suffering no interference with their liberty to watch the pageant. The head of the column of prisoners was well past, and civilians—bulked out with the women in the centre—were following, with fright and uncer-

tainty plainly showing in their faces, when at a signal which Nadoga could not see given, the band of Frenchmen formed in wedge shape and pushed roughly into the crowd. The frightened women gave way before them, and a lane of space was opened to the centre of the procession. There Nadoga caught a glimpse of a familiar face—that golden hair he could recognize if he were dying—and then he pushed in with his warriors at his heels. There was confusion ahead, and women screeched, but above their cries again sounded that call for help, *A moi, a moi, les Abenagues!* This time our warriors answered it with knife and tomahawk, determined once and for all to make those Frenchmen know that no man could touch with temerity a daughter of their tribe. How many of the French escaped that awful charge of our enraged men, I cannot say; not many, I ween, for the knife followed the tomahawk, and French scalps hung at many a girdle after. But Nadoga and the chiefs closed around the maid, and saved her from injury and capture. Forcing their way out on the opposite side, perhaps not gently where men or women stood in their path, the entire band of Abenaki, at the word of their chiefs, closed in on their encampment.

“Thus indeed was the slaughter of that day begun by our people, but not with the intent of injuring an English head. That the Micmacs, misled by our action, threw themselves on the ill-fated prisoners until Montcalm succeeded in overcoming them was a mistake which nobody foresaw. But the French themselves suffered most in the deaths of many officers of position, who should have done better than attack a helpless maid.

“Great clamor was made by the French soldiers against our chiefs; but the whole affair was so blinded and obscured, so incomprehensible to all who had not the key to its purpose on one side or the other, that it passed off as one of the inevitable mistakes of war. Still the girl could not remain in our camps, although her maid was rescued with her: Montcalm had been especially charged to capture her; so that no time could be lost in carrying her to safety. She would be secure only in one of two places, either in her father’s warship—which was out of the question—or in the very heart of our tribe, and there only in some locality that French spies could not discover. All this was foreseen, and the evening had not drawn to night before Nadoga with a choice body of warriors was on his way, carrying the girl in canoe, back to her ancient home near the sea. The country was deserted along

their route, the story of the fall of the forts and of French victories having frightened the inhabitants away.

"Once again, on the Mohawk, Nadoga found himself with the girl whom under such distress he had helped carry away. Here at her father's deserted mansion they tarried long enough to allow her to collect clothes and such other conveniences as she and her maid might need; they took also a pair of her father's horses, which they caught running at large, and used them as her mounts. Thus with moderate comfort she was enabled to make the journey eastward to the Saint Croix and the country of the Etchemins.

"The Abenaki had lost favor in the high places amongst the French; the blame of the massacre of prisoners was set upon them; the scalping of Frenchmen also was laid at their doors; so that for a period the tribe, being in disfavor, lay back in its own encampments and kept aloof from conflict. But the girl could not be found amongst them when French emissaries from Quebec came making quest of her; chiefs had disappeared, too, with entire families, no one would or could tell where. A portion of the tribe was lost—lost to their own as much as to the French: they had gone into a far country—gone like shadows that disappear over night.

"Afterwards when danger was past for Marguerite—Quebec being fallen and French power broken—the old chiefs came back, and with them the trains of their families; and Nallowa, growing feeble, brought the girl with her, vowing that now she must marry the American captain, and be a wife and mother. But the secret of their hiding place was strictly guarded; it became in the years a sort of mystery to the younger generation, because the command was laid upon them by the elders that the man who made effort to find it should be held accursed and untrue to his people, since there was no knowing when again it would be necessary to seek refuge in its covert, and it must not be made common ground.

"You must have noted that from the last lake we crossed in coming here there was no outlet leading in the direction of this; unbroken and high banks closed in around on all sides but that by which we entered it; great masses of forest rose up and closed the mind to the thought of this spot or its possibility: and yet it lay here in its privacy awaiting us as it awaited Nadoga and his party when, with the girl, they were lost to French pursuit."

And then I saw through Peol's purpose in telling me the story unasked. We were back in the eighteenth century with

Nadoga and Nallows and the others, and the girl was with us, the ripple of the sunlight in her hair, and the red leaf of a maple perhaps on her bosom: because here in its unbroken continuity stands the same primeval forest, doubly pictured to the eye in air and water, as remote from the ways and knowledge of men now as it was in that unchartered age of violence and rapine.

Peol told me no more about the girl, content it would appear to place the drama of place rather than of persons at the close of his story. With this limitation I, too, must be content, and my readers like me. Still perhaps it is due to them to state that Marguerite married the man of her choice, with the consent of the government of France, but on condition that she renounce her heritage there, and in lieu of it accept a large sum of French gold. This she did; and Peol tells me that when the summer colonies of his tribe camp on the seashore "down Saco way," it is on the grounds once owned by this English daughter of theirs—the Maid of Seraghtoga—that they make their temporary resting place.

But for me, who must give this tale a proper title, occurs the difficulty which is due to Peol's diverse dramatic point of view—shall I emphasize the girl or the place? Shall I call it *An Etchemin Princess?* or *Where The Tribe Was Lost?* or simply entitle it *A Story of Tribal Faith?*

THE WISE MEN.

BY E. M. D.

THREE Wise Men, three Wise Men,
For the stars had made them wise,
They saw the portent of the King
High in the winter skies—
They saw the Star of Bethlehem,
When Christ was born, arise.

And the Wise Men rode out eastward,
And they questioned as they rode,
The Wise Men, the Wise Men,
As the Star before them glowed,
“Can Earth,” they asked, “contain this King
Or compass His abode?”

“Has Earth a throne of glory
That’s high enough for Him
By whom the stars are numbered,
And the constellations dim?
What need hath He of vassals
Who rules the Cherubim?”

“Can all the world His palace
And presence chamber span,
Who sets a world as a lanthorn
To guide the wandering man?
With scorn, forsooth, our incense
And gold His eye will scan!”

But they found Him in a stable,
And a helpless Babe was He,
Encompassed by a swaddling band,
Laid on a maiden’s knee!
And the Wise Men, the Wise Men,
Adored the mystery.

“For man,” they said, “must ever
Look upward to the sky,
For, O! the deep’s dimension
Beyond His ken doth lie;
And the unknown Deep is deeper
Than the heights are high.

“And so must human knowledge
Be bounded by the star,
But Love, and Faith, and lowliness
Dwell ever in a far
Profundity, more spacious
Than the heavens are.

“So in the depth eternal,
Unfathomed, He alone,
Who lies here in humility
Finds spaces for His throne;
So dwells the God Incarnate
In deeps unknown!”

So the Wise Men, the Wise Men,
To the manger-crib drew nigh,
For, O! the heavens had made them wise
The Mystery to descry,
For Faith and Love are deeper
Than the stars are high!

THE POETRY OF CHRISTMAS.

BY KATHERINE BREGY.

*Before I tell of Thee, God's Son,
And all the sweet salvation
That Thy birth brought to laboring men,
Make me Thy little child again.
Bid me put off the years, and be
Once more in meek humility
Thy little one and wondering-eyed.
Give me their faith who stood beside
The manger that Thy cradle was;
Vision of oxen and of ass
To see Thee curled on Mary's knee.
Yea, give me their humility.*

* * * * *

*Ere I behold Thy mysteries
Force Thou my soul upon her knees!*

—Katharine Tynan Hinkson.



WHILE all things were in quiet silence, and the night in the midst of her course, Thy Almighty Word, O Lord, came down from heaven, from Thy royal throne.....And the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us. Like an epic flow the sentences of the Breviary; but the brief Gospel story is the crowning poem of all the ages. There, out on the hillside, are the shepherds—simple men, yet honest and watchful, and ready to take God at His word; walking in their midst, one tall, golden angel bringing the tidings of great joy. Then all at once, the blue-black heavens roll back, the flood-gates are let down, and the high celestial multitude is revealed, chanting its psalm of glory and of peace.

And why this piercing, dazzling vision of things hidden from the beginning of the world? Because—over there in the rocky cave which served as stable—the Desired of Nations is lying, a little, helpless Babe! There was never a more dramatic scene in the whole tale of humanity than that first Christmas night. Small wonder that the mystic turns faint with rapture, while poet and painter wax dizzy from sheer joy. Mary, so young and flower-like, presses Him to her breast; Joseph and the quiet beasts hold vigil; at last the shepherds are heard drawing nigh. Somewhere,

far across sea and desert, the faithful Magi are traveling on. But Bethlehem sleeps profoundly, as if nothing at all had happened: and all the while the angels and one star are watching overhead!

It was Francis of Assisi who put into our churches the Christmas Manger—the “Crib,” as it is familiarly called: Francis the Little Poor Man who was poet and lover and saint all in one. Well, the lovers (thank God!) are always with us; and the poets—a little band; and the saints, perhaps—who knows? Even if these failed, there would still be the mothers and the little children. So the Manger stays, a concrete symbol—beautiful and humble and oft-repeated—of the poetry of Christmas.

The Nativity, Aubrey de Vere used to say, is one of the few Christian mysteries which does not contain matter too stupendous for poetry. It is so tender that it ceases to confound. Unlike the Crucifixion or the Resurrection or even the Ascension, it is, at least in its externals, most comfortingly human. Hence was Coventry Patmore never weary of reiterating the great dictum of the saints, that to meditate upon the Incarnation was the supreme and perfect wisdom.

For ah! who can express
How full of bonds and simpleness
Is God;
How narrow is He,
And how the wide, waste field of possibility
Is only trod
Straight to His homestead in the human heart;
Whose thoughts but live and move
Round Man; Who woos his will
To wedlock with His own, and does distil
To that drop's span
The attar of all rose-fields of all love!

It is no stranger, then, than the progress of seed and bud and blossom, that very early there should have grown up a Christmas poetry. In the primitive Madonna of the Catacombs, Christian art found one of its first expressions: and if the Madonna and Child have become (with one tragic exception!) the most popular symbol of entire Christianity, are they not still more essentially the symbol of Bethlehem? It was as *Mysterium Ecclesiae*, the *Mystery*, that the gentle Ambrose sang of Christmas; and others sang with him in those early and heroic centuries, turning with

very imaginable joy to this peaceful theme, as from the sorrows of Good Friday or the never-distant *Dies Irae*. Yet it was emphatically different, this older poetry of Christmas, from those later lyrics which have made themselves the wonder and delight of the centuries. It was a didactic, a definitive poetry. The subject was still fresh—beautifully but not less perilously—fresh; and the Fathers took nothing for granted. They were preoccupied with the eternal significance of the God-Birth among men, with the mystery of this Christ Who was Ever Ancient and Ever Young. And so there grew up a whole body of triumphal Christmas hymns, of which Prudentius' great Nativity is one of the most celebrated among the early examples, and *Adeste Fidelis* among the later.

Already, one distinguishes an undernote rather of tenderness than of triumph. The pathos of the divine paradox was beginning to pierce men's hearts, albeit the glory still ruled their heads. More and more, they dreamed—and sang—of Christmas for its own sake; and ceasing to explain, they knelt down beside the Manger-Throne just to marvel, to adore. This was to be the enduring note of Christmas poetry, this personal and realistic note; it struck, in deepest truth, the passing of the hymn and the homily into the poem. One of its earliest authentic expressions may be found in the German Strabo, who died in his Swabian monastery about 849 A. D., and whose *Lumen Inclytum Refulget* anticipates the flute-calls of Crashaw and a hundred later lyrists:

God, the Maker of the heavens,
 God, the Shaper of the earth,
 Crown and glory of the angels
 Comes, a Babe of human birth.

In His span the heavens are measured,
 On His palm He holds the sun,
 Yet in swathing bands enfolded,
 Here He lies, a Little One.

Lo! the God Whose word almighty
 Formed the ages, is at rest,
 Fondled on the Virgin's bosom,
 Nurtured on the Mother's breast.*

A century later, St. Benno, another Teuton, stood sponsor

*Translated by the Hon. D. J. Donahue in his *Early Christian Hymns*.

for an exquisite Christmas song of close kin to Strabo's. And by the fifteenth century we are hot upon an embarrassment of riches. How popular and how prolific the strain had already proved may be inferred from a touching little poem by John Mauburne, sometime abbot of Livry. It is a colloquy between the pilgrim and the Christ Child, very modern in all save its clinging to the Latin tongue:

Ah! how humble is Thy birth
 In the lowly manger,
 Thou the Lord of heaven and earth,
 Weeping as a stranger;
 If a King indeed art Thou,
 Where is all Thy glory now?
 Where Thy halls of splendor?
 Here is nought but poverty,
 Barren need and penury,
 Little Child so tender!

"Hither hath a love sublime
 Drawn me down so lowly,
 Love of man whose greed and crime
 Make the earth unholy,
 I must suffer this disgrace
 To uplift the human race
 Out of woes distressing;
 I must suffer want and pain
 To enrich your race, and gain
 Everlasting blessing."*

Atavism, surely, is a commoner thing than we are wont to admit; and the centuries jostle one another with delightful *insouciance* up and down the paths of modern song and of modern life. Who can turn from the "divine familiarity" of Abbot Mauburne, for instance, without thinking straightway upon Francis Thompson's

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
 Once, and just so small as I?
 And what did it feel like to be
 Out of Heaven and just like me?

As for Crashaw's chronology, one knows not how to compute it. Lineal descendant he truly was of the saintly Benno, with a

*Translated by the Hon. D. J. Donahue in his *Early Christian Hymns*.

family resemblance to the little group of early Flemish artists who sang their love-songs upon canvas. There was more than a dash of Italy in his make-up—of Masaccio and the early Florentines, passionately sensuous, passionately devout, not yet passionately sophisticated!—and more than a draught of Spain. The most improbable thing of all was that he should so gayly have “led Poetry bound back to Heaven’s gates” in the teeth of Cromwell’s army! But such are the ironies—or may one not better say, the immortalities?—of music. How Crashaw’s lyrical shepherds met “Love’s noon in Nature’s night” ought, for true appreciation, to be read *in toto*; but since their hymn is a trifle long and not entirely obvious, this fragment may be stolen:

“Poor World (said I) what will thou do
To entertain this starry Stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow,
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?

* * * * *

“I saw the curl’d drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o’er the place’s head;
Offering their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair Infant’s bed:
Forbear, said I; be not too bold,
Your fleece is white, but ’tis too cold.

“I saw the obsequious Seraphims
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
For well they now can spare their wing
Since Heav’n itself lyes here below.
Well done, said I: but are you sure
Your down so warm will passe for pure?

“No, no, your King’s not yet to seeke
Where to repose his royall Head.
See, see, how soon his new-bloom’d Cheek
’Twixt mother’s breasts is gone to bed.
Sweet choise, said we! No way but so
Not to ly cold, yet sleep in snow!”

It is one of the sweetest Christmas hymns in existence, and it illustrates perfectly the warm and fond familiarity which (even in England) has been a distinguishing note of Catholic poetry. It is not, for the most part, reverent: it is devout. For reverence

implies something of "the dread and fear of kings;" it is a chilly and formal virtue, when all is said—a virtue of the serf rather than the son. But love takes for granted all the bright and manifold surprises of God. It holds them close, and dreams and laughs and makes them quite her own. Doubtless it is through the much sacramentalism of Catholicity that her children in all climes have acquired something of this intimacy—a thing which the poets have always loved, and the Philistines as invariably detested.

Coleridge caught the fine infection whenever he stepped into the Virgin's precincts, and he has left us a little *Nativity* which should not be forgotten. His *Christmas Carol*, on the contrary, is a rather uninspired piece of writing, mainly because the carol was so manifestly not his proper *métier*. And, then, he seems never to have penetrated very felicitously into the heart of childhood. But he felt, and transmitted well, the thrill of the Divine Humanness when he mused of her, the Mary of Bethlehem—

Blessed, blessed, for she lay
With such a babe in one blest bed,
Close as babes and mothers lie!

This self-same strain may be called the keynote of our countless Christmas lullabies; most of which hark back for inspiration to the anonymous Latin *Dormi, Fili, Dormi*, and one of which is universally known in the brooding beauty of Barnaby's music.

Within recent years much of the best of this "realistic" Christmas poetry has been written by women. Mrs. Hinkson has sung the strain sweetly and blithely—Mrs. Browning sweetly and sadly. No one, indeed, could quarrel with the tenderness of the latter's *Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus*; although a Catholic critic might well quarrel with certain speeches which follow naturally enough from a denial of the Immaculate Conception. But never so *triste* a Madonna as she who bends over her Jesus "of aspect very sorrowful," her "child without the heart for play," whose little lips have never once curled in smiling kisses! Somewhere in space stretches the delicate and dangerous frontier between sentience—sentiment—and sentimentality. There are no white lights of warning, no visible and conspicuous outposts. The balance lies midway between head and heart. But to cross the barrier is for art (perhaps, also, for life?) to pass from soundness to morbidity.

A braver music then, and a better than this colloquy of Mrs. Browning's, rings in the Christmas carols of our own Louise Imogen Guiney. Here is one of the fairest of them—one of the rarest of them, alike in its fancy and its pathos :

Still as blowing rose, sudden as a sword,
Maidenly the Maiden bare Jesu Christ the Lord;
Yet for very lowlihood, such a Guest to greet,
Goeth in a little swoon while kissing of His feet.

Mary, drifted snow on the earthen floor,
Joseph, fallen wondrous weak now he would adore—
(Oh, the surging might of love! Oh, the drowning bliss!)
Both are rapt to Heaven, and lose their human Heaven that is.

From the Newly Born trails a lonely cry.
With a mind to heed, the Ox turns a glowing eye;
In the empty byre the Ass thinks her heart to blame:
Up for comforting of God the beasts of burden came,

Softly to inquire, thrusting as for cheer
There between the tender hands, furry faces dear.
Blessing on the honest coats! tawny coat and grey
Friended our Delight so well when warmth had strayed away.

* * * * *

*The Ox and the Ass,
Be you glad for them
Such a moment came to pass
In Bethlehem!*

It is interesting to set over against this poetry of sentiment and devotion, the *Merry Christmas* verses—the ballads, glees and carols for which England was one time famous. Here the ancient pagan strain, the praise of yule-log and boar's head and foaming ale, leaped to the fore, albeit duly baptized and chrismed. The earlier carols, indeed—the Norman-English songs, the "Welcom be Thou, Hevene King" of Henry VI.'s reign, the "God rest you, merry gentlemen,"—are emphatically pious of intention. But, for the most part, these convivial songs were in high favor about the time men had grown to take the spiritual Christmas very much for granted. Everyone remembers the spirited opening of George Wither's famous lines, first printed some six years after Shakespeare's death, but likely sung before:

So now is come our joyfult feast,
 Let every man be jolly,
 Each room with ivy leaves is drest
 And every post with holly.

* * * * *

Without the door let sorrow lye;
 And if for cold it hap to die,
 We'll bury it in a Christmas pie
 And evermore be merry!

After all, good cheer and good will may justly enough be called a human corollary of the divine Nativity; how justly is shown by this gracious excerpt from *Poor Robin's Almanac*:

Now that the time is come wherein
 Our Saviour Christ was born,
 The larders full of beef and pork,
 The garners fill'd with corn;
 As God hath plenty to thee sent,
 Take comfort of thy labours,
 And let it never thee repent
 To feast thy needy neighbours!

These carols of "Merry England" might very well claim a paper all their own. Boisterous they were at moments, delicious at other moments; with something of the forest in them and more of the kitchen. Poetically they were seldom to be taken *au grand sérieux*, but humanly they did—and irresistibly do—appeal to the eternal boyhood of the world. And if we fancy them dead, let us look to our modern "Christmas cards" before ringing the bell for their mirthful passing. In these popular pasteboards, behold! the carol survives most effectually. It prevails, even, over all the higher poetry of Christmas!

Like the great feast itself, this poetry of Noël is a many-sided thing: and it is well that here, as elsewhere, man should "fulfill himself in many ways." We ourselves are witnessing a revival, under new conditions, of the old religious drama. Only a few years back the English censor banished from the London theatre one of the most beautiful and most reverent of modern Nativity plays, the *Bethlehem* of Laurence Housman. It was very Catholic in thought and feeling; it was vivid and simple and poetic. To be sure, the sublimity of the theme was imperfectly realized—it

was not even attempted. The shepherds talked provincial English and the Magi recited Aves. This conscious naïveté was the pervading charm of *Bethlehem*. In Mr. Housman's own words, here was no attempt at a "naturalistic or realistic" version of the Nativity, but an effort to concentrate into symbolic drama "all the love and delight and wonder which have come to be associated with Christmas."

This, the symbolic treatment, will be perhaps the final expression of Christmas poetry. It is not new (nothing seems ever to be new!): it is at least as old as the visions of the saints. Like Raphael, it laughs at chronology. It is personal, but no longer realistic. Father Southwell's celebrated lyric was of precisely this type: how much of Bethlehem was there in *The Burning Babe*?

As I in hoary Winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
 Surpris'd I was with sudden heat, which made my heart to glow;
 And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
 A pretty Babe, all burning bright, did in the air appear—

et cetera.

Beside this ardent Elizabethan colloquy, one likes to place the cool greenness of a modern Celtic *Christ Child*—John Todhunter's:

The Christ Child came to my bed one night,
 He came in tempest and thunder;
 His presence woke me in sweet affright,
 I trembled for joy and wonder;
 He bore sedately His Christmas-tree,
 It shone like a silver willow,
 His grave child's eyes looked wistfully
 As He laid a branch on my pillow.

And when He had left me alone, alone,
 And all the house lay sleeping,
 I planted it in a nook of my own,
 And watered it with my weeping.
 And there it strikes its roots in the earth.
 And opens its leaves to heaven;
 And when its blossoms have happy birth,
 I shall know my sins forgiven.

This is the Christ Child, older than Bethlehem, younger than to-morrow, who lives still in His Church and His World. Father

Tabb had sight of Him, through his blindness in the southland—a wholly unique vision which he crystallized in verses of exquisite charm and paradox:

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His Ball, the Earth,
Join in to get Him back His ball!

O comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back His ball!

Even so far has the little Christ Child traveled, up and down the songs of so many centuries. They are harmonies upon diverse themes, but He is their unity. And this is the eternal Christmas message—the oft-repeated Incarnation: Love, Joy, Youth, reborn every time the Christmas crescent swings like a silver cradle high up in the December skies!

*But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heav'n's youngest teemèd star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.**

*John Milton: *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY ADRIAN FEVEREL.

II.

THE CULT OF THE UNCHRISTIAN.



O the future historian of religious thought in the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Christian Science will doubtless stand out in greater relief than we at present view it. For he will see, with that perspective which only time can give, how largely it is now moulding the ideals and aspirations of "new" religions. Like the errors that have from the beginning assailed the Church, Christian Science is to-day working quietly and patiently to undermine the foundations of true Christianity.

The great force of Protestantism, that is to say, Protestantism as our forefathers understood the word, is about spent. Hitherto, Protestants have been, except in a few cases, believers in the Divinity of Christ. But to-day, with scarcely an exception, rationalistic doctrines are expounded from the pulpits of Protestant churches of all denominations. In this work of destruction Eddyism has been from its inception a pioneer. Gnosticism, together with Pelagianism, and other heresies that have afflicted Christ's Church from Apostolic times, has been one of the leading tenets of the sect. In "science" the hypostatic union has no place. Jesus Christ, the God-Man ceases to be God and man, Christ becomes "Truth;" to use Mrs. Eddy's own words, "The divine manifestation of God, which comes to destroy incarnate error,"* while Jesus becomes "the highest human corporeal concept of the divine idea."† "Modern ideas of God," of which we hear and read so much to-day in the books that echo the religious thought of our own time, seem to have been latent in Mrs. Eddy's system long ere volumes bearing such titles began to make their appearance. And in this we can see how, unconsciously, perhaps, her sophistries have been gradually absorbed in so-called "modern" religious teachings. But these doctrines of Eddyism, while set forth quite

**Science and Health*, p. 583.

†*Ibid.*, p. 589.

clearly in the authorized literature of the sect, are yet presented in such an obscure and cloudy phraseology that those who still cling to "orthodox Protestant views" rarely comprehend them in all their fullness of disbelief. To the "advanced thinker," however, such doctrines make a strong appeal, since he finds in them a solution of his problem, a religion in which dogma and its attendant inconveniences, to the pseudo philosophic mind, have no place. The "scientist," therefore, by interpreting the Bible "scientifically," offers to the seeker of a "modern" religion, one in which Divine Mysteries are not known, while the less modern individual whom Science has "helped" need not entirely discard his beliefs to be a member of Mrs. Eddy's Church. Indeed Mrs. Eddy goes even further than this, and shows how Jew and Gentile may be united in her fold.* It is this tendency of Christian Science which we propose to examine now; that is to say, the unchristian character manifested in it.

In order, however, properly to examine Christian Science as The Cult of the Unchristian, we must first understand how this unchristian element enters its teachings. To ascertain this we must first analyze its concept of God. And in this analysis we shall find that Eddyism is not only unchristian, but blasphemous as well. For while it denies the Divinity of Jesus, and while this denial is certainly one of its gravest errors, still this error is built upon the greater error of a blasphemous concept of God. And by blasphemous we mean identifying the creature and the Creator. Let us quote a few passages from *Science and Health*, and see whether or not Mrs. Eddy's concept of God teaches that Creator and creature are merged in one.

Man in the likeness of his Maker reflects the central light of being, the invisible God. As there is no corporeality in the mirrored form, which is but a reflection, so man, like all things else, belongs to God, and his life is in the divine Principle above him, not in a mortal body.†

Because man is the reflection of his Maker, he is not subject to birth, growth, maturity, decay. These mortal dreams are of human origin, not divine.‡

.....Man cannot be separated for an instant from God, if man reflects God.§

Eye hath not seen God nor His image and likeness. Neither

**Science and Health*, p. 360.

‡*Ibid.*, p. 305.

†*Ibid.*, p. 305.

§*Ibid.*, p. 306.

God nor the perfect man can be discerned by the material senses.*

Immortal man was and is God's image or idea, even the infinite expression of infinite Mind, and immortal man is coexistent and coeternal with that Mind.†

God, without the image and likeness of Himself, would be a nonentity, or Mind unexpressed.‡

It would not be at all difficult to furnish a page or two more of extracts similar in thought. Just what do they all mean? Superficially considered, read without careful analysis, one might perhaps interpret them as giving expression to a belief in the immortality of the soul, or perhaps one might read into them a strange manner of setting forth a belief in man as being made in God's image and likeness.

Yet this is very far indeed from their true meaning. In "science" individual souls do not exist!§ There is no individual soul belonging to each individual *ego*; soul is God. "Souls" are beliefs in error. If we examine these quotations properly, we find that Mrs. Eddy really identifies God and man. To analyze her own analogy, man is God's reflection. She conceives man as being without corporeal existence. The human body is nothingness, a form of error. What of man's soul? Her own words on this subject show her belief, or rather disbelief, in the soul as we understand the term. Answering a question in the chapter entitled "Recapitulation," "What are spirits and souls?" she says: "To human belief they are personalities constituted of mind and matter, life and death, truth and error, good and evil. . . . The term souls or spirits is as improper as the term gods. Soul or Spirit signifies Deity and nothing else."||

Here she clearly identifies God and man. She denies the existence of the individual soul, she teaches that man is the reflection of God, and, hence, is the same in appearance as God. Her figure, to illustrate her thought, is rather difficult to understand. A reflection has, of course, no actual existence. And in this the "discoverer and founder" of Christian Science seems to make man nought but a shadow. Yet this is not really her idea, for she does not seem to understand that the reflection is dependent entirely upon the mirror and the person standing before it, she seems to see only that the reflection moves and acts only as the person reflected

**Science and Health*, p. 330.

§*Ibid.*, p. 335.

†*Ibid.*, p. 336.

||*Ibid.*, p. 466.

‡*Ibid.*, p. 303.

moves and acts. Continuing her figure she assumes God as the Person reflected, man as the reflection, Christian Science as the mirror.* God, she reasons, is all good, hence the reflection is all good. God is deathless, without beginning or end, hence man is deathless and without beginning or end. In brief the creature and the Creator are one, precisely as the reflection and the person standing before a mirror are one.†

If one should object to this, and charge Mrs. Eddy with inconsistency, since she asserts that her system is built upon the teachings of the Bible, and show that this conception of God and man is in direct contradiction to the account in Genesis, the "scientist" would answer that "scientifically interpreted" the Mosaic account corroborates Mrs. Eddy's doctrine in every particular. He argues that in Genesis are two distinct accounts of Creation: the Elohist and the Jehovist.‡ The Elohist is "scientific," because God found all things to be good.§ The Jehovist is the account of error, the Adam dream, the origin of a belief of intelligence in matter.|| Adam was fashioned from the dust;¶ the very word divided into two syllables, Mrs. Eddy says, suggests the thought of mortal mind in solution, something fluid, a dam or obstruction.** Of course, such interpretations are manifestly absurd. The two appellations by which God was known to the Jews are scattered throughout the book of Genesis. Indeed, in Genesis v. 1, it is Elohim who is named in connection with the generations of Adam. Therefore we need waste no more space in refuting such erroneous theories.

But it is in the last quotation above that we see most clearly the absolutely blasphemous nature of Mrs. Eddy's concept of God. "God, without the image and likeness of Himself, would be a non-entity, or Mind unexpressed." This is tantamount to saying that unless man exists, God cannot exist. To bring in again Mrs. Eddy's figure of the mirror. Unless one gazes in the mirror, unless one reflects one's self, one has no existence. In fine, then, God would cease to exist without His reflection man, since God and man are inseparable and eternally united. How Mrs. Eddy can hold such a theory in the face of the Scriptural account of Creation, even "scientifically interpreted," it is difficult to see.

It is almost superfluous to refute such doctrines. No one of the inspired writers ever held such views, and Mrs. Eddy brings

**Science and Health*, p. 300.

†*Ibid.*, p. 258.

‡*Ibid.*, p. 523.

§*Ibid.*, p. 520.

||*Ibid.*, p. 524.

¶*Ibid.*, p. 579.

***Ibid.*, p. 338.

forward no texts to support her erroneous concepts. Indeed, in her exegesis, *The Key of the Scriptures*, this inconsistency is passed over in silence. Yet her whole system rests upon this idea of God. Her system of healing, her doctrines of sin and marriage, her teaching regarding Jesus, all derive their being from this pantheistic concept. Perhaps it might be worth our while to examine hastily the true teaching of the Bible regarding such a doctrine. We find, in Numbers xxiii. 19 Moses speaking such words as these to the children of Israel: "God is not a man, that He should lie." Clearly here the great Lawgiver teaches that man is not perfect, since he lies. God does not lie, hence man cannot be God's reflection, since God cannot lie and man can. The life and teachings of Our Blessed Savior also rebuke this doctrine of Mrs. Eddy's. The teaching of St. John the Baptist, "Be baptized and do penance," show clearly in what way Our Lord's forerunner regarded man's relations with God. If man were but God's reflection, perfect and stainless, what need of penance? And if, in this connection, the "Scientist" attempts to evade the plain meaning of St. John's exhortation by explaining that, "scientifically interpreted," this means simply "purify yourself of the illusion of sin," he is shown to be at odds with the command of Our Savior to His Apostles. "Loose and bind, remit and retain." Obviously, as we showed in the first paper, to retain an illusion is impossible if the illusion does not exist, and if one is cognizant of this fact.

Looking at Mrs. Eddy's concept of God from a rational viewpoint, its absurdity becomes even more patent. For if the creature be merely a reflection of the Creator, the creature is manifestly deprived of free will. A reflection can in no way indicate that its subject has life without the full and entire consent of the subject. The reflection cannot move unless the subject moves; and, pushing the figure yet further, we see that the reflection is without many of the attributes of its subject, for, assuming that the subject of the reflection is a human being, the subject can speak, see, taste, feel, and a hundred other actions are possible to it which the reflection cannot even seem to perform. Therefore we are fully justified in asserting that this doctrine of Eddyism not only deprives man of free will, clearly violating a demonstrable fact of existence, but it also denies him certain demonstrable powers, which accompany possession of free will.

To what does such a definition of God and man tend? Con-

sidered from a material standpoint the answer must be: to destruction. Universally accepted such an idea would make each man identical with God. In a very mild way, as compared with the teachings of Eddyism, certain Roman philosophers held these blasphemous concepts of God. Certain of the emperors were declared of divine origin. To the decadence in religious thought, many historians trace the corruption that so infested the empire, that it eventually brought about its destruction. It is not at all difficult to see that the logical outcome of a universal acceptance of Mrs. Eddy's theory of God would lead to even worse results. It does not answer at all to show that at present "scientists" are morally decent. They are so because, as we showed in the first paper, society, as at present constituted, compels them to be so, not to mention their early environment. Change the society, change the code of morals, teach that there is no sin, that man, being God's reflection and likeness, is coeternal and coexistent with God, and hence incapable of sin, in short teach Christian Science as it really is, and not as many of its adherents believe it to be, and the result would be nothing short of chaos.

Spiritually considered, to what does this teaching of Eddyism lead? Briefly, God, as at present understood, would cease to exist. The Trinity, being "suggestive of polytheism,"* would of course no longer be worshipped. The Holy Ghost in "science" is Divine Science,† therefore worship to the Paraclete would be also a thing of the past. Jesus being merely "the highest human concept of the divine idea,"‡ divine honor would no longer be due His Sacred Humanity.

That Eddyism is wholly unchristian in character will be readily shown by examining a few quotations from the "precious volume." And it is interesting to realize in this regard that in the beginning Christian Science was known not by the deceptive name which it now bears, but by such peculiar titles as "The Science of Man," "Moral Science," "Divine Metaphysics," etc.§ Mrs. Eddy was an astute woman, and certainly she saw clearly that a system of religion embracing mental healing such as hers would make little progress in a community largely inhabited by Protestants of the puritanical school. It is noteworthy, too, that her earliest converts were formerly spiritualists. Mrs. Eddy at all events grasped this fact fully, and accordingly she coined the name under which her pantheistic system now masquerades.

**Science and Health*, p. 256.

†*Ibid.*, p. 331.

‡*Ibid.*, p. 589.

§*See Christian Science and Life of Mrs. Eddy.* By Georgine Milmine.

To return to our examination of Christian Science as The Cult of the Unchristian. Let us open the textbook a moment, and see what its conception of Jesus Christ actually is. A very few citations suffice for our purpose.

The corporeal Jesus was human.*

Jesus: The highest human concept of the divine idea.†

The lonely precincts of the tomb gave Jesus a refuge from His foes, a place in which to solve the great problem of being. His three days work in the sepulchre set the seal of eternity on time.....He met and mastered on the basis of Christian Science the power of mind over matter, all the claims of medicine, surgery, and hygiene.‡

In His final demonstration, called the ascension, He rose above the physical knowledge of His disciples, and the material senses saw Him no more.§

These quotations taken quite at random show very clearly the teaching of "Science" regarding Our Divine Redeemer. Once separated from the verbal mist which hangs over all of Mrs. Eddy's writings, we begin to see what she is really saying. Read in the textbook, with a mass of hazy phrases, one sometimes fails adequately to understand their real intent. For example, consider the first quotation. "The corporeal Jesus was human." This we all know and acknowledge. But we also believe that the corporeal Jesus was Divine. This Mrs. Eddy denies entirely. She does not at all deny that Jesus was born of a virgin. And it is interesting to note in this regard that "the discoverer and founder" of Christian Science considers Our Lady and her virginal delivery precisely as she would consider any other woman who had "sufficient science" to create a child through mental generation. Mary's spiritual sense was illumined with divine science, or the Holy Ghost. In other words, Our Lady caught a gleam of Eddyism, and through this understanding she brought forth her child, putting to silence the material order of generation, and demonstrating God as the Father of men.|| To put it in plainer words, with a sufficient knowledge of "science," any woman could become a virginal mother. Just how Mrs. Eddy regards Jesus as human, when according to her theories the corporeal form of mankind is erroneous,¶ and at the same time a concept of the divine idea, it is

**Science and Health*, p. 332.

†*Ibid.*, p. 589.

‡*Ibid.*, p. 44.

§*Ibid.*, p. 46.

||*Ibid.*, p. 29.

¶*Ibid.*, p. 477.

difficult to see. We must not, however, look for consistency in Eddyism, that is a gem that does not adorn our author's "laborious publications."*

It is in the third quotation that Mrs. Eddy lets us see what her ideas upon this subject really are. For the second extract is largely a repetition of the first. It is interesting to see, however, that as the corporeal identity of man is a form of error, Jesus must, therefore, be also a form, highly attenuated, perhaps, of error. To return to the citation we are now analyzing. Here she argues that Jesus did not die. Within the tomb Our Savior solves the great problem of being. Through this solution He later appears to His disciples. God is omniscient. Jesus could not have been, since He must seek a place of refuge from His foes to solve a problem. Just what this collection of verbal nonsense means it would be almost impossible to determine. Was Jesus alive within the tomb? As in science, death is a mere belief, it would appear so. "His three days work set the seal of eternity on time," a rather unique proceeding to say no more, but let us pass that, and come to the really interesting portion of the passage. "He met, and mastered, on the basis of Christian Science, all claims of medicine, surgery, and hygiene." In other words, Our Savior, instead of lying in the sepulchre in the white sleep of death, while His Soul was in that Limbo where He preached delivery to the captives, was busy within the "lonely precincts of the tomb, meeting and mastering claims of medicine, surgery, hygiene, life, and intelligence in matter." Could absurdity go to greater lengths without detection?

To sum up, then, this passage in the only possible way of reading it, it must mean simply this: Jesus did not know all things, hence He was not God. He did not die upon the cross for our sins. Indeed, why should He since sin is only an illusion? Instead, in the sepulchre He demonstrated to His own satisfaction that medicine, surgery, and hygiene are but forms of error. Let us remember in this connection, too, that at Mrs. Eddy's demise, Mrs. Stetson promptly wrote an article on her coming resurrection,† and when we consider that Mrs. Eddy wrote of Our Lord's work as incomplete, and only completed in the "definite rule" contained in *Science and Health*,‡ which she herself had, it is remarkable to say no more, that Our Savior could solve the "great problem of being" in three days, while Mrs. Eddy has from all accounts

**Science and Health*, p. 464.

†*The Independent*, January, 1911.

‡*Retrospection and Introspection*, p. 51.

not yet completed her solution. But, perhaps, the "great problem of being" is more complex than formerly. It is interesting also to see that Mrs. Eddy elsewhere directly contradicts this citation in these words, "Jesus of Nazareth was a divine and natural Scientist. He was so before the material world saw him. He Who antedated Abraham and gave the world a new date in the Christian era was a Christian Scientist, who needed *no discovery of the Science of Being in order to rebuke the evidence of the material senses with his spiritual senses.*"*

An examination of the fourth quotation shows that not only does Mrs. Eddy deny the Divinity and Resurrection of Jesus, but she also denies His Ascension, in the sense in which it is usually understood. He did not rise bodily, He was not "carried up into Heaven" as St. Luke tells us. He merely rose above the material senses of His disciples, as "scientists" will rise some day above the material senses of those poor mortal minds that cannot see the "truth." Such an interpretation as this is, naturally, too entirely unscriptural to merit refutation from the Biblical standpoint.

It is not at all to the purpose to refute these unchristian teachings from the philosophic standpoint. That has been done too often already, and, moreover, we are not concerned in proving that Jesus was God, but rather in proving that Christian Science does not regard Him as God. To do this we have shown, first, how such a doctrine comes to be the logical outcome of the "scientist's" concept of God. A concept that merges the creature and the Creator in one. Obviously, in a system of religion whose basic principle identifies God and man, there could be no place for the God-man our Lord Jesus Christ. He had no mission, as His mission has always been understood. There was no sin for Him to expiate, for sin is nothing, and its only reality is the illusion of its reality.† Christ's mission, therefore, was not one of expiation, but of explanation. The Crucifixion merely demonstrated God's goodness and affection for mankind.‡ Our Savior's miracles were, in reality, not miracles at all, but rather divinely natural occurrences which seemed miraculous to those "mortal minds" which were so steeped in error that they could not comprehend them.§ The Resurrection was not really a Resurrection at all. For man being God's reflection cannot die, and therefore cannot rise again. Jesus solved problems in the tomb, which was not a place of sepul-

**Science and Health*, p. 33.

†*Ibid.*, pp. 24, 497.

‡*Ibid.*, p. 472.

§*Ibid.*, pp. 591, 139, 144.

ture for His dead body, but rather "a place of refuge from His foes." He was not omniscient, therefore, and therefore He was not God. How can Mrs. Eddy, however, explain the inconsistency which enters her "scientific interpretation" here, when we object to this, that Our Lady and St. Mary Magdalene came to the tomb with spices to anoint the body? If in answer to this it be said that they were still befogged in materialism, then it would be interesting to know where the "illumination of the Holy Ghost" had vanished that Mrs. Eddy tells us was vouchsafed to Our Lady at the Annunciation. The Ascension was merely a supersensual one, a rising above material senses. So much for Christian Science as The Cult of the Unchristian.

A little inquiry as to the logical outcome of such doctrines may not be out of place in conclusion. Such religious tenets universally accepted would mean, it is easy to see, the annihilation of Christianity. The Sacraments have no place in Eddyism, hence they would cease as the means of God's grace bestowed upon mankind. Baptism "in Science" is "a purification from all error."* Communion is not the celebration of those mysteries Our Redeemer ordained, but rather a "spiritual breakfast."† In brief, then, these doctrines of Eddyism aim at nothing less than the extinction of all that is truly Christian and Apostolic; they strike at the very roots of Christianity, and in defining them as unchristian we have not at all overstated their dangerous and malicious character.

**Science and Health*, p. 35.

†*Ibid.*, p. 34.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CATHOLIC DEEP-SEA MISSION.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHEN, PH.D.



THE average person who makes a journey across the Atlantic, and to a still greater extent the one who goes on a short holiday cruise, have not the slightest conception of the dangers, privations, and hardships of "those who go down to the sea in ships." The ocean-going traveler is provided with a comfortable stateroom in a large and well-equipped steamer; he has an army of especially trained servants at his command; he can obtain the services of a doctor if he is ill, and an excellent *chef* makes every meal a thing of surprise and tempting daintiness. Now the wireless apparatus keeps our voyager in continual relation with his home, in constant touch with the news of the world. And last, but not least, at the end of a week or ten days he finds himself on *terra firma* once more, safely delivered from the lurking perils and unaccountable mischances of the deep.

How different is the lot, how changed the circumstances of those who must follow the sea for a livelihood, who must wrest or cajole from its treacherous waves the bread whereby they live! No sumptuously appointed steamer waits their convenience, but a poor little bark of one hundred or one hundred and fifty tons burden. Within this frail shelter a dozen or a score of men have their home for months at a time, with just a few inches of crazy planking between them and eternity. Their food is of the coarsest and roughest, salt pork and salt beef—not of the best quality—alternately; while the place of bread is largely taken by a particularly hard biscuit, locally called "hard tack." This biscuit, if preserved from the damp, will keep indefinitely, and, like wine, grows mellow with age. When soaked overnight in cold water, and boiled or fried in the morning with several slices of fat pork, it makes a not unappetizing breakfast, which they call "bruise," greatly esteemed by fishermen and others. In one tiny "fo'scle" the whole crew have to live, eat, and sleep; their ill-kept berths, no bigger than coffins, arranged in tiers around a small central space. The atmosphere of the "fo'scle" is absolutely inde-

scribable—a conglomerate of fish, oil, bilge water, and abortive culinary efforts. At the best of times ventilation is poor, and in bad weather is absolutely out of the question. When a man is in good health it is true these manifold discomforts are scarcely perceived by him, but consider the fate of an unfortunate creature sick in such surroundings, unable to help himself, whose comrades are kept too busy to give him any attentions, even supposing they knew how. On land the most destitute will find assistance; there is no slum too vile, no hovel too abominable, for public and private charity to find an entrance and administer relief. But on the sea there are no institutions of philanthropy, and there it is every man for himself.

The life itself of the deep-sea fisherman is desperately severe, working as he must for interminable hours at a time, when the fish is plentiful, with long stretches of dreary inactivity when bait is wanting, or weather conditions are impossible. Every day a little swarm of flat-bottomed boats called *dories*, containing each two fishermen, set out from the parent bark. Each boat carries a small keg of drinking water and some provisions, and after a long day's work on the fishing grounds, the men do not complain if they can return in the evening cold, wet, and famished to their vessel. That dirty, foul-smelling schooner, where the sailors are packed together like sardines in a can, is home to them, their only plank of safety on the cruel, stormy ocean, the frail bridge still joining them with their home in some Newfoundland village, or in distant France, or Portugal. For it often happens that the ten or twelve dories that left the bark in the morning do not all return at eventide. A sudden squall swooping down from out of a cloudless sky passed over the boats with bewildering rapidity, and in passing took its toll. One or two little dories with their occupants disappeared to be seen no more. A proud steamer plunging haughtily through the fishing fleet submerged some cockle shell of a boat with its occupants, and the steamer tore on unheeding, leaving human beings to their fate. Or the fog settled down on the waters like a thick velvet pall, blotting out all horizons, deadening all sounds, destroying all sense of direction. Then God help the poor fisher folk who do not succeed in finding some ship quickly!

Frequently they drift about aimlessly for days and days together, until death comes as a merciful release to deliver them from their sufferings. Sometimes after enduring incredible hardships, after starving for fourteen and even twenty days, they are picked up

hundreds of miles from land, and survive to tell the tale. Some years ago two such fishermen were brought into St. John's, N. F., with frost-bitten and gangrened limbs, which had to be immediately amputated. But their dreadful experience and the consequent shock of the operation did not apparently shorten their lives, for both survived to a green, old age.

Apart from the accidental hardships that make this life so wearing, the every day routine tells terribly on the constitution. And while there are old fishermen robust and hardy up to eighty and even ninety years of age, it must be admitted that these are the rare exception nowadays, and by no means the rule. The long hours of exposure, the wet, the cold, the pitiless icy winds *break down* all but the strongest constitutions; bronchial and pulmonary affections are common, and pneumonia still more deadly cuts short many a youthful career. The coarse salt food, the absence of fresh meat and vegetables, is a fruitful source of eczema, scurvy, and other diseases of the skin and blood; while the chafing of the oil clothes on the wrists, the handling and hauling of wet and slimy lines, the continual irritation of the salt water, cause a peculiarly painful sore called popularly "water-whelps." And during the various operations of fishing, and working the boats and schooner, accidents often happen, so that broken arms and legs are not rare.

Such are the difficulties that have to be contended against by these who ply their perilous calling on the Banks of Newfoundland. These are vast submarine plateaux, situated from thirty to one hundred miles from the island, and thought by geologists to have formed at some remote period a portion of Newfoundland. As certain as seed time and harvest time, as the ebb and flow of the tides or the phases of the moon, occur the great migrations of fish every year, when incalculable schools of squid, capelin, herring, salmon, and cod dash themselves on the coast of Newfoundland. "The Banks" are the favored haunts of the codfish, which are particularly large and choice in these cold waters, and every year thousands of fishermen, not only from Newfoundland itself, but from nearly all parts of the world, assemble there from April till October to catch fish.

Treaty rights, dating back to the days when France owned all North America, secure French fishers special privileges off this part of the Newfoundland coast (hence called the *French Shore*), and as many as ten thousand

Frenchmen, mostly from Brittany and Normandy, come annually to ply their calling in our waters. The French Republic still owns two tiny islets off the coast of Newfoundland, St. Pierre-Miquelon, and every year a French cruiser visits Newfoundland to keep a watchful eye on the interests of its subjects. For years and years, in fact for centuries, these poor creatures were laboring under the hard conditions I have tried to describe, with no one to care for them, deprived of all spiritual and material aid, left without news of their homes and families for six and eight months at a time. Almost within sight and touch of a Christian land they were yet as isolated, as uncared for, as "ungetatable," if I may coin a word, as explorers of the forest primeval. Not so does England treat its fishermen. There for many years various "Missions to Deep Sea Fishermen" have been in operation, and the expenses incurred by these bodies in their work amount to the enormous sum of £48,000 or \$240,000.00 yearly. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*

Fired by these examples a certain Monsieur Bernard Bailly, a retired naval officer, thought there ought to be in France a similar organization for the help and uplifting of the French fishermen, and in 1894 in conjunction with the Assumptionist Fathers of Paris, he founded his *Société des Œuvres de Mers*. M. Bailly's idea was to station a hospital ship on the fishing grounds, which would stay with the fleet during the whole season. This ship was to carry a priest and a doctor, so that both the spiritual and the material needs of the sailors might receive adequate attention, and it was to give *gratuitous* assistance to all in need, no matter what their creed or nationality. The ardent propagandist left no stone unturned to arouse the enthusiasm and generosity of his countrymen. The late Cardinal Richard, the then Archbishop of Paris, took the Society under his patronage; several notabilities of the naval, social, literary, and artistic world enrolled themselves under its banners, and by 1895 the *Société des Œuvres de Mers* was firmly founded and ready to begin its labors. The keynote of the entire movement was philanthropy, and the Society was to be maintained entirely by voluntary subscription.

Amongst its members five grades were established, according to the donation of each. *Benefactors* are they who make very large offerings, or render some particularly conspicuous service to the Society. *Founders* are those who make a donation of at least \$100.00 (£20), or who give an annual subscription of \$20.00 (£4).

Principal Subscribers are those who give \$20.00 (£4) once for all, or who give an annual subscription of \$4.00 (16 s.). All whose yearly aid is under \$4.00 are classed as subscribers. And finally those who give but once, anything under \$20.00 (£4), are called *Donors*. Thus the *Cadre* of the Society is sufficiently elastic to admit all classes, and while large offerings are accepted gladly, the widow's mite is not despised. From humble beginnings the Society expanded with incredible rapidity, until to-day it has branches in every important town in France, and its subscription list runs into six figures. Amongst its most ardent champions and workers are the wealthy Catholic ladies of France, who have always been foremost in every charitable undertaking. Last year one lady alone gave \$50,000.00 (£10,000) for the purchase and equipment of a ship to attend exclusively to the fishers of Iceland, where five thousand Frenchmen go every year. Up to that time the Society had but one hospital ship, which thus had to visit both Newfoundland and Iceland. This ship, leaving France in March, used to sail first to Iceland and remain there until June. Thence sailing to Newfoundland, she used to remain from June till October in our waters.

Providence did not seem to favor the first philanthropic essays of the *Œuvres de Mers*. After but a short time, before the promoters could give proof of their prowess, their vessel was lost, but they replaced it by another; that was lost and they built another; the third was lost and they replaced it by *two others*. Certainly no one can say but that the members of this Society are "sportsmen" in the best sense of the word, and in face of adverse fortune they are "game" all the time. With two ships, which the generosity of one lady made possible for them, they can divide their forces and double their well-doing. One, the *S. François d'Assisi*, works entirely off the Terra Nova coasts, the other, *Notre Dame de la Mer*, attends exclusively to Iceland. It would be impossible to overestimate all the good done by these ships during the few years of their operation. If they brought only one soul nearer to his Maker, if they helped but one sheep to his Shepherd, that alone would be worth while; but they have helped and comforted hundreds, and, more important still, they have been a leaven of virtue, of moral purity, of high ideal and endeavor placed amongst those, who to some extent were the outcasts and pariahs of society. And no matter how irreligious a man may be, no matter how debased, no matter how cynical or skeptical of others' virtue,

he cannot help being touched by self-sacrifice endured, by hardship undergone, entirely for his *personal benefit*.

Just a few years ago nobody knew anything about the deep-sea fishermen of Newfoundland, nobody cared; they toiled as long as they could; they suffered without relief; they died and were buried like pagans. Now they have all the helps the most up-to-date cities pride themselves on. When they are sick they have a hospital and doctor at hand; they have a priest to give them the Sacraments when dying, and to pray over them when dead. And what a consolation for their relatives to know that in case of sickness or death their dear ones will not be neglected; that friendly faces will be around them, and holy prayers said over them in moments of suffering, or when they are breathing their last? If it is a hard and a bitter thing to die in a foreign land at thousands of miles from one's home, the horror of it is greatly diminished when religion throws its mild radiance over the last moments, and those are around the departing who see in every human being a child of the same Father, a brother of Jesus Christ. But there is no need to enlarge on sentimental considerations when the facts speak for themselves. The following summary from 1897-1911 will give a better idea than words can of the activity of the hospital ship during the few years of its existence.

Communications with fishing boats.....	12,274
Sick in hospital on board.....	1,163
Days in hospital on board.....	17,732
Rescued from shipwreck.....	342
Consultations at sea.....	5,255
Sailors brought to their homes.....	523
Gifts of medicines.....	2,310
Letters received and delivered..	363,566

This last item tells one of the minor but not the least valuable services of the hospital ship, namely, to receive and transmit letters to and from the sailors. The Post Office Department, which is in charge of the Chaplain, is constantly growing, and this past year (1912) some fifty thousand letters were carried by the *S. François d'Assise*. As mentioned already, the *Œuvres de Mers* is essentially a philanthropic association, and it helps all in need without the slightest regard to creed or nationality. During the year 1911 the hospital ships of the Society visited and assisted over two hundred foreign ships belonging to the following nationalities:

American	16
English	30
Portuguese	101
German	14
Dutch	42
Canadian	16
Icelanders	6
Belgian	3

Several times the press of the United States has lavished warm encomiums on this Society, and testified to the benefits conferred by it on American citizens. The official bulletin of the *Œuvres de Mers* gives quotations in this sense from the *Boston Globe*, the *Gloucester Daily Times*, and the *Evening Post* of Worcester. In 1907 l'abbé P. Benoit, chaplain to the hospital ship, had an interview with Mr. Roosevelt, during which the President was pleased to say to him, "I thank you for the good you have done to our American fishermen; I congratulate you upon it, and I wish you every success with my fellow-citizens." Deep though the hostility of the governing oligarchy in France is to religion, and to all things savoring of religion, it could not but recognize that the *Société des Œuvres de Mers* is of the highest merit, and also of the greatest importance to a thankless Republic—a Republic which does not think worth its while to take any interest in those citizens whose calling, with its long absences from home, prevents them from casting their votes. So to keep the balance as it were between its own interest and its religious antipathy, the French Government flings contemptuously to the Society a pittance of \$1,200.00 (£240) a year. Over and over again the Society has obtained gold medals and honorable mentions at various marine and international exhibitions, and in 1908 it was awarded a *Prix de Vertu* of 6,000 francs by the French Academy. However the Society lives and thrives practically altogether by private subscriptions; the very large sum of money necessary for the upkeep of two ships and two seamen's homes being provided by the generosity of private donors.

With the growth of the Society came the desire to expand its field of action and increase its utility. Its promoters soon saw that the good effected by the hospital ship would be much increased by the establishment of a Seaman's Home or *Maison de Famille* within the sphere of their operations. At St. Pierre-Miquelon, they opened their first home. To this little islet an immense number of French fishermen come every year, and all the merchants (*armateurs*) of Granville, S. Malo, Brest, and even Bordeaux, maintain branch

houses (*succursales*) or agents there. There is unfortunately no duty on spirits, little or no restriction on their sale, and, as might be expected, drunkenness with many consequent accidents was extremely rife.

But an immense change for the better has come since the opening of the *Maison de Famille*. This sailors' club, in charge of a chaplain, does everything to make its visitors comfortable, and to guard them jealously from the insidious snare of drink. Books, papers, and games are provided in abundance to amuse the men's leisure; writing materials are given them free, and they can have as much cocoa (and in case of cold eucalyptus tea) as they desire, also gratis. The fishermen are not thankless for all that has been done for them, nor blind to their interest. They have bid an eternal good-bye to the *cabaret* with all its unsavory attractions, and are now ardent habitués of the *Maison de Famille*. And many a Jacques, Pierre, Paul, and Jean-Baptiste, who were famous toppers long ago, are now model citizens, and ardent co-workers with the chaplain in his crusade against intemperance and evil living. Some years ago, before the establishment of the *Maison de Famille* at St. Pierre, it was a common thing for drunken men to fall into the harbor and be drowned. Since 1907 there has not been a single accident of that kind, which alone is eloquent testimony to the moral amelioration accomplished. The *Société des Œuvres de Mers* maintains another home at Fashrudsfjord (Iceland) for the seamen frequenting these waters.

A few months ago (August, 1912) the *S. François d'Assise* touched at St. John's, N. F., and the writer, in common with his fellow townsmen, was privileged to be shown through the ship, and to have her mode of operations explained to him by the captain and chaplain *viva voce*. It is a pretty vessel of six hundred tons burden, of the yacht pattern, steam-driven, but schooner rigged, and carries three enormous masts.

On her yellow funnel a red cross shines out prominently, and *S. François d'Assise* is painted in large black letters on her stern. Her hospital contains fourteen beds of the most scrupulous cleanliness. These beds are mounted on swinging pivots, so that they may remain always horizontal, and the sick may not suffer from the rolling and pitching of the steamer. Separated from the hospital by wide folding doors is a tiny chapel where the Blessed Sacrament is constantly kept, and the Chaplain says Mass every morning. On Sunday the doors are folded back, and hospital and chapel

converted into one large apartment, where the crew in two divisions, and several crews from neighboring vessels, may hear Mass. The Chaplain says two Masses every Sunday—*Messe basse* at 7.30 A. M., *Messe chantie* at 10 A. M., except on the very rare occasions when the ship is in port, and then there is but one Mass on board. At 4 P. M., on Sunday afternoon, the Chaplain recites the Rosary, preaches a sermon, and gives Benediction, and he says prayers for his little flock every night. In fact, the discipline of the ship is that of a *Petit Séminaire*, and if the sailors are not quite up to the mark, and thoroughly model men, it will certainly not be the fault of Monsieur l'abbé Lecrevieux the excellent *Aumonier*. In the captain's room the statue of the gentle Saint of Assisi occupies the place of honor, and pious pictures and edifying souvenirs are on every side. The tiny consulting room and surgery of the ship is a veritable curiosity. There the doctor writes his prescriptions and performs his operations, and because fisher folk as a general rule are not overburdened with good manners, certain obvious laws of hygiene and politeness are written on the walls in five languages, namely, French, Breton (*Patois*), English, German, and Portuguese. The ship has also a disinfecting room where beds and clothing are fumigated, and all noxious germs are put *hors du combat*. The captain explained the varied excellencies of his ship with the pride of a commander and the zeal of an enthusiast. On my asking how he managed to hold his own with the Government, he shrugged his shoulders with inimitable Gallic nonchalance. "We take no interest at all in the Government, Monsieur," he replied. "We are interested only in doing good—in benefiting the classes most neglected by the Government, because they are scarcely ever at home at election time. There are many platform socialists in France who preach the uplifting of humanity; 'tis we are the real and true socialists—*mais des socialistes-chrétiens, vous entendez*—who are trying to uplift and succor the most neglected "of our brethren." In his expressive eyes, sparkling and vivacious, the flame of the zealot shone, and in his striking naval uniform he looked a soldiery figure who carried his fifty odd years lightly. The sun shone on his medals and decorations won in the Far East, where in days of stress and danger he had upheld his country's honor at the risk of his life, and I thought him a not unworthy representative of that great nation, which, in spite of all her faults, has continually fought for chivalrous ideals, and ever sustained forlorn hopes.

MISTRAL AND HIS WORK.

BY CHARLES BAUSSAN.



ONE St. John's Day of a year long past, François Mistral stood in the midst of his fields to watch the harvesters reaping the wheat with their sickles. A crowd of gleaners followed the workers, eager to gather the blades that escaped the rakes. Behind them all, my father noticed a beautiful girl who kept in the background as if fearing to glean with the others. He approached her saying:

"'Where are you from, my child? What is your name?'

"The young girl replied: 'I am the daughter of Etienne Poulinet, the Mayor of Maillane.'

"'Is it possible,' said my father, 'that the daughter of Poulinet, the Mayor of Maillane, is a gleaner?'

"'Ah, we are a big family,' she answered, 'six girls and two boys, and although our father is comfortably off, when we ask him for money to buy ornaments, he tells us: "If you want finery, my little ones, earn it." And this is why I am come to glean.'

"Six months after this meeting, which reminds us of the pastoral romance of Ruth and Booz, the gallant farmer asked the Mayor of Maillane for the hand of the beautiful Délaïde, and I am the son of this marriage."

The life and soul of Frédéric Mistral are contained in this charming picture of his father, passing through the ripened harvest, master of all before him. The poet shows him to us as he walks out in the warm, brilliant sunshine, making his way between the rakes and sickles of the reapers, his heart overflowing with the traditions of his race, and his soul open to every influence of beauty.

Frédéric Mistral walked in his father's footsteps; he wandered slowly through his fields, he watched the gleaner who remained behind the others, and he won Provence for his bride. She was bronzed by the Midi sun, this gleaner, and she spoke a *patois* it is said. As mistress of Mistral's life, the whole world bowed before her, listened with enchantment to her singing voice, and proclaimed her what she is: a true daughter of France, beautiful with the charm of youth and of her ancient race.

In working for his "little country," Mistral worked for the whole of France. From his home in Maillane, he called into life the Latin blood of the whole country. The skylark of Gaul makes its nest in its own fields, but it is a bird of passage, and needs now the keen northern winds, and again the caressing zephyrs of the south. It is not in vain that France has a port in the East and the Past, a port on the Western seas and the New World; it is not in vain that the Roman and Germanic races dug with their swords the fields of the Celts. It is not in vain that in the exchequer of the French provinces each coffer retains its own color clearly distinct from that of its neighbors; that in the alliance of the three elements, here the Latin, there the Frankish, and elsewhere the Gallic blood dominates the whole.

Two great rivers, the Latin and the Germanic, entered successfully the soul of French Literature, breaking down the floodgates of East and South, and bringing to each, in turn, its share of alluvial soil. The Celtic land drinks of both waters and assimilates them, and of all this French thought is born. The equilibrium of this thought was in danger of breaking; one of the two influences found itself too long unbalanced. To rescue, to preserve, this equilibrium was the work of Mistral, and it is in this, above all, that its value passes beyond the boundaries of Provence and becomes of national importance.

When in 1859, in one of his literary conferences, Lamartine called the poem of Mireio a "bunch of wild grapes offered by a peasant," romanticism was still in the ascendant. Victor Hugo was the emperor of letters. Don Quixote still tilled at his windmills and the horn still echoed in the distance, when a song rose suddenly from the silent valley—a voice of youth and vigor which told simply, thrillingly, in the language of the country, the joys and sorrows of the laborer, of the basket-maker, and of the beauty of the soil and of rural life, and all France listened. It was the answer of the Latin land to the winds of Germany. It was the reaction, born of the soil itself, from an imported romanticism. Mistral answered Hugo.

As opposed to the impetuous flights of imaginations, he showed the disciplined march of the classic form before its titanic outbursts; he displayed the victorious and enduring strength of measure and harmony.

Hugo had called the language into revolt. Mistral taught obedience to law and, first of all, obedience to race. He recalled the mother, the Latin tongue. He took in his arms the dying Provençal

speech, and tenderly, patiently, and long he nursed it back to youth and health.

Through long years this poet made himself Benedictine and folklorest, reading the old Provençal legends, listening to the speech of shepherds and boatmen. Bit by bit he put it together like an old tapestry with its birds, its flowers, its people—this tongue of Arles and Avignon, of Bawe and of Martigues, a tongue full of melody and color. How admirable is his *Tresor du Filibrige*, the dictionary of a science at once profound and charming, where the history of a word is accompanied by a legend or a song.

And listen to the story of Mireille. It is not long since Vincent and Mireille fell passionately in love with each other—Vincent the son of Ambroise the tanner, and Mireille the daughter of Roman the miller. Mireille refuses to listen to anyone else, but her father is obdurate in rejecting Vincent. In her distress, the young girl starts on a pilgrimage to the saints of Provence; she will implore them to touch her father's heart. She crosses La Crau, La Camargue, on the shore of the lake of Voccarès, she has a sunstroke, and on the threshold of the old church to which she has dragged herself, in the midst of the despair of Vincent and of her parents who have rejoined her, she dies, smiling, holding out her arms to another life.

Mistral had the right to say: "We are all the offshoots of immortal Greece." His sonship declares itself in every characteristic of his mind. Mireille and Calendau are of Theocritus and Homer. But this Theocritus, this Homer, was born in France, and he has the French fervor and the French smile. The national spirit, indeed, the spirit of the populace, laughs deliciously in the songs and stories that fill his *Iles d'Or*.

Mistral is a peasant who has learned his humanities, but he is a peasant still. He feels that he is the heir of Greece, but he does not forget his other inheritance, nor his father; and if his poetry is learned at times, his heroes are peasants, or fishermen, or boatmen; he sings the song of the harvest, the gathering of the mulberry leaves, the dividing of the cocoons, the tunny fishing, the fair of Beaucaire, the rural life, the gesture of the laborer.

To regain antiquity, he had no need to go to Rome or Athens; it was enough for him to walk in his own fields. While he went to Rome, to Athens, he yet found in his lands and under the sun of Provence, among his harvesters and his gleaners, the light of the harmonies chanted by the Greeks. This light and these harmonies always remain.

Mistral is, therefore, a poet of the people, and this in the highest sense of the word. He raised the people to the level of his thoughts. He raised them as the grandfather lifts his grandson to his knees and tells him beautiful stories. The people understood him and loved him. No man who, like Mistral, voices the aspirations, the genius, of a race could fail to draw other intellects after him. In 1854, with his comrade Roumanille, Mistral reorganized his battalion of Filibrige. The little band increased rapidly; recruits came not only from Provence, but from the whole of the Midi, from the whole of France, and we even see an Irishman, Bonaparte Wyse, come to enroll himself under the banner of the poet of the sun.

The literary influence of Mistral has been very great, and it will endure. More powerful than his learned critics, in spite of all opposition, the penetrating sweetness of Mistral's poetry has dethroned romanticism and reinvigorated French thought. But his work has been far more than literary: it has a much wider range and importance. It is not merely the return to classic culture, but the return to the land, the fireside, to all holy traditions; it is the reaction of health against centralization, individualism, and skepticism.

Mistral fought centralization, one of the maladies of which the Old World is dying, through his whole life, not only by his writings but by his actions. He drew the Provençal people around him by his poetry, and made them realize its vital truth. He taught them to look at the land, its plains, mountains, the work and the souls of the laborers, its herdsmen, its sailors, its beauty of to-day and its glory of yesterday. Provence lives. Provence is beautiful. This is the refrain of Mistral's poems. The life of a people is necessarily bound up with the moral life of its citizens.

The son of François Mistral sang and preached the love of the hearthstone and the love of the land. Is he not himself the superb culmination of a family of landowners devotedly attached to the soil? His ancestors were established in St. Remy of Provence from the sixteenth century. His father, François Mistral, was essentially *the master*, with patriarchal manners, calm and wise, master of himself and of others.

The father was the will; the mother the heart. She was a most fervent Christian. It was from her that the little Frédéric learned his prayers; he learned also legends and songs; and he forgot nothing. He always treasured with respect and love the

memory of the fireside. The laborers returning home at evening to give an account of the day to their master Romon, are they not the laborers and shepherds of Maitre François Mistral?

In spite of the mirage of the Academy, Mistral never wished to leave his house at Maillane. He was never weary of urging the peasants to remain at home. He loved not only the fields and the woods, the labors and the fêtes of the land, but its usages and its customs, and so that they, these pretty coiffes and ancient customs, might endure forever Mistral created his *Museon Arlaten* where the ploughs talked to the silk aprons, and old furniture and old tools, and the wheels of the old mills related their histories to the yokes of oxen and the tridents of the drovers of Camargue.

Mistral could not have fought with such ardor for the family and against individualism had he not possessed the soul of a genuine traditionalist. His Provence would not have been the true Provence if he had forgotten the prayers he learned from his mother while his father directed the laborers as to their toil for the coming day. Mistral was so true and so great only because he was a Christian. He kept the Faith simply and proudly. He was a Christian in public as well as in private life. In 1870 he chanted the penitential psalms, humbly confessing the sins of the country and imploring mercy from on high.

Even when, in his works, he does not affirm his Catholic faith in express terms, it revivifies his thoughts, giving them the brilliancy and the force of truth. His faith was the joyous faith that death could not appall, the especial gift of the Church of the Saints. Saint Madeline and Saint Martha placed in the soul and on the countenance of the dying Mireille, the radiance of opening Paradise, and Mistral also had beyond the stars another country, another Provence yet more glorious, with another suplight than that of Arles and Avignon. And there also, were his brothers, the saints who never forget us, and who come to earth, at times, to talk with the pure in heart. Like the old church, overlooking the sea, like the carved doorway of Saint Trophimus, the grain and the fields woke an echo in the believing soul of Mistral. He would pause before the tiny insect, "the praying mante," who always holds towards heaven two of its little feet, and an old legend tells that to reward this attitude of continual prayer, God has given it the power of pointing out the right path to the children who wander off during harvest time.

In his *Mémoires et Récits*, Mistral relates the death of his

father. The master of *Mas du Juge* had received the last sacraments with a living faith. He was surrounded by his weeping family, he alone remained serene. Listen to his son: "‘Come, my children,’ he said, ‘come, I am going, and I give thanks to God for all that I owe Him, my long life, and my labor which He has blessed.’ Then, calling me, he said:

“ ‘Frédéric, what is the weather?’

“ ‘It rains, my father,’ I replied.

“ ‘Good,’ returned my father, ‘if it rains it will be fine weather for the sowing.’ ”

“ *La race fait la race,* ” and when the last hour sounded for the poet himself in his white house at Maillane, he could also thank God and cast a backward look over his long life and his good labor. He had kept and increased the domain of his ancestors. They had had fair weather, these “sowers” of Provence, “sowers” of France also, for if Provence is not all of France, France without Provence would not be wholly herself; an essential melody would be missing in the national harmony—the classic song which, thanks to Mistral, will never again be silent. It brought life into a dead body, this double transfusion of blood—the blood of Faith and the blood of the people, the Christian soul and the love of the land. The ancients did not invent the sun, nor the cadence of the waves, nor the slow tread of the oxen, nor the gesture of the sower or the oarsman. They simply looked at them, and it is to be as classic as they to look upon these things as they have done, only more closely and from a greater height. From a greater height, for their gods are dead, and art has not wept for them; our Heaven is infinitely above their Grecian Olympus. By the light of the sun, which has risen for us, we see infinitely more than they could, the world, life, the soul, truth, beauty.

Mistral is of the true antiquity that endures forever. He read nature from the original, not merely from a Greek or Latin translation. He gave back to France, rhythm, harmony, measure, equilibrium of form and the soul that spoke within him. It was not the dead soul of Greece but the living soul of Provence, the Provence of the Saints and of the Popes of Avignon, of the laborer and the fisherman, the Christian soul and the soul of a peasant.

The marvelous harmony of his poetry, the incomparable music of his song, at once sweet and powerful, and which reaches so far, will be heard forever, rising far above the Rhone, like the clear note of skylarks with the deep tone of the church bells.

THE BALKAN WAR.



THE expulsion from Europe of the Turks, which seems upon the eve of accomplishment, the certainty at all events of their ceasing to be any longer a military power, and the recovery of freedom by the Christian races in Macedonia, after so many centuries of the most degrading oppression, are events of momentous importance. The way in which it has been brought about is of equal significance.

That the Serbs and Bulgars living in Macedonia still remained under Turkish rule, after the war between Russia and Turkey which took place in 1878, is due chiefly to the action of Great Britain. Russia was then her great enemy, and Great Britain would not permit anything in the way of the aggrandizement of that Power. The Treaty of San Stefano, concluded at the end of the war, involved such an aggrandizement. Great Britain was powerful enough, at the Congress of Berlin, to have that Treaty set aside. A great part of Macedonia was restored to Turkey, and in this way England became the cause, however unwittingly, of the miseries which have followed.

The Treaty of Berlin, it is true, stipulated for certain reforms in the condition of the subject races. None of these reforms have, however, been carried out. Efforts, it is true, were made to alleviate the situation, but in a very half-hearted manner. Austria-Hungary, and Russia especially, took the matter in hand; but it was their own interests, not those of the oppressed Christians, that they had chiefly in view. Austria, in particular, after she had been expelled from the German Bund, looked for compensation to the possession of Salonika, and of a road to it. In this she was encouraged by Germany. Russia had hoped to be the quasi-suzerain of Bulgaria—the State of which she had been the chief means of delivering from the power of the Turk. Austria and Russia were jealous of each other: yet they came to terms. The terms were such, however, that the Christians were left to groan and to suffer. Certain steps, indeed, were taken which gave some relief: foreign officers had been placed over a *gendarmérie*, and the appointment of a foreign judiciary was imminent. Then the Young Turk Revolution took place. The promise of reform made by the Young Turks, the new era of liberty which was expected, led the Powers to withdraw

all their officers, and to leave everything to the Turkish authorities, trusting in their good will and sincerity. This trust was completely misplaced: no reforms were made; in fact, ancient privileges were taken away. The state of the Christians became worse under the New than under the Old Turk.

One of the worst features of the situation was that the Balkan States were more at variance with one another than they were with their common enemy—the Turk. Greeks tried to exterminate Bulgars, and Bulgars, Serbs and Greeks. The Mürzsteg programme, made between Austria and Russia, encouraged this internecine warfare, for it led the various races to anticipate, if another settlement should take place, that each nationality would receive the portion of territory of which it was at the time in actual possession.

But within the last few years a complete change has taken place. The various races have become reconciled to one another. This reconciliation and its effects have been manifest on the surface. What was not manifest was that a Confederation had been formed between the four States, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece. How and by whom this has been brought about is not yet known. It is surmised, however, that it is to M. Venezelos, who has done so much for his own country, Greece, that the chief credit is due. King Ferdinand of Bulgaria has been a most effective instrument in bringing about a result which must be looked upon as the advent of a new Power in the field of European politics.

When the war broke out, the attitude of the various Powers concerned was approximately as follows: The nearest neighbor is Austria-Hungary. And as near relations are sometimes the worst enemies, so the Dual Monarchy has been the worst enemy of one at least of these States. It is to her action, to a large extent in view of her future territorial aggrandizement, that the evils of Turkish misrule have lasted so long, although in this matter Russia also must bear part of the blame. Servia has been the special object of Austrian hostility. This arises from the fact that Servian aspirations, if realized, would lead, possibly, to a disintegration of the Empire, inasmuch as the many Serbs now subject to the Austrian yoke would naturally tend to union with a strong Servia, if such should be formed. Moreover, as has been said, the enlargement of Servian territory would cut off Austria-Hungary from that possession of Salonika which has been her ambition. The weakness of Austria-Hungary, and her consequent powerlessness for evil, arises from the fact that the greater part of the races

which make up the Empire are Slavs. The Germans now constitute a minority, though a large one. The Slavs, even the Northern Slavs, sympathize with the aspirations of their brethren, and rejoice in their successes. The leader of the Czechs of Bohemia has sent a message of congratulation to Servia. It would therefore be difficult, much as the Germans in the Empire might wish it, for Austria-Hungary to take active measures against Servia, although before the war began, the most formal intimation was given that no addition to Servian territory would be permitted.

Germany's interest in the question is far more remote than that of Austria-Hungary, although her concern about Turkey has increased since the time when Bismarck declared that he would not sacrifice a single Pomeranian grenadier for the sake of a near Eastern settlement. The Baghdad Railway has been a cause of this increase of interest; in fact, during the days of Abdul Hamid, and more recently during the régime of the Young Turks, Germany has been the main support of Turkey. What, however, would lead to German action, should such action be taken, would be the Alliance with Austria-Hungary. If Austria were to come into the field, it may be said without doubt, that Russia would give active support to the Balkan States. Whether such action of Russia would, under the terms of the Triple Alliance, lead to Germany's actively supporting Austria, is not certainly known, but there is good reason to think that it would form a *casus foederis*.

The people of Russia, as a matter of course, have felt the greatest sympathy with the efforts of their brethren in blood, and have manifested that sympathy in the most unmistakable manner. As to the government, it has not manifested its sympathies so clearly. The ingratitude of Bulgaria for services rendered in the past, or what is looked upon as ingratitude, has rendered it somewhat cool. The Tzar, however, sent, as soon as possible, his congratulations to the King of Servia for the victories of his army. But should Austria intervene, there can be no manner of doubt that Russia would offer resistance to any efforts to deprive the States of the fruits of victory.

It is hard to form an opinion about the attitude of Italy. The fact that just as the war was breaking out, she made peace with Turkey, and in this way added immense strength to that Power in the prosecution of the war with the States, made the latter look upon Italy as a traitor to the cause of liberation. The fact, too, that she is the ally of Austria, being a member of the Triple Al-

liance, but also on special terms of friendship with Russia, with a particular reference to the Balkan question, renders it impossible to form a judgment. That the Queen of Italy is a daughter of the King of Montenegro may count a little.

France is supposed to be the friend of all movements for the extension of liberty and self-government—at least this is what is always being said. Not infrequently, however, when it is a question of action, she has proved herself, to say the least, somewhat slack. The fact is, material interests are supreme in the France of the present day, and France is more concerned than any other country in the support of Turkish credit. But although somewhat divided in her counsels on this account, there is no reason to fear that she will act against the best interests of the Balkan States, although she joined with the other Powers in declaring before the war broke out that no increase of territory would be allowed in the event of their success.

Nor of Great Britain need there be any fear. In fact the Premier has declared that she will not allow the battling States to be deprived of the fruits of victory. Some hesitation, indeed, was shown at the beginning: for Great Britain is by far the greatest Mohammedan Power in the world. Of Mohammedans there are more than ninety-six millions in British dominions—in fact there are more Mohammedans than Christians. The Turkish Empire itself has some eighteen millions within its borders, while France has nearly thirteen millions. In these days rulers must follow their subjects and defer to them. And there were Englishmen who leaned to the side of Turkey. Some have gone so far as to enlist in her armies. But the bulk of the nation could not be so untrue to itself as to lend its support to so loathsome a tyranny.

Singular to say, one of the Balkan States has stood aloof from the struggle of the rest for freedom, and, indeed, has given ground for fear that she may take active steps in the opposite direction. Rumania's attitude is very doubtful. A year or two ago it was rumored that she had formed an alliance with Turkey, in the event of Bulgaria making war upon that Power. This was, however, denied. Since the beginning of the war Rumania has done nothing either one way or the other. The chief influence in that country is a feeling of resentment against Russia on account of her treatment by that Power after the last Turco-Russian War. This feeling makes it probable that she would act in opposition to Russia in the event of a war with Austria.

The series of events which led up to the war, as well as its progress, has formed a succession of surprises. When under the guidance of M. Poincaré, at once the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary of France, all the Great Powers, with the exception of Italy, which was then at war with Turkey, had been brought into sufficient accord to be able, through the hands of Austria and Russia, to present to Servia and Bulgaria an interdict upon their making war, and a warning that even in the event of success, they would not be permitted to increase their territories, surprise was felt that the States in question were not in the least dismayed, but went on their way as if nothing had happened.

When the Balkan States made demands upon Turkey for reforms in Macedonia, which went much farther than the Great Powers had ever even dreamed of—that the nationalities in Macedonia should be made autonomous, should have Christian governors and elective assemblies, and that a council should be appointed to guarantee the strict execution of these demands—not only Turkey, but the Great Powers were filled with amazement. As the war progressed, nearly every day brought forth fresh surprises. What Russia with her vast resources and the help of Rumania had taken some ten months to accomplish, a few small States, which had long been the object of their commiseration and, at the most, of their patronage, brought to a successful issue within a few weeks. It is true that great things were expected of the Bulgarian army, although not by any means so great as the event has disclosed. But little hope, however, was entertained of the Servian, for in the war with Bulgaria in 1885 her army had failed almost ignominiously. Still less was expected of Greece. In her war with Turkey in 1897, her army had made itself the laughing-stock of the world. Yet both Servia and Greece have gone forward from victory to victory. After more than five centuries Servia has again come into possession of the former capital of the Servian Empire. The attitude of Europe has undergone a complete change, at least for the time being. “The Balkans for the Balkan States” is now received as an axiom, and Turkey had to sue in vain, after the battle of Lule Burgas, for the intervention of the Powers to secure even an armistice.

That Europe was so ignorant of the real strength of these small States is in itself a matter of surprise. It ought to have been known, and, in fact, it is believed that it was known to the financiers, who are now to a large extent the arbiters of European

destinies. It was, however, a matter of importance to them that the real state of things should not be revealed, and they were able to keep the facts out of the press by the control which they have over a large part of it.

What has happened is another example of the fact that the real forces, even of the present world, are for the most part hidden, and unknown even to the best informed. A few years ago China was considered almost all-powerful. The whole world stood in dread. The German Emperor painted a picture of the Yellow Peril. Great Britain paid tribute in respect of Burma rather than incur her resentment. But within a few weeks Japan laid China low, and revealed to the world the utter imbecility of the dreaded Empire. A few years after the weakness of the Russian Empire was revealed in its conflict with Japan. Now the same thing has happened to the Turkish Empire. Are there any future revelations?

A noteworthy thing about the present war is that it was not brought about by the governments, but was the spontaneous outcome of the desire of the peoples. So strong was this desire that any government would have been overturned which offered resistance to this determination. In Bulgaria no one could be kept from enlisting: old men of seventy years and boys of fourteen insisted upon going to the front. Every other occupation was suspended. From all quarters of the earth the various nationalities flocked to the standard, abandoning their occupations and bringing offerings of money in aid of the cause. How undying is the principle of nationality; how impossible in the long run is the triumph of injustice, and the most cruel oppression; how great is the strength imparted by free institutions—are some of the lessons to be learned from these recent events. For more than five centuries these nationalities have been trodden under the feet of the Turks, and yet they have preserved their national characteristics untouched and unimpaired, and the few years of freedom which they have enjoyed have enabled them to lay low the power of the oppressor.

The influence of religion has had its share both in the preparation and in the result. Catholics, it is true, have not had much to do with it, for there are less than two hundred thousand in the whole region. It was, however, the Catholic Malissori who were waging war with Turkey even before Montenegro began, and so credit is due to them according to the measure of their power. For the rest, before and after every battle, religious services were held.

King Ferdinand in his manifesto, at the beginning of the war, made the human rights of the Christian subjects of the Turks the basis of his appeal to arms, and for this he was chidden by the semi-pagan civilization of the day. The success which has attended his efforts has extorted the approbation for which the justice of his cause appealed in vain.

Even the immediate future, however, is not yet quite certain. It is taken for granted that Turkey has been beaten, and that she has ceased to be a military power in Europe. She is still, however, when these lines are being written, making a stand in Tchatalja. Possibly she may be left in the possession of Constantinople with a small strip of territory on this side of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Another point still doubtful is what attitude towards Servia will be taken by Austria-Hungary. As to this to-day's news contradicts yesterday's. There are those who hold that if Austria follows time-worn precedents, the course she will adopt will be the one most injurious to her best interests. The rest of Europe, as has been said, have seen it wise to let the Balkan States settle with Turkey the future of the Balkans, and to postpone at least the settlement of their own claims. The Balkan States have, it is said on authority which claims to be worthy of respect, come to a definite agreement, not merely for present coöperation, but for the future arrangement of whatever conquests they will have made. They began, indeed, with the declaration that they contemplated no acquisition of territory. Events, however, have made adhesion to that course out of the question. An instrument to accomplish any purpose they may have formed has been created—three victorious armies—which will enforce respect upon all possible adversaries, especially such *rois fainéants* as the Powers have proved themselves to be.

One desire, at least, is common to all—that the settlement to be made shall be final and complete. For generation after generation the Balkan question has caused a state of chronic unrest more or less acute. Such a settlement is so clearly for the best interests of all that it is to be hoped that Austria-Hungary and Russia will be ready finally to sacrifice the ambitions which they have cherished: the one for the possession of Salonika, the other for that of Constantinople.

If it is asked what is the reason for the utter collapse of the Turks, we hope it may be said without presumption that it is because it has seemed good in the sight of the Almighty to put

a term at last to that reign of cruelty and lust which has been the characteristic of Turkish rule from the beginning, but never more so than in our own times. Sir William M. Ramsay, the distinguished archaeologist, who for the last thirty years paid annual visits to the dominions of the Sultan, asserts that no fewer than a million men, women, and children were massacred or put to death by the orders of Abdul Hamid. Nor did things change for the better after his deposition. If, however, the immediate agency is sought of the *débacle*, the first thing to which it is to be attributed is the large number of raw troops in the ranks of the Turkish army. There were indeed some veterans, and these fought with all the old Turkish bravery, but large numbers had scarcely had arms in their hands before they were called upon to use them against the Bulgarians. Again, the Turk is always a bad manager, and although there was food for the troops in abundance, it was not where they could get at it. Moreover, recent events have undermined military discipline among the officers. The revolution was due to their agency. This caused dissension, and lack of obedience. Lastly, over-confidence in their own strength and contempt of enemies, whom they were accustomed to look upon as serfs, brought about that nemesis which often overtakes the footsteps of the proud and haughty.

New Books.

THE GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES. By Rev. James A. Burns, C.S.C. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.75.

In a previous volume Dr. Burns treated the principles, origin, and establishment of the Catholic School System in the United States. In that study the history of the parish schools was brought down to the early forties, when Archbishop Hughes was making his famous fight for State support of Catholic schools. The present volume takes up the work at that point, and brings it down to the present time.

The period between 1840 and the Civil War was one of unprecedented growth for the Church. This phenomenon is doubtless to be ascribed, in the final analysis, to the vitality of the Church itself, but much must be attributed to the immense tide of immigration which set in during this time, as well as to the favorable economic, social, and political conditions under which the majority of immigrants found themselves.

This influx of Catholics threw a herculean burden on the Church. Churches and schools had to be built, priests and teachers supplied.

Burdened as priests and people were with their tasks of hewing out new parishes, the work of Catholic education would have been sadly neglected were it not for the heroic self-sacrifices of the humble members of the teaching orders, men and women who gave their services for a pittance in order that the Faith might live. Almost one-half of the book is devoted to a description of the founding and the transplanting of religious orders, and the establishment of schools in the various western States, yet so vast is the field that we get only fleeting glimpses of heroic, saintly figures as they hurry before us in a panoramic view.

The schools having been established, the next thing was to bring order out of chaos, to organize the various parish units into a system, to bring some degree of uniformity out of the diversity which existed. To that end the various Councils of the Church, Diocesan, Provincial, and Plenary, directed their attention, and the

result is to-day a well-organized school system under competent supervisory officials in each diocese. The various diocesan units are kept in touch with each other, and with the trend of Catholic educational thought, by means of the Catholic Educational Association, which is a national body.

The relation of Catholic schools to the State is treated at length, the various attempts at settlement of the question by such compromise plans as that at Faribault and at Poughkeepsie are described, and the conflicting views of Catholic educators on the question are considered.

The refusal of the State to allow the parish schools to participate in the division of the Common School funds throws the burden of erecting and maintaining the parish school on the Catholic people. Father Burns estimates that for the year 1909-10 the amount spent for maintenance of the 1,237,251 pupils in the parish schools was \$9,898,008.00. Under the public school system he estimates that the corresponding cost would be \$30,511,010.00.

The efforts of the Church to make faith and patriotism walk hand in hand are seen in her efforts on behalf of the immigrants of the present day. German, Italian, Polish, Bohemian, Lithuanian, and other schools are established, where the rising generation are confirmed as children of Mother Church while they are becoming citizens of the Republic.

Finally Father Burns considers some of the current movements and problems of the day, such, for instance, as the Catholic High School movement, why Catholic children attend the public schools, and the Catholic Educational Association.

The book is well written. Its tone is scholarly and impartial; its assertions are buttressed by facts and references to original sources. At times, as was said before, one has a sense of being hurried over the numerous details of a vast field; but the careful student will find in the many footnotes guides to a more detailed study of most of the topics.

The book itself is rather bulky, but the type is clear, the table of contents well arranged, and the index excellent.

JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN, 1820-1902. By Anne Pollen. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$4.25.

An expression of gratitude is due to the "score or so of friends" who, as the Introduction tells us, advised the publication of this biography of one whose life has the double attraction of

intrinsic beauty and the extrinsic interest attaching to it from notable associations. Born in London in 1820, John Hungerford Pollen went up to Oxford when not quite eighteen, at a time when Newman's influence was at its height. As might have been expected, he "fell under the spell," but he did not become quite so thorough a "Newmaniac" as some of his contemporaries, and the "going-out of '45" left him an Anglican. But though he can hardly be called a Newmanite, he was a Puseyite by intellectual and spiritual sympathy, and by his connection with one of the most striking of Anglican movements after Newman's departure.

This portion of the book will prove to many the most interesting, in its vivid account of that wonderful St. Saviour's at Leeds that was at once Pusey's consolation and his cross. The passages depicting the work of the devoted clergy during the cholera epidemic of 1849 are enough to convince the most skeptical of the earnestness of these men and of many of their successors in the Anglican Church, whose religion is not the mere "playing at ceremonies" that Catholics seem sometimes to fancy. One recalls the words of Newman: "Children of the Movement! Others have scoffed at you, but I never! Others may have made light of your principles or your sincerity, but never I!"

But the Gorham Decision opened Dr. Pollen's eyes, as it opened the eyes of Manning and of so many others, and when he learned that his friend T. W. Allies was about to enter the True Fold, he was himself sufficiently far advanced on the road to say, "I am sure my heart goes with him. Shall I ever be, like him, in smooth waters?" But for him was to intervene a period of "deep distress and hesitation," before he was finally to see the light. Dr. Pollen's reception, which took place at Rouen on October 20, 1852, is so graphically described by himself that we cannot forbear a quotation:

At the appointed time, the good Archbishop appeared, dressed for me in his mitre, and richest vestments; and accompanied by two domestics; his metropolitan cross of gold, nine foot high, was borne before him by a chorister, another carrying a candle. I felt as if I was going to the scaffold; yet I longed to start; I was ready to face axe and block, and to drop the handkerchief myself. We started, I at the end of the short procession; we walked through the vast and noble old Gothic palace to the Chapel. There a faldstool and chair were set for me below the sanctuary.

The Archbishop, according to the Rouen ritual, asked me if I remained firm to my intention. "Oui, Monseigneur." I then, from a paper I had written for subsequent enrollment, read aloud in French. "Je.....Jean.....," and so on, and the Creed of Pope Pius; then I put my right hand on the Gospels, and swore true obedience to the Roman See. Then I sat, and he made me a short address, exceedingly good. I then was baptized conditionally, in the shortest form, merely the words and the water. I then retired to the sacristy, where I received absolution. Meanwhile the mitre was taken off the Archbishop, and the chasuble put on, and he said Mass. He took the Host into his hands, and in very touching words, but simple, and to the point, told me he was bringing me this great blessing, and gave me the Holy Communion. Lastly, he gave me Confirmation, a short ritual; we then left the chapel. I asked his benediction in the usual way; and he gave me the *osculum pacis* on both cheeks. Registers were then brought, my baptism and process of abjuration were inserted and signed, and after some delay we all sat down in the Salon to a *déjeuner*, to which the Vicar-General had also been invited.

And so my great work was accomplished, and now I am left to simple matter of fact. Every doubt is at rest, and I have found that kind of calm which one needs repose and reflection to enjoy to the full.

A retreat at Rome decided in the negative the question of priestly vocation, and having married he took up his residence in Dublin as a lecturer on Art in the newly-founded Catholic University. From this period dates an intimacy with Newman that lasted down to the Cardinal's death, and is reflected in much of their correspondence. Returning to England he devoted himself to his profession of artist, and was for a time Assistant Keeper of the South Kensington (now the Victoria and Albert) Museum. Visits to the Continent, to India, to Ireland (he was an ardent Home-Ruler) fill up a narrative lighted throughout by a strong tender faith. "He saw ever the eternal hills; to his gayest scenes they formed the background, and by their height he measured all things else."

The story is well told, mostly through the media of diaries, journals, letters, etc., and the volume contains illustrations of his artistic work, some portraits and appendices. The excerpt from the *Lectures on the Basilicas* is likely to arouse interest in a book now little read and (we fear) out of print.

EVERYBODY'S SAINT FRANCIS. By Maurice Francis Egan.

New York: The Century Co. \$2.50 net.

Many Saints are honored and loved by men who do not see that all Saints deserve reverence and affection. Some trait of theirs, occasionally it may be that love of God which purified and inspired them, but generally some quality whose real source is overlooked, catches the fancy of the world, wins its admiration, rouses its enthusiasm, and for a while makes it as sincere in praise as any Catholic heart. The zeal and courage of St. Paul, the tender love of St. John for Christ, the mysticism of St. Teresa, the gentleness of St. Francis de Sales, the unselfishness, the sacrifices, the heroism of others, have repeatedly laid hold on many minds and hearts outside of those circles in which every Saint is instinctively and warmly loved. Among them all there is none, save the Apostle of the Gentiles, who is as widely known and as ardently praised outside of the Church as the Poor Man of Assisi—whom Dr. Egan so aptly calls "Everybody's Saint Francis." This book is not a formal biography of the Saint—rather it is a character study—an analysis of his feelings, his aims, his motives—set forth in a simple way, with only those details of time and place that are necessary to reveal him vividly as the author sees him. The book is enriched with twenty illustrations by M. Boutet de Monvel.

INTRODUCTORY PHILOSOPHY. By Charles A. Dubray, S.M.,

Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.60 net.

A review of Dr. Dubray's *Introductory Philosophy* presented by a non-Catholic foreign journal said that the volume bears the *imprimatur* of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, and is nevertheless a useful work. Cheap and time-worn as such a fling at Catholic scholarship is, the epigram marks accurately two noticeable characteristics of the manual; it is thoroughly orthodox and equally scientific. Dr. Dubray's work presents the permanent results of centuries of earnest thought, the abiding contributions of scholastic speculation to the solution of the deepest problems of life. Assimilated by personal reflection and tested by practical classroom discussions, these conclusions have been enlarged by, and harmonized with, the conclusions of modern scientific investigation.

Dr. Dubray begins by correlating philosophy with the student's previous acquirements, taking for granted as little as possible. His work is lucid in exposition; concise in statement; strongly marked and orderly in sequence; suggestive rather than exhaustive

in treatment. Its method is, however, not wholly traditional. Orthodoxy is not considered, as is usually the case, immediately after logic, but is parcelled out in the sections that treat of psychology and cosmology. It would have been well if the author had summarized at the end of the book the chief ontological ideas and principles insisted upon in the preceding chapters.

Critics will disagree over the proportionate space devoted to empirical psychology compared with that given to ethics. Others may question the wisdom of not opening the course with logic. If the teacher prefers to begin with logic, he may still use this textbook, helping his students to revise their knowledge in the light of the later psychological studies.

To present adequately even the fundamentals of an entire philosophical course in six hundred pages, including therein a history of philosophy and topics for papers or discussions, is no easy task. Yet we think that Dr. Dubray has accomplished it. His work is of unique importance, because it gives a synthetic view of philosophy, a survey of the whole field from a definite standpoint, and it will be immensely helpful to those whose college course, as happens in many non-Catholic institutions, gave them only a history of a portion of philosophy or a criticism of some particular school or author.

To the general reader who wishes a brief but comprehensive statement of Catholic philosophy; to the church student who wishes a supplement for his Latin textbook; to the priest and graduate student who have leisure and inclination for a review of this most important mental discipline, as well as to its primary audience, the teachers and students of our high schools and colleges, we heartily recommend Dr. Dubray's volume. It is a credit both to him and to the Catholic University of America.

THE SISTERS OF BON-SECOURS. Translated from the French.
New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.15.

The English-speaking friends and patients of the Sisters of Bon-Secours will find in this "Abridged History of the Paris Congregation" a biography and family history of much personal interest, but the little book has, also, a wider mission as new and consoling proof of the fruition of Eternal Love in the life of the Church.

The Very Rev. Francis M. Wyndam, M.A., in his preface, calls attention to the interesting fact that the Paris Congregation of

Bon-Secours was not only the parent society of religious nurses, but that it antedated by a full quarter of a century the magnificent work of Florence Nightingale, the acknowledged founder of secular trained nursing. "To supernaturalize the mission of the nurses of the sick by taking care of bodies to save souls," was the noble resolve which brought together a little band of devoted women in Paris in 1821. It required no little courage and independence, at that time, to conceive and inaugurate such an innovation as a religious community of women working and living largely outside of convent walls.

The Crusader's battle cry: "God wills it," steeled their hearts to trial and led them to victory. On January 24, 1824, they were clothed in the religious habit by the highest ecclesiastical authority, and their difficult mission began. The need of suffering bodies opened to them doors in France long closed to religious in any garb, and miracles of grace followed.

At the urgent request of the medical profession, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons invited them to Baltimore, and in the spring of 1881 they came, again as pioneers in the neglected field of nursing.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MORAL SCIENCE. By Rev. Walter McDonald, D.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 7s. 6d.

The theological writings of Dr. McDonald always make agreeable reading. He is a critical and independent thinker. It is rare at the present time to find one who inquires into the foundation of things, who is ready to question-mark many conclusions of the greatest Catholic theologians, who dares even to cross swords even with Aquinas himself. Such a one is the learned author of the present volume, and, as a consequence, his work is always piquant and often suggestive. He is ever ready, too, to accept the latest conclusions of science, and to apply them to Catholic theology. His method is stimulating, even if one, following his own example, reserves the right of independent reflection with unfavorable results for the author. In the present work his judgment, where it differs from the ordinary teaching, seems to be generally unsound.

The author's professed purpose is to state the principles of ethics that have been handed down by a tradition of many centuries in the Catholic schools. Whether he really fulfills this aim may be judged from a reference to some of his important statements. Moral actions are understood by Dr. McDonald to be those capable of being directed by intelligence, not, necessarily, by free-will as the

common tradition teaches. Thus the writer's fundamental theory concerning morality appears to be inaccurate. Is morality to be predicated of the love of happiness, the quest of the highest good, when known as such—necessary acts of every human being? Yet in these every human being is led by intelligence. But nobody is accounted righteous or virtuous for doing what he cannot help doing.

Dr. McDonald says that moral acts are not to be judged as complex wholes, made up of intention and external act. Yet in a previous chapter he rightly speaks of matter and form in human actions, and matter and form would seem to form a complex whole. The fact is that men are inclined to judge acts as complex wholes, or according to their constituent parts, as circumstances suggest.

The author denies the existence of purely penal laws, and has to meet the argument on the other side, that in some rules in religious houses it is expressly stated that they do not bind under pain of sin. The explanation offered is that they do not bind under pain of the sin of disobedience, though they bind directly under pain of some kind of sin—a too subtle interpretation which gives the lie to the original statement in the rules. In penal laws there is indeed a violation of order, but may it not be an order that is not obligatory, like that of the higher counsels of religion.

Dr. McDonald criticizes unsoundly the conditions usually required for performing an action with two effects—one good, the other bad. He speaks of the intention as not to be considered in this case, as if moralists, writing partially for the director of souls, must not take into account the internal characteristics and requirements of a human act. The condition that the act in its substance must be good is supposed to be a begging of the question. But the question is entirely different, when, that is, the complex human act in its motive and circumstances, not merely substance, is good and lawful. It is useful surely to exclude at once from consideration acts which in their substance alone, apart from anything else, are bad, for example, lying. It is not necessary to continue questioning the conclusions of the author. Enough has been said to show that his words must be accepted with considerable reserve.

A DIXIE ROSE IN BLOOM. By Augusta Kortrecht. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25 net.

The Dixie Rose—a Southern girl of eighteen—goes off to a select school in Germany. The Rose is very impulsive—much

more so than one likes to think Southern girls are in reality. Before long she quarrels with a haughty Russian girl. Result—a sprained ankle for the Russian and a bad case of pneumonia for the American; then a clearing of the air. The Dixie Rose returns to her native village, and with her return appears a love affair, that gave one or two hints of its existence at an early stage of the story. For a long time it swam along under water, with scarce a bubble to show its progress, until it bobbed up at the very end, all the stronger for its long submersion.

THE LAST FRONTIER. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50 net.

The marvelous changes that are taking place in the political structure of the world ought to be enough to free all of us from ennui. It has often been an unanswerable query with us why many will prefer the cheap, shallow, and fruitless novel of to-day to those stimulating and informing books of travel and of conquest that are equally accessible, and almost equally cheap. The story of modern Africa vies in interest with any of Anderson's fairy tales. Of that whole vast continent but two small portions are now in the possession of the Blacks, and the last frontier blocking modern civilization is Abyssinia. The author of *The Last Frontier* tells us in rapid, easy fashion the story of the conquest of a continent. "Morocco, Algeria, Tripolitania, Equatoria, Rhodesia, the Sahara, the Sudan, the Congo, the Rand, and the Zambezi. . . . with your permission I will take you to them all, and you shall see, as though with your eyes, those strange and far-off places which mark the line of the last frontier where the white-helmeted pioneers are fighting the battle and solving the problem of civilization." This is an enticing invitation, and the author is a good talker, a versatile artist, an engaging companion. His book is a useful, popular introduction to the history of modern Africa. He is not a deep student, and many of the great problems which lie beneath his story he never touches upon. Speaking of the Italian advance in Tripoli, the author says: "Italian convents and monasteries dot the Tripolitanian littoral, while cowed and sandaled missionaries from the innumerable Italian orders have carried the gospel of the propaganda of Italian annexation to the oppressed and poverty-stricken peasantry of the far interior." But the long continued, important, and unselfish work which the missionaries have done as pioneers of civilization in

Africa does not receive anything like its full measure of treatment. The volume is wonderfully up-to-date, as is shown by the chapter on Italy's seizure of Tripoli. "The cross of the house of Savoy portends more good to Africa in general and to Tripolitania in particular than will ever the star and crescent." The book is profusely illustrated, and has a large and excellent map of Africa.

THE SCIENCE OF LOGIC. By Rev. P. Coffey, Ph.D. In two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.00.

A work in Logic is usually neither very interesting nor very readable. We are accustomed to study such treatises as an unpleasant duty. The present work, however, is readable, interesting, and illuminating. We are not bewildered by an excess of technical language. Dr. Coffey follows the example of his master, St. Thomas, and his style is simple and lucid. His treatment of the scholastic method is broadminded and critical.

In the first volume too much space is given to the numerous moods of the syllogism. It is easy to excuse the author. Such a treatment has all the binding force of long-continued custom. But Dr. Coffey says somewhere that it was the purpose of St. Thomas to get rid of useless questions. What earthly use does it serve in practical thinking to have an exhaustive knowledge of the syllogism in its uninviting moods—Baroco, Bocardo, Bramantip? These deserve to be called the barren virgins of philosophy. They may serve at school as intellectual gymnastics, but, judging them from their practical results, and from the fact that nobody in actual life consciously or unconsciously employs his knowledge of them, they are to be classed among the arid disquisitions which brought discredit on scholastic philosophy. It is regrettable that the numerous pages devoted to them were not given to a fuller treatment of Newman's theory of the "illative sense."

The chapters dealing with Method, Science, Certitude, and Cumulation of Probabilities are as interesting in Dr. Coffey's able and clear treatment as the titles would lead us to expect. A few illuminating criticisms, which could emanate only from a clear-thinking mind, expose the hollowness of the empirical theories underlying Mill's logic. He, also, casts another stone at that idol of non-Catholic philosophers, Francis Bacon, showing that nobody now uses his inductive methods in their original form. In opposition to him, Dr. Coffey rightly proposes for our admiration the Catholic priest Roger Bacon.

The main statement of this criticism is that Dr. Coffey has produced a learned, well-digested, scholarly work. Indicating great labor, wide reading, and a clear mind, it deserves to be a standard work of reference for all students of philosophy, and to be used as a textbook in colleges and universities. Among Catholic productions of similar scope it will scarcely be found to have a superior or even an equal.

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Dr. Van Dyke has found the title for this, his latest book, in "the sense of mystery and strangeness that runs through human life," and in the preface he thus describes the contents: "I am thinking of familiar and human things, quite natural and inevitable, as it seems, which makes us feel that life is threaded through and through by the unknown quantity. This is the thread that I have followed from one to another of these stories. They are as different as my lakes in the North Country; some larger and some smaller; some brighter and some darker; for that is the way life goes, and most of them end happily even after sorrow; for that is what I think life means."

There are nineteen stories in this "book of romance and half-told tales," all with their touch of sentiment, sometimes a bit overdone, and all presented in the author's easy, graceful style. One of them, "The Sad Shepherd," in many ways the best in the book, is admirable in execution, big in promise, but woefully disappointing in fulfillment. Artistically it collapses. The reader is ready to welcome the All in All; everything earthly has been found ultimately disappointing, but an impoverished humanitarianism and a shallow symbolism give birth to bathos.

THE GREATER EVE, OR THE THRONE OF THE VIRGIN MOTHER. By Rev. Joseph L. Stewart. New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents.

For the benefit of converts and non-Catholics the author has endeavored, in these essays, to define and explain the important part played by our Holy Mother, not alone in the great mysteries of the Incarnation and the Redemption, but also her place in the Catholic Church, and her unique power of intercession with her Divine Son.

Father Stewart proves (1) "that a religion which does not

recognize Mary is not that of Christ;" (2) "that the New Testament fulfills the old: Christ is the second Adam, Mary the second Eve;" (3) "that the love of Mary is but another form of the love of Jesus," and that, finally, "devotion to Mary is an integral part of the Catholic Religion."

The essays are not controversial, but at the same time are clear, unequivocal expositions of the teaching of the Church. Some beautiful passages of Father Faber, himself a convert, are aptly quoted. There are also several extracts from the works of St. Jerome and St. Augustine, St. Bernard and St. Alphonsus, showing the esteem in which the Mother of God was held by these great Doctors of the Church.

We heartily recommend this book, not only to converts but to those who are charged with their instruction.

CARDINAL BOURNE: A RECORD OF THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF HIS EMINENCE FRANCIS THE ARCH-BISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. Arranged by the author of *The Story of the Congress and Faith Found in London*. New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents net.

While still an Anglican, Newman declared that "a bishop's lightest word *ex cathedrâ* is heavy," and even when not strictly "*ex cathedrâ*" episcopal utterances derive from the speaker's exalted position a peculiar and distinctive authority. Hence English-speaking Catholics ought to welcome this little book which, in a compass of fewer than one hundred and fifty pages, gives the words, on a great variety of topics, of one not only a bishop, but a Prince of the Church as well. The selection goes back to 1897, when the present Cardinal-Archbishop succeeded to the diocese of Southwark, and the subjects range from Modernism to paying for seats at the church door. The volume is neatly gotten up, and contains interesting photographs; but American readers (presumably not so well acquainted with the details of His Eminence's past career) would probably have preferred a more definitely informing biographical notice to the somewhat vague sketch that the compiler has furnished.

A FRENCH KINDERGARTEN OF TO-DAY. By Abbé Felix Klein. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin. 3 frs. 50.

Any teacher who has labored through many a dry-as-dust English textbook of pedagogy will welcome the Abbé Klein's advent into the educational field. The present essay on Kinder-

garten work in France (*Mon Filleul au Jardin D'Enfants—Comment il s'Instruit*), although it tells us nothing new, summarizes in a book of perfect literary finish the principles that should guide the modern teacher, and gives us many an instance of effective class work.

The words of Fénelon quoted on page 118 give the keynote to the volume: "The greatest mistake of the average educator lies in always making study laborious and uncongenial, in perfect contrast to the child's play. We ought rather to make the child's study a real pleasure, so that he may learn without forcing or constraint." Modern pedagogy is not so modern after all if we realize its true principles. Did not St. Augustine in his Confessions (Book I., chap. xiv.), while speaking of his own studies as a child, say in words that ought to be inscribed over every school to-day: "The free desire for knowledge is a greater incentive to learning than fear."

The Abbé insists a great deal on Froebel's idea that "the function of education is to develop the faculties by arousing voluntary activity. Action proceeding from inner impulse (*selbstthätigkeit*) is the one thing needful." This requires for successful work special ability in the teacher. The false idea that any ignoramus could effectively teach little children has long been laughed out of court.

The most interesting chapters of the book are those which discuss Reading, Froebel's Gifts and Busy-Work, and the Thought Centre. (Chaps. viii.-x.) The literary man has not been lost in the pedagogue, and altogether it is a most interesting volume. We look forward with pleasure to the second treatise he promises us on the same subject.

SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER. By Rev. Father A. Brou, S.J. Two volumes. Paris: Beauchesne et Cie. 12 frs.

A new life of St. Francis Xavier was indispensable. Father Brou's book is not a panegyric; as he himself tells us, the eloquence, poetry, and rhetoric so often found in biographies disfigure the heroes whose lives they attempt to sketch. The author has very faithfully reproduced the Asiatic surroundings in which the Saint toiled. He has consulted, besides the documents already edited, the records of the process of Beatification, until now unpublished, and thus the very witnesses of Xavier's extraordinary actions again speak for themselves to the glory of his name.

The book should particularly appeal to missionaries. The disappointments and deceptions with which he met on all sides never marred the greatness of this great Saint. He rose above all these things, and his heroic virtues will ever be an inspiration to those who labor in the Master's vineyard.

THE NEW RUBRICS GOVERNING THE RECITATION OF THE DIVINE OFFICE.

The new manner of reciting the Divine Office becomes obligatory on the first day of January of the coming year, and hence every priest, and at least some few of the laity, will be interested in the books that will explain the new use of the Psalter, the changes in the rubrics, the feast days, etc., etc.

Of the books treating of this matter, and all written with the laudable endeavor to make easy a mastery of the new Office, we would mention, first, *The New Psalter and Its Use*, by Rev. Edwin Burton and Rev. Edward Myers. This is published by Longmans, Green & Co. of New York, and costs \$1.20 net. The authors judged that the new rubrics relating to the Office are, as published, too succinct and too technical to be easily understood by busy priests. Fathers Burton and Myers of Saint Edmund's College, Old Hall, have carefully paraphrased the new laws point by point, giving a careful explanation in every case, and showing what changes have been made, why and with what effect. The volume is intelligently arranged, and will undoubtedly be of great interest and service to all who are affected by the laws in question.

Father Hetherington has written for the same purpose *Notes on the New Rubrics and the Use of the New Psalter* (Benziger Brothers. 60 cents net). In his historical introduction he covers in brief space, and yet thoroughly, the principal points in the reform of the Office. He then treats of the order of the Psalms in the new Psalter, the changes in the Dominical Offices, the Ferial and Festal Offices, the Mass, and the changes with regard to the Feast and Office of All Souls. The little volume shows great care in the manner of presentation, and easily makes clear the rules that govern the new Office.

In this connection we wish to make note of the fact that the houses of Herder of St. Louis; Benziger of New York, and Pustet of New York have issued new Psalters, new breviaries, and also the new arrangement of the Psalter in handy pages that may be inserted in old breviaries.

THE records given in *The Flowing Road*, by Caspar Whitney (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.00 net), of five different trips through South America are full of interest and information. The traveling, always arduous and occasionally dangerous, was chiefly by boat and canoe along the great rivers, especially the Orinoco with its chief tributaries, which were followed from mouth to source. One journey began on the Rio Negro and ended on the Orinoco. Mr. Whitney is an experienced and observant traveler. His book teems with information about the physical features of the country, and the various forms of life—plant and animal alike—that are to be met in it. Moreover, he tells his story, with all its wealth of detail, in an interesting way—one that maintains its grip to the very end.

A NEW and handy edition of the Catholic Bible has just been issued by the C. Wilderman Company of New York. We congratulate the publishers on their zeal, for they have evidently gone to great expense in producing the present volume. We also recommend it to Catholics for a home book, and in every Catholic home the Bible ought to be a familiar and well-read book. The present edition has many illustrations and colored maps. It is of handy size; the paper is good, and the type clear and legible. The publishers have made the price within the reach of all, for it may be purchased in good cloth binding for one dollar. We hope their labors will meet with encouraging success.

THIS new series of school readers, entitled *Williams' Choice Literature*, published by the American Book Co., provides a complete course of supplementary reading for the first eight school years. Each reader contains a variety of well-selected material from the best authors. Care and good taste have been exercised in making the selections, but we have in our own language such a wealth of suitable material, both in prose and verse, for readers of this kind, that we do not see why translations from other languages should be included. The illustrations are excellent, and the make-up of the books first-class in every way. The prices range from 25 cents for Book One to 50 cents for Book Seven.

WILD FLOWERS OF NEW YORK, by Chester A. Reed.
(New York: Lake Mohonk, Mohonk Salesrooms. 50 cents.)
In a little booklet of less than fifty pages, Mr. Reed contrives to

recall all the main botanical facts needed by the average student desirous of becoming familiar with the flora of New York State. No important specimen has been omitted, and in the study of each one, brevity and simplicity have been very happily combined with thoroughness. More pretentious writers of more elaborate books have often failed to attain the same degree of success as this true lover of flowers in his modest volume. We would commend especially the way in which the principles of plant reproduction have been presented. The illustrations are numerous and well chosen, but from an artistic point of view unfortunate.

FROM the Catholic Children's Crusade, which the late Cardinal Vaughan founded in order to interest children in the rescue of waifs and strays, is taken the theme of a charming child-story, *The Little Cardinal*, by Olive Katharine Parr. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25.) Little Uriel, the childish passion with which he throws himself into the crusade, his pathetic ambition to follow in the footsteps of the great Cardinal, and his final heroism, make a story that goes straight to the heart.

A VALUABLE contribution to the literature of the Revolution is *John Hancock, the Picturesque Patriot*. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50 net.) It is the first formal biography of Hancock, and is written by Professor Lorenzo Sears, the author of *American Literature, The History of Oratory*, etc. The work is detailed and very carefully done. It will serve excellently as a reference textbook for students of that period.

AS CAESAR'S WIFE, by Margarita Spalding Gerry (New York: Harper Brothers. \$1.30 net), is yet another story of the eternal triangle, the man, his wife, and the *tertium quid*; there is not even any novel variation of the sides or angles. The author succeeded much better with her stories of a nurse's life in the book called *Heart and Chart*.

AN EXPERIMENT IN HISTORY TEACHING, by Edward Rockliff, S.J. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00.) This little book displays remarkable ingenuity for imparting a vivid interest to the dead bones of history. It contains specimen colored charts, but the pupil is taught to construct his own. The chart-plan can be adapted to any course of history, though as a

matter of fact the examples of chart-making are taken from English history, and very fortunate are the children who, by this method, have, in the best sense of the term, "been educated" in the story of past ages.

WE have recently received the following welcome additions to Schirmer's octavo edition of liturgical music in conformity with the *Motu Proprio: Ave Verum* (15 cents), by Pietro A. Yon, for three-part male chorus; *O Salutaris Hostia* (5 cents), by Rheinberger, for unison chorus or solo; *Tantum Ergo* (10 cents), by G. J. S. White, for four-part chorus; a melodious *Recordare, Virgo Mater Dei*, by Abel L. Gabert (10 cents), Instructor in Ecclesiastical Music at the Catholic University of America. His *Mass of the Immaculate Conception*, first sung there in 1910 by two choirs, is attractive though difficult. (50 cents net.) G. Schirmer, New York.

SERMON NOTES, by F. P. Hickey, O.S.B. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents net.) Busy priests, who wish to present to their people the whole contents of Catholic belief and practice in a systematic form will find help in *Sermon Notes*, by F. P. Hickey, O.S.B. The present volume, treating of God as Creator and Redeemer, is to be followed by two others, the whole course covering three years. References for fuller development of the topics are given.

THE brief monograph, *Abbot Wallingford*, by Abbot Gasquet (St. Louis: B. Herder. 60 cents), is a scholarly and interesting examination of the charges made against that prelate. It is valuable as a convincing vindication of his memory, and also as a striking proof of how even so competent and conscientious a historian as Dr. Gairdner may disregard facts and blindly follow prejudice.

THOSE who are interested in the study of Franciscan origins will be delighted with Father Paschal Robinson's historical sketch of *The Rule of Saint Clare*. (Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. 10 cents.) The author, as everybody knows, is a foremost authority on all those questions. Moreover, he writes frankly and interestingly. His work has been tastefully published in pamphlet form.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH FROM WITHOUT (Chicago: Catholic Church Extension Society. \$5.00 per hundred) is a methodically arranged and fairly extensive compilation from Protestant authors in favor of Catholic doctrines and practices.

A NEW edition of St. Benedict's rule for monks, *Sancti Benedicti Regula Monachorum*, by D. Cuthbert Buller (St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.10), gives us, in addition to the text of the rule, a short treatise on its transmission, and a summary of St. Benedict's teaching. The work is excellently and copiously indexed.

WILLIAM SEWELL has published through Cary & Co., London, a *Mass of St. Francis de Sales* for unison chorus (1 s. net).

OLIVER DITSON has issued two easy and melodious *Requiem Masses*, by J. T. Whelen and Father X. Schmid (50 cents each).

J. FISCHER & BROTHER offers *Tozer's Catholic Church Hymnal* in a pocket edition, containing melody and words only (60 cents).

A N excellent *Organ Accompaniment to the Cantate*, by J. Singenberger, is published by Fr. Pustet & Co. (\$3.50 net.) In addition to preludes, interludes, and accompaniments for the hymns, the volume contains, in modern notation, six masses from the Vatican Graduale. The make-up of the volume is attractive.

Foreign Periodicals.

What Is A Conservative? Writing of Lord Hugh Cecil's book, *Conservatism*, G. K. Chesterton says: "The work inevitably suffers from one of the great mistakes of modern controversy: the duty of writing round a word rather than round a thesis." Defining a conservative, he continues: "Suppose conservatism means the belief that the chief parts of human doom and duty are eternal, and should be protected or consecrated by permanent traditions, in that case I am a conservative; and so was Robespierre. But if conservatism means a belief that the present arrangement of wealth and power in England, or anything wildly resembling it, can possibly exist for another twenty years without producing an ignominious bankruptcy or a very righteous revolution; in that case I am not a conservative." Again: "All thinking people will agree with Lord Hugh Cecil's dictum that a moral change, that is an act of free will, must precede the more automatic improvements by conditions and laws. But when he speaks of modern industrial conditions simply as competition due to man's instinctive self-interest, he goes a great deal too fast. The capitalist system just now is not bad; it is very bad; it is atrociously bad. The merchant princes, who are the most powerful class in our commonwealth, have knowingly grown rich, and intend knowingly to grow richer, by reducing an enormous majority of the king's subjects to economic helplessness by the torture of hunger and the horror of prostitution." He concludes: "It may seem strange to say of a book that its fault is to be reasonable and lucid, but indeed this book is reasonable about a situation that is now past all reason, and lucid about a darkness that grows blacker about us every day."—*The Dublin Review*, October.

Labour—War or Peace? By T. M. Kettle. Regarding the Catholic Church's part in the solution of the current labor question, the author says: "The sanctuary and the laboratory of the Church is the individual conscience. Any attempt to formulate in the name of the Church a rigorous and exclusive social programme, and to insist that that alone is sound Catholic policy, must, of its nature, be futile and even dangerous. It is indeed part of the mission of the Church to safeguard the ethical truths which are

at the basis of all society; but when it comes to a discussion of the technical processes of society, economic and political, every man must effect his own synthesis of principle and technique, and he must be free to follow the light of his own conscience and his experience."—*The Dublin Review*, October.

Is Darwinism Played Out? By R. E. Froude. "Darwinism is not now, by any means, the burning question that it was some fifty years ago. It seems even to be admitted in some quarters—and that with a touch of reluctance which is in itself eloquent—that the variations in type which arise in reproduction have in some ways the air of an unfolding of a preconceived plan, or perhaps the working out of some implanted tendency towards beneficial development." The author makes the point that the upholders of the traditional philosophic point of view and the Darwinites, the physicists, are not discussing quite the same question, though there is a large area of common ground which they occupy. He asserts that the difference in their attitudes towards the question is a very important difference.—*Dublin Review*, October.

American Politics From Abroad. Unsigned. The late Presidential election interested the greater part of Europe, and France in particular. The high tariff has been a disadvantage to Europe, and as this was a leading question in the late campaign, it was hoped that it would be settled favorably to Europe by the election of the Democratic candidate. The article then shows the change in policies and questions from the Free Silver of 1896 to the Tariff Revision of 1912. The electoral vote is explained, likewise the Presidential Succession Act. The Pension Fund and the frauds attached to it are dwelt upon at some length. The writer contends that no election seems to be free from scandals. He cites the charges brought by newspapers and magazines, and by the candidates themselves concerning money paid by the corporations to the National Committees of each political party; giving the sums vouched for by individuals and corporations as paid by them into the treasuries of the National Committees, especially of the Republican Party. The article concludes with a brief sketch of each of the three candidates, a history of their political life, and a description of the recent conventions.—*Le Correspondant*, October 25.

War. Unsigned. The situation in Turkey and Eastern Eu-

rope is not of recent origin. While the present affair seems to date from the invasion of Tripoli by the Italians, nevertheless the trouble dates back to 1870. The recent trouble between Italy and Turkey has embroiled the whole of Europe in the affair, which as it stands at present is rather complicated. The author explains how each of the Powers stands, and the grievance which has forced each of them to this position.—*Le Correspondant*, October 25.

Similarity is Relation. By A. Deneffe, S.J. Unfortunately, the term "Monism," which savors of Atheism, is commonly mistaken for the true "Henological Principle," that is, the reduction of all diversity to an ultimate principle—God. The principle may be said to be this: "If two things bear some similarity, either the one receives this oneness from the other or both from some third thing." This principle has been wrongly applied in studies on comparative religion, especially in the case of the claimed dependence of the Jewish religion on the mythology of Babylon and Assyria. Similarity is understood to mean dependence—a view which is fundamentally erroneous. The same is true of the evolutionists, who use this principle to establish the simian origin of man. All through the ages do we find the endeavor to reduce all to one fundamental principle. Thales in ancient times; St. Thomas in the Middle Ages; P. Houtheim and P. Kleutgen in our own day.—*Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, No. 4.

Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X., Their Instruction and Direction. By J. Bricout. The names which give the title to this study are three great names in the history of the world and of the Church. It has often been said that Leo XIII. did not continue the work of Pius IX., and that his work was not continued by Pius X., but, although there has been a certain difference in their direction, depending upon changes in the world at large, the perfect harmony in their views, the identity of doctrine and uniformity of government, deserve our close attention. The series of articles, which is to contain this matter, is introduced in this month's issue with an exposition showing the conformity of opinion in regard to the temporal power among the three Popes.—*Revue du Clergé Français*, October.

Honoré Tournely. By P. Godet. Honoré Tournely occupies an important position among theologians of modern times.

He was a man of inexhaustible energy of character in his devotion to the Church, a learned theologian, an eloquent teacher, a fluent writer, a powerful polemist. In a word, Tournely was in the beginning of the eighteenth century the honor of the ancient Sorbonne, and the powerful defender of orthodoxy against Jansenism.—*Revue du Clergé Français*, October.

Moral Codes and Religion. By A. Lemonnyer, O.P. The problem presented in this article is whether or not the moral code of uncivilized peoples, if they have such a code, possesses a religious character. The situation has been summed up in the thesis of Lubbock, which, in regard to inferior degrees of religious evolution, declares religion and morality to be distinctly different things; in more advanced stages of evolution they may contract an alliance, not founded in their essence, but this again can be broken. Very interesting examples from the practical experience of scientists, who have made a special study of the subject among the inhabitants of the Torres Strait Islands, go to show that the moral laws of these primitive peoples possess a religious character. The ethnologic thesis above referred to opposes these facts, and the philosophic theory of an essential independence of morality in regard to religion finds no support in these discoveries, which have been confirmed in the results of most recent researches.—*Revue du Clergé Français*, November.

The Sistine Bible and its Publication. By Xavier Le Bachelet. Monsignor P. M. Baumgarten a few years ago published a copy of the Bull of Sixtus V., *Æternus ille celestium*, concerning the publication of a new edition of the Vulgate. At the end of the Bull, and relative to its promulgation, was the attestation of the Magister Cursorum. Testimony is now at hand which seems to take away all decisive value from this attestation; in 1610 it was pointed out that the Bull had never been registered in the apostolic chancery, and therefore never officially promulgated. Modern research bears out this opinion. The controversy about the promulgation involves Cardinal Bellarmine; it has been insinuated that his attitude towards the new edition of the Vulgate was the cause for the failure of the process of his beatification. On the contrary, twenty-four out of twenty-six votes were given in his favor, and the cause was delayed by Pope Benedict XIV., solely on account of the troubled condition of the times.—*Études*, October 5.

The Celibacy of Priests. By Henri Auffroy. In the very beginning of Christianity many priests lived in absolute continence, although there was no strict law binding them to such a life; the first written law dates from about 300 A. D. Down through the centuries since then various Popes and councils have legislated on the subject. Celibacy is a more perfect state than marriage, and the Church wishes that perfection for her priests. To justify her position she has the teaching of Scripture, especially of St. Paul, Catholic tradition, and the pronouncement of the Council of Trent. As to perpetual continence being in opposition to human nature and physically dangerous, some of the most competent medical professors in Europe testify to the contrary. A last objection is that celibacy is immoral. If this were so, why would the Church insist upon it for her clergy? The problem of ecclesiastical celibacy, like all others, is solved in Christ our Savior.—*Études*, October 5 and 20.

The Eucharistic King. By Maurice Van Laer. The idea of the Eucharistic Congress originated with a pious French layman, who then suggested the idea to Monsignor Ségur. The Congress was held for the first time at Lille, France, in 1881. It was not until 1908 that the event became world-wide, for in that year it was held in London, two years later at Montreal, and this year at Vienna. This article describes the beauty and grandeur of the ceremonies at Vienna. Fifteen sections were held for the different nationalities, French, English, Italian, Spanish, Belgian, Dutch, Hungarian, Polish, Czech, Croatian, Slovenian, Armenian, Slav, Ruthenian, and Roumanian, besides one for German-speaking peoples. The aged Emperor was everywhere in attendance. He arranged the date for the Congress, was its special protector, and drew up all the plans for the processions.—*Le Correspondant*, October 10.

Textbooks in the Public Schools of Italy. The Italian public schools resemble the French state schools. The textbooks are decidedly anti-Catholic and sectarian, contain errors, scorn all that Catholics hold sacred—Christ, the Church, the Supreme Pontiff. It is the duty of all who have charge of souls—bishops, priests, parents—to counteract their evil influence, to introduce good textbooks in the schools, and force the teachers to withdraw the bad ones. By united and decisive action truth shall prevail, and liberty

of conscience shall be preserved.—*La Civiltà Cattolica*, September 21.

The Religious Psychology of William James. In his book, *The Varieties of Religious Experiences*, William James, quoting Our Lord's words, "By its fruits you shall know the tree," studies religious phenomena as facts of conscience, and holds them as lawful when they meet three necessary and sufficient conditions: First, immediate illumination; second, conformity with reason; third, capability of conferring moral strength. These ideas are not altogether false, as they refute the medical materialism of the new school which rejects all mystical phenomena, and attributes them to degeneracy or nervous troubles. But William James is unable to establish the psychological nature of religious tendencies, and to give an adequate idea of religion and religious sentiments. That would be, as he says, too vast a domain. Nevertheless a good definition of religion and religious sentiment would throw light on James' theories, which seem built on sandy ground.—*La Civiltà Cattolica*, September 21.

The Tablet (October 19): Italy closes an inglorious war with an unhonored and a selfish peace.—The European Powers lack concerted action. They will permit the Balkan War, and after the carnage will do what might have been done before.—In Wales the Anglicans and Non-Conformists are at odds. The Archbishop of Canterbury urges peace, and declares Anglican continuity is perfect except for details. But is it materially unimportant whether or not the Mass is a true sacrifice or a blasphemous fable; whether or not one rejects the Pope's authority or accepts it as part of Christ's Gospel? If these are "details," what then is doctrine?—Belgium prospers under Catholic government. The good work of the past has merited and received a trial for the future. Some reforms are necessary, but the Socialistic solution is repudiated.—After many years of waiting the Poor Clares have obtained a permanent home in Lutterworth.

(October 26): The protest of *The Tablet* against those who say Home Rule would mean persecution for Irish Protestants has found many supporters. The *Westminster Gazette* aptly answers the *Times'* attempt to discount the importance of the protest. Lord Edmund rebukes those contending that any predominant Catholic parliament must be a parliament of persecution. What a curious

thing is this: two bills are being thrust by the same government through parliament at the same time, one to secularize ecclesiastical property in Wales, the other to forbid a Catholic parliament to do anything of the sort.—Father McNabb in *The Fulness of Time* explains the rosary.—A measure for the disendowment and disestablishment of the Welsh Anglican Church finds a place on the programme of practical politics. Centuries ago Catholic endowments passed into the hands of the Anglican Establishment. What would happen if a future Irish parliament brought about the de-plantation of Ulster? The writer shows clearly the attitude of Catholics towards the Anglican Church.

(November 2): Church possessions are sacred. If a state lays violent hands on what has been given to God and His Church, it is guilty of robbery. Many considerations illustrating the principles confirming this attitude are found in history and experience. However pre-Reformation historical evidence goes generally to show that the Pope was not supreme lord of church temporalities, but that the State exercised a very effective wardenship over the same.

(November 9): The Bishop of Lincoln dealing with the marriage law, just issued in a letter to his clergy, recommends that persons who, according to the teaching of the Anglican Church, are living in incestuous union should be placed under discipline for a year, and after that period be admitted to Holy Communion without reproach.—Canon Barry contributes a lengthy review of Monsignor Benson's new book, *Come Rack, Come Rope*.

Church Quarterly Review (October): John Spence Johnston contributes an appreciation and extracts from the Civil War history of W. P. Du Bose, President of Sewanee University in Tennessee. He describes the cordial welcome given him there, where Southern courtesy, English culture, and the best type of Anglican devotion are said to reign amid idyllic surroundings.—The Rev. E. F. Morrison reviews the work of St. Basil the Great in the development of Eastern monasticism. In statesmanlike wisdom and energy he was the Benedict of the Oriental Church. He left, however, no definite Rule. In his ideal the mystical element predominates, asceticism being only a means; life in community is advocated as a safeguard against selfishness. There is to be variety in the activity of the monks, but strict unity in administration. Women, children, even slaves are provided for. The monks are to teach, to care for

the sick, and the poor. Celibacy, but not Manichaeism, is strongly upheld.—The Rev. F. C. Burney criticizes Dr. Robert Kennett's arguments and conclusions as to the composition of the Book of Isaiah. Dr. Kennett's theory is that the greater part of this book is a product of the Maccabaeian age (170-141 B. C.), and that the Servant of the Lord described in chapter fifty-three is a personification of the faithful worshippers of Yahwe, who resisted unto death the attempt of Antiochus Epiphanes to Hellenize the Jewish nation, and to stamp out the true religion. Special pleading and circular arguments are said to characterize his work, difficulties are passed over; large and unfounded assumptions are made.—*The Bannister-Thompson Case and the Law of the Church.*

The Dublin Review (October): *English Catholic Literature*, by Mr. Wilfrid Ward. The Editor takes up Cardinal Newman's lectures on English Catholic Literature, and makes a few suggestions as to what Catholic literature ought to be, using as a basis the Cardinal's statements of what Catholic English Literature ought not to be.—*Recent Light on Jerusalem Topography*, by Father Hugh Pope, O.P., treats exhaustively of some recent important archaeological discoveries made during excavations prosecuted in Jerusalem, which elucidate some vexed Scripture problems very satisfactorily. The texts in question are 2 Sam. v. 6-8; 1 Paral. ix. 6-7; 2 Paral. xxxii.—*Reduced Christianity: Its Advocates and its Critics*, being a study of Mr. Neville Figgis, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and Mr. Chesterton by the Editor.—*The Entry Into the Dark Ages*, apropos of the first volume of *The Cambridge Mediaeval History* by Hilaire Belloc.

The Month (November): *Gaelic Ireland*, by Charlotte Dease, distinguishes a Gaelic Ireland from an Anglo Ireland. The author shows that these divisions of the same country are as distinct in customs, traditions, and modes of thought as either one is distinct from England.—Under the caption *The Genesis of Titus Oates' Plot*, Mr. J. B. Williams considers the evidence upon which Sir Roger L'Estrange attributed the Oates' plot to the plots of the Protestant Dissenters. The article goes on to show, by numerous quotations from contemporary documents, that those who have ascribed the assertions of L'Estrange to pure prejudice have not given his findings the careful attention they deserve.—Mr. James Britten, under the title *A Recent Suggestion for Reunion*, reviews

a recent book, *The Open Sore of Christendom*, by the Rev. W. J. Sexton. The latter attempts to show the serious hindrance which disunion places in the path of Christianity. After a brief consideration of the conclusions of this book, Mr. Britten maintains that since the Church of England possesses neither definiteness of teaching nor union within its own borders, it cannot even consider itself as a possible centre of reunion.

The Oxford and Cambridge Review (November): George Lowther discusses *J. M. Synge and the Irish Revival*.—Sir Horne Gordon treats *The Popularity of H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett*.—Hilaire Belloc gives the third of his articles on *The Restoration of Property in Capital*.—*Temperance and Legislation* is discussed by Arthur Page.—Flavien Brenier continues his history of Freemasonry in Turkey, and Katharine Tynan gives a story, *Per Istam Sanctam Uctionem*.

The National (November): W. R. Lawson criticizes the Marconi contract now before the British Parliament as "a hopeless tangle of mystery, ambiguity and confusion."—That the solid coöperation of the Triple Entente with Japan may do great things for the economic improvement of Asia and the peace of the world, in the next twenty years, is pointed out by William Morton Fullerton in his article: *The Triple Entente and the Present Crisis*.—L. Cope Cornford again raises his guns against the Home Rule Bill. "Home Rule is but the immediate cause of war. But if the odds are too great; if the King sign the Home Rule Bill and Ulster is cast out, out she will go; and with her will go thousands in this country (England). The process will certainly be attended, in Ireland at least, with bloodshed."—*The Soul of the Navy*, by Trafalgar, dwells on the fact that "the strength of the Navy is only created by the spirit of every individual member belonging to it."—Commander Curry, R. N., makes *A Plea For the Mid-Scotland Ship Canal*—a canal to be cut through the "waist of Scotland, from the Firth of Forth to the Firth of Clyde." Such a canal would cost twelve million pounds sterling.

Le Correspondant (October 10): *State Ownership Troubles*, by Fernand Engerand. This article is an historical account of State ownership of railroads in France.—*A Christian Gentleman and Warrior*, by Vte. De Noailles. This article describes the last

military expedition of Marshall de Guébriant, Commander of the German Army, in which he met his death. Wounded, he was carried to Rottweil, where his leg was amputated. He called his confessor, and died a most exemplary death, with the names of Jesus and Mary upon his lips, November 24, 1643.

(October 25): *A Statesman*, by Léon Delacroix, narrates the political career of Auguste Burnaert, the great Belgian statesman, who for the past fifty years has so nobly worked for the interests of his country and the Catholic party.—Etienne Lamy gives a resumé of a recent book by M. Louis Arnauld, entitled *Our Friends the Canadians*. He describes the loss of Canada to France, the religious question in Canada to-day, the language question, and a comparison of the two peoples—French and English.

Annales de Philosophie Chretienne (October): *The Personality of Maine de Biran and His Philosophic Activity*, by Victor Delbos. The author opens with a brief biography of de Biran, and then discusses this eighteenth century French philosopher's personality. He asserts that the philosophy of de Biran was nothing else than "a simple representation of his own nature," derived from much introspection. In proof thereof he draws copiously from de Biran's *Journal intime*. He declares that the philosopher never in his life "obtained the mastery of his conditions or his faculties. The widely divergent objects of his activity, his curiosity, and his affections could neither capture him entirely nor even keep him for any length of time at the same level."—*The Mystic Doctrine of St. John of the Cross*, by Dom L. Pastourel, O.S.B., is intended to define the "ecstatic knowledge" of that Saint. The author sums up thus: "St John of the Cross opposes religious immanence, which would identify the soul with God or make it a mere mechanical instrument in His hands. But St. John also shows the dangers of 'extrinsicism'—whereby the soul would never know or experience God's immediate direction. To say that God cannot act directly and immediately upon the soul would be to limit His power. St. John teaches that the action of God is interior, and has as its essential condition the liberty of man."

Revue Bénédictine (October): *A Definitive Text of the Rule of St. Benedict*. Whilst recognizing the general value and importance of Dom Butler's edition of the Rule of St. Benedict, the writer

of the article, D. G. Morin, has various suggestions to offer. He would have the author reserve for another publication "many accessories" that are pressed into the present edition. Considering his subject, its importance, and the size of the present work, perhaps the writer has attempted too much.—Few liturgists are unacquainted with the name of Jacques de Pamèle, more familiarly Latinized as Pomelius, an antiphonary of the seventeenth century. Whilst some scholars do not question his honesty and integrity, others style him a forger, "an inventor of texts;" hence in his article, D. H. Peillou confines himself to those points on which Pomelius seems to have been something of a puzzle to scholars.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (October 15): Delporte reviews briefly the method and the principles by which the religious evolutionary school of Wellhausen, Kuenen, and Stade represent the monotheism of the Israelites as a gradual development. He also exposes clearly some of the illogical and contradictory results of these principles.

Revue des Deux Mondes (October 15): *Around the Revolution of 1830*. These extracts from the diary of Count Apponyi give a comprehensive picture of the times and the insecure government of Louis Philippe.—*The Progress of the Torpedo Boat*, by M. Blanchon, discusses very technically the history, many uses, and kinds of the submarine.

Recent Events.

REFERENCE has been made in the foregoing pages of this number to the War in the Balkans. Little of importance has taken place elsewhere in Europe. It would appear that the whole continent is so occupied with that driving out of the Turk, which has been desired for many centuries, that little interest has been taken in anything else. A few occurrences may however be noted.

France.

The negotiations between France and Spain for the settlement of their respective spheres of action in Morocco, which have lasted so long a time, and which, on several occasions, seemed on the point of breaking down, have at last been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. An agreement was signed at the end of October by which all differences have been adjusted, and, therefore, an end is put to the many anxieties of which Morocco has been the occasion. The details of the agreement, which are of a somewhat technical character, need not trouble us here. The point of importance is that a compromise has been reached which is satisfactory to both countries, and which insures the continued existence of cordial relations between the two Latin peoples. A great part of the credit is due to the moderation and good sense of the Premier Señor Canalejas, who has just lost his life at the hands of an assassin. The agreement involves concessions on the part both of Spain and France. A part of the zone given to Spain by the Treaty of 1904 has been relinquished. On the other hand, the French have withdrawn all pretensions to interfere in the customs in the zone retained by Spain. The status of Tangier is the one question still left unsettled.

Germany.

A new Ambassador to Great Britain has been appointed to succeed the late Baron von Marschall. He belongs to an old Silesian family, and is looked upon as a man of moderate views, likely to carry on the mission, entrusted to the late Ambassador, of improving the relations between the two countries. He has written a good deal on the subject, and while holding that there is real

antagonism of interests, and that sacrifices must be made by both, yet thinks that a solution by force would not be in the interest of either, and that a *modus vivendi* can be found.

A Conference has recently been held in London for the promotion of this better understanding, attended by men of distinction, in which the various points of difference were discussed, the rivalry in commerce holding a prominent place. Every effort of this kind has a good influence. In fact, it seems clear that there is now a better prospect of averting a conflict than at one time could have been anticipated.

Italy.

The war with Turkey for the possession of Tripoli has been brought to a successful issue. Italy has been left in possession of the spoils, having, however, the Arabs still to deal with. However great her success has been, and however desirable is the destruction or diminution of the power of Turkey, the war cannot be looked upon as in any way justified. Italians, however, almost without exception were heart and soul in its favor, and it has brought about a greater degree of union among them than any other event. Surprise is felt in all leading monetary centres at the ease with which Italy has been able to bear the additional burden. An exact calculation of the cost of the war is not yet possible, but a good estimate places the expense at about two hundred thousand dollars a day, for a period of almost exactly twelve months, that is, some seventy-three millions in all. The available balance in the Italian Treasury on the eve of conclusion of peace amounted to something like seventy-seven millions. So the expenses were amply covered. The terms of the peace concluded with Turkey involve the payment annually to Turkey of forty thousand dollars in lieu of the loss to the Ottoman Treasury of the revenues of Tripoli. The right to capitalize this and to receive a single payment amounting to ten millions is reserved to Turkey. Should this right be exercised, the total cost of the war, including repatriation and disbandment of the major part of the army now in Africa, may be put at about ninety millions of dollars.

Russia.

The elections for the Fourth Duma have at last been completed. They have resulted in an absolute majority for the Right, the power of the Centre having been greatly curtailed; even its

leader, M. Guchkoff, having failed to secure a seat. Correspondents on the spot think that the transposition which has thus taken place in the position of the two Parties will forever discredit all hopes of reaction. A striking feature of the election, and one greatly deplored, is the part taken by the clergy. The Holy Synod did not scruple to exert every possible influence to use them to obtain the result. The Home Office shared in this attempt. The consequence is that the prestige of the Russian Church has been disastrously undermined. The Nationalists in many constituencies withdrew from the contest.

The illness of the heir to the throne has excited a great deal of comment, as it was thought that it was brought about by revolutionists. There seems, however, to be no foundation for these suspicions.

Spain.

The assassination of Señor Canalejas has removed from the control of Spanish affairs a statesman who, whatever may have been his faults, has stood for some years in the way of the threatened revolution. He has held together the factions of the Liberal Party, and thus enabled it to remain in office, thereby preventing the accession to power of the Conservatives. This accession, many think, would be the signal for which the revolutionaries are waiting to make their long-threatened attempt. The motive of the assassin is obscure, but some connection with the suppression of the recent railway strike, and with a bill introduced into the Cortes for the regulation of strikes, is thought to have influenced the miscreant.

With Our Readers.

IN the November *Century* Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University, under the heading of *The Hungry Sheep*, discusses a problem that is growing more and more serious for Protestant churches. "Why do not more men go regularly to church?" Of the Catholic Church Dr. Phelps writes: "The tremendous strength of the Roman Catholic Church lies in its fidelity to principle, in its religious vitality, and in its hatred of compromise. It should be an object-lesson to all Protestant ministers."

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THE sheep are hungry because, for the most part, ministers have not "the vital Christian faith" that alone can satisfy their hunger. He instances words of three clergymen in three different parts of the country, gives their answers to questions about the inspiration of the Bible, personal immortality, and the divinity of Christ; and then adds, "The three clergymen had nothing to offer but wind. The hungry sheep looked up and were not fed." Dr. Phelps, who is not a Catholic, continues: "The Protestant clergy of to-day are sadly weakened by a spirit of compromise. They are afraid to preach Christianity, partly because they do not believe in it, and partly because they are afraid it won't 'draw.' No mistake is greater than the mistake of the minister who conceives it to be his duty to preach politics from the pulpit. . . . I remember the case of a prominent clergyman who, during a whole Presidential campaign, preached Sunday after Sunday against one of the candidates, to a constantly diminishing audience. On the night when the returns came in, the object of his attacks was apparently successful, and he cried out in despair, 'What can be done now?' He was effectively answered by one of the ungodly who happened to be present. 'I don't see that there is anything left for you now, Doctor, except to preach the gospel.'"

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IN this connection we wish to chronicle, without comment, some changes to be made in the new edition of the Bible by the Baptist Church. Hell is to be softened down to "underworld;" and baptize is to be replaced by "immerse." And in the change in the Commandments it would seem that the sins of the fathers, according to the new Baptist version, are to be visited only upon sons—the daughters will escape.

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CHANGES that will make the text clearer and more intelligible to the modern mind are to be desired, so long as the sense remains accurate and true. But the prevalent idea that the Bible is to be brought down to the views of the champions of "Reduced Chris-

tianity," reminds us of the frank explanation of a Presbyterian minister when asked how, if he believed in truth at all, he could accept the change of faith on the part of the Presbyterian Church on the matter of infant damnation. "Oh, well," he answered, "that was the opinion of the Presbyterians of Calvin's time. They had their right to their opinion, and we of this day have our right to ours." One recalls the motion, made immediately after the adoption of that change, by one who had been bitterly opposed to it. "I move," he cried out, "that we make this retroactive."

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INTELLIGENT leaders in the Protestant Churches are beginning to see that loyalty to Christ and to Christ's definite teachings are the first requisites for Christian health and progress. Compromise is a sword that cuts both ways. The world of doubt and of sin is not conquered by concessions to either. It was a definite dogmatic religion that won the world to Christ, and that alone can hold it faithful to Him. The two thousand Presbyterian churches, as was stated at the recent Presbyterian Convention, without pastors, and—to take but one state—the seventeen hundred abandoned churches in Illinois, tell the result of that contraction in terms—undogmatic Christianity—and speak of the thousands upon thousands who are hungry because they have not that which will satisfy their souls; of conditions that make explicable the hunger of the sheep and the bankruptcy of Protestantism as a religious system at the present day.

THE growth and progress of the Church in this country must, we suppose, of necessity be a cause of jealousy and fear to some who neither understand nor like us. It is conceivable that many simple people who have never had the opportunity of knowing what the Church teaches and who, moreover, have had gross misrepresentations of the Church and her teachings drilled into them from early childhood, should entertain and give voice to accusations absolutely false and misleading. This we say is conceivable.

We had occasion only a few days ago to talk to a Protestant woman who, while she admired the Saints, condemned the Church that has given us the Saints. "I don't condemn the Church now," she added, "I understand how Catholics venerate them now, and I venerate them in just the same way. Only it required a trip abroad through Catholic countries to enlighten me." The trip abroad, of course, was not really necessary. The woman might easily have asked her Catholic neighbor or attended a non-Catholic mission in a near-by Catholic church. However, the foreign journey was a blessing. Because of it she is a more intelligent woman to-day than she was a few months ago. Nor must we blame her. Many, it seems, must go far abroad

to learn of the things that are within their arm's reach. Only lately a purchaser came from a few blocks away to buy a half dozen copies of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* for November, 1912, because he had heard from Dublin that it contained an interesting article.

Of the ignorance and misunderstanding of those without opportunity to know better, we cannot judge. But of the ignorance and studied misrepresentation of those who have the opportunity and do not use it; of those who know and pretend not to know, we feel that no words of condemnation are too severe.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of New York City is a paper of great influence, and one that has an enviable record in many charitable works. To its readers, and to the public in general, it preaches a high ethical standard. It claims to stand for Christian principles undefiled. Its Editor must know many Catholics—at least he must know something of the general history of our country with which Catholic life and activity and sacrifice are inextricably bound up. Now were he to take exception to or attack the teachings of the Church it would not be surprising, for he is a Protestant, and to an honest discussion no one will take exception. But when he deliberately, week after week, in the pages of *The Christian Herald* calls Catholics "Romanists," he is knowingly guilty of an ugly, malicious falsehood. That we are Romanists in the good sense is our glory. We recognize Pope Pius X., the Bishop of Rome, as the Vicar of Christ upon earth, and the nature of our obedience may be read in books very cheap and accessible to all. There is nothing esoteric or secret or hidden about it.

To call us Romanists in the bad sense is on the part of the Editor of *The Christian Herald* a flagrant insult to millions of his fellow countrymen. For the sense in which he uses it is a malign sense. It embodies all the bitter bigotry of old Protestant days when priests were hunted like wolves, when the faithful were an outcast people, and Catholic religious anathema because they were "traitors" to their country.

It means that the Catholics of this country are in some way working for the temporal supremacy of the Papal power; that they proclaim themselves patriots, but are secretly, in some inexplicable way, trying to hand the country over to the domination of the Pope. The idea is inconceivable to Catholics, but the use of the word "Romanist" by *The Christian Herald*, and its talk of "Papal Plan," are on the same plane as that roorback that is going the round of some of the more guillible Protestant papers of the country to the effect that Father Chidwick, formerly Chaplain of the ill-fated *Maine*, said lately at a banquet (a secret one we suppose) that the day was

not far distant when the Stars and Stripes would be torn from every masthead and the Papal ensign would be put in its place.

The word "Romanist" is used by the Editor of *The Christian Herald* to appeal to passion, and to deepen bigotry and misunderstanding. Thousands of honest Christian souls who read his well-chosen terms of "Romanist" and "Papal Plan" will give faith to his words, and believe that he speaks honestly. They know no better. He speaks dishonestly, and he knows it. He smugly takes "the voice of the nation" as his voice, and heads his column, "The Nation's Voice on Rome"—and publishes under it letters from misguided pastors and people who have long been fed on just such husks of falsehoods as the caption and heading contain. Is the use of such unchristian and unworthy methods—fruitless in the long run—a sign of despair? Has such a minister of the Gospel nothing to preach of the Gospel of the Savior of mankind save that which misrepresents, twists, deceives, inflames, and is a studied attempt to rouse brother against brother. To American institutions there is danger, and grave danger to-day. No one denies it. They are the traitors and betrayers of America and the inheritance of our forefathers, who in the face of a common enemy will seek to turn patriot against patriot and Christian against Christian.

FÉNELON.

(WRITTEN BY LIONEL JOHNSON IN 1895.)

IT seems at first sight strangely improbable that the son of an Ayrshire Protestant baker should, early in the last century, become the disciple and friend of contemporary Christendom's greatest Catholic prelate; but those were the relations between the Chevalier Andrew Ramsay and Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai. Mystic recognizes mystic, and the plebian man from the country of Burns found a fellow-spirit in the holy aristocrat of Périgord, courtliest of saints, saintliest of courtiers. Each lived to illustrate the saying of a later expert in "the science of the saints," that "it is a very easy thing for a man to go wrong in spiritual theology, and to stray into the shadow of condemned propositions." But Ramsay, though, indeed, as Hume calls him, "an author of taste and imagination, who was surely no enemy to Christianity," would scarce have survived but for his intimacy with Fénelon, whose faith he embraced; whose doctrines he followed; whose life he wrote. At best we should know him as one of the innumerable obscurer Mystics, who testify to the soul's thirst in the dry places of the world, but whose testimony is not memorable. Becoming Fénelon's convert, the captive of his sweetness and strength, Ramsay passed into history. As Gibbon says of himself and Bossuet,

"he fell," if fall it was, "by a noble hand." For Fénelon is a figure of irresistible charm, rich in grace and in the graces; his presence adorns the courts of kings and of their King, yet there is a cordial humility and humanity in his carriage. He provokes distinguished writers to phrases of distinction. Here is Michelet:

"Who can say by what enchantment he seized and ravished souls? We encounter it in the infinite charm of his correspondence, all mutilated as that is—no other correspondence has been more cruelly emended, expurgated, obscured for a purpose. Well! in those fragments, those scanty remains, the fascination is still omnipotent. Apart from the nobility of style, the tone so vivid and refined, revealing the gentleman beneath the apostle, there is something peculiar to himself, a feminine delicacy, which in no way excludes strength, and, in the very subtlety, I know not what penetrating tenderness."

Or take Pater:

"A veritable *grand seigneur*! His refined old age, the impress of genius and honors—even his disappointments concur with natural graces to make him seem too distinguished (a fitter word fails me) for this world. *Omnia vanitas!* he seems to say, yet with a profound resignation, which makes the things we are most of us so fondly occupied with seem petty enough. *Omnia vanitas!* Is that, indeed, the proper comment on our lives, coming, as it does in this case, from one who might have made his own all that life has to bestow? Yet he was never to be seen at court, and has lived here almost as an exile. Was our 'Great King Lewis' jealous of a true *grand seigneur* or *grand monarque* by natural gift and the favor of heaven, that he could not endure his presence?"

After speaking of Napoleon, Lord Acton proceeds:

"In another sphere it is the vision of a higher world to be intimate with the character of Fénelon, the cherished model of politicians, ecclesiastics, men of letters, the witness against one century and precursor of another, the advocate of the poor against oppression, of liberty in an age of arbitrary power, of tolerance in an age of persecution, of the human virtues among men accustomed to sacrifice them to authority, the man of whom one enemy says that his cleverness was enough to strike terror, and another, that genius poured in torrents from his eyes."

That M. Huysmans' hero, the *malleus sanctorum*, the superior artist in religion, Durtal, should find in a "Job mitré" but "*une petite Mystique, ni trop chaude, ni trop froide, un peu moins tiède que celle de Sainte Térèse,*" is no poor compliment to the essential excellence of Monsignor de Cambrai, to his "sanctified commonsense." Into the tangled and thorny questions of Molinism—Quietism—which made Fénelon's later life a martyrdom and a triumph, we cannot here enter. It had, perhaps, been well for him had he never met with Mme. Guyon and her writings, never written the *Maximes des Saints*. It is personally painful, even now, to watch Bossuet, "the eagle of Meaux," falling foul of Fénelon, "the dove of Cambrai." It is revolting to think of the most delicate and mysterious things of faith exposed to the impure handling of such men as the Great King and Harlay, the infamous Archbishop of Paris, who died in the arms of his mistress.

Two true and witty sayings contain the gist of the notorious controversy. "M. de Cambrai," said Mme. de Sévigné's daughter, "pleads well the cause of God, but M. de Meaux still better that of orthodoxy; he cannot fail to win the day at Rome." Said Pope Innocent XII.: "Cambria has sinned through excess of love for God, and Meaux through want of love to his neighbor." Technically, verbally, Fénelon was wrong; he erred in expression, not in meaning. We cannot agree with Dean Church, that "it was a poor quarrel and a sign of degeneracy." It concerned the weightiest matters of spiritual life. But we agree with him in condemning its accidents and circumstances, its atmosphere and environment of devotee courtiers, and pietism *à la grande dame*, and social intrigues and jealousies. Mysticism and its exact theology are not for loose and general discussion upon the levels of society, but require retirement, solitude, patience. Take any approved treatise of mystical theology, such as the thousand-paged *Institutiones Theologiae Mysticae* of the Benedictine Schram; then imagine Paris of Fénelon's day canvassing problems and speculations, which even the most learned and experienced of theologians touch but at their perpetual peril. Men and women, whose first effort should have been to keep a few of the Ten Commandments, fell to disputing whether love for God must be absolutely "disinterested;" whether they should "desire hell" if God desired it for them; whether anything short of self-annihilation to the will of God were permitted to a Christian. Fine topics of talk among the *frou-frou* of skirts and the flutter of fans! When Fénelon's book was under examination at Rome, Mme. de Maintenon, we are quaintly told, "did not think herself entitled to enter into an affair which was laid before the Holy See." Mighty obliging and self-denying of the good lady! There was, perhaps, not a score of persons in France capable of judging the questions at issue, either by their scientific training in theology or by their experience of the spiritual life in its most profound reality. Such a man as Jean Baptiste de Renty, who died shortly before Fénelon's birth, and whose *Holy Life* ranks among the greatest of mystical biographies, was the kind of man to whom these tremendous questions were matters of personal knowledge; but such a man is as rare as the aloe blossom. It was Fénelon's lot to be cast among courtly offices, worldly affairs, relations with the state; *c'était Louis XIV.* He was not allowed the pastoral seclusion of Francis de Sales; he stood prominently before France—a public man. Yet he never lost the bloom of sincerity and gentleness, nor did his reserved strength ever kindle into passion; he won the hearts of the most unlikely persons. "He was cast," said Lord Peterborough, "in a particular mould, that was never used for anybody else; he is a delicious creature! But I was forced to get away from him as soon as I possibly could, for else he would have made me pious." His very aspect was an enchantment. "*Il fallait*

faire effort," said Saint-Simon, "*pour ne pas le regarder*." In contrast with too many prelates of his day, he was a very Dupanloup in the discharge of diocesan duties and episcopal superintendence; and he discharged at the same time a vast "apostolate of letter-writing," as the director of countless souls. Withal, he was a master in literature; *Télémaque* is not yet a faded classic, and his dissertations upon oratory and the ancients are full of a rich purity in style and thought. He wrote the first important modern treatise upon the education of women: he was at all points original, fearless, fine. "Unction" in him was not that sickly-sweet sensibility and sentimentality which in French religious writers is apt to usurp the name: it was a veritable gift of love, eloquent and winning *proprio motu*, but never affectedly or foolishly effusive. His *Spiritual Letters* abound in salutary severities in the spirit of St. Teresa, though without her inimitable humor and homely terseness of speech. He is not languishing and rapturous, but a very wise and simple Christian, who uses a gracious and graceful style, and conveys piety with the pleasing politeness of good French. He had not the magnificent Bossuet's thunder, that organ music rolling over the deaths of princes and chanting the procession of the ages: Fénelon is the Sophocles to Bossuet's Æschylus, the Spenser to his Milton. The elegance of holiness was upon him, as well as the loftier beauty; he was much of a George Herbert, though nobler fashioned upon a greater plan. An essential candor shines about his memory; it purifies and freshens his not very wholesome age in which single-hearted men were rare. His world was aware of his eminence, his solitary distinction; he won to himself even such men as Marlborough. "If I am sorry I have not taken Cambrai, it is not for the honor of the conquest as to have had the pleasure of seeing so great a man."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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THE

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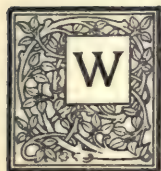
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BERGSON'S PHILOSOPHY OF CHANGE.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.



WE have been trying to understand the activities of the time-spirit in various spheres of experience,* in literature, in eugenics, in economics, in art. They are seen to be summed up in the principle of man's self-perfectibility. The chief characteristic of the time-spirit is an exaggerated subjectivism and individualism. The law of reason is set aside to make place for the predominant feeling. Sensation becomes the norm of conduct. But even healthy sensation is not of sufficient variety to provide man with constant satisfaction. When sensation has been made the leading factor in a man's life, then he soon has recourse to morbid sensation, for the sane and healthy feelings soon become exhausted. Change becomes the order of the day; nor is the question asked whether the change be for better or for worse. Anything will do provided it be a new sensation.

A new philosophy has been proposed to the world which seeks to explain and to justify these aspirations of the time-spirit. Its author is M. Henri Bergson, Professor of the Collège de France. It is a revolt against the static aspect of things. It proclaims that all is kinetics. Bergson himself calls it the philosophy of change. Indeed its great success may be set down to this consistency with itself, namely, that it provides a new sensation.

*See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1911; January, June, July, September, October, December, 1912.

Let us not underestimate the importance of Bergson. He has now the whole world for his audience. The small room in which he lectures in Paris is always crowded, so crowded, in fact, that many of his hearers sit through the lecture of the professor who precedes Bergson in order to ensure a place. This year he gave a course of lectures in London, but the great hall of University College was unable to accommodate one-half of those who came to hear him. He is announced to visit America shortly. Then from October, 1913, to October, 1915, he will be Gifford Lecturer in the University of Edinburgh.

He speaks always in French, and doubtless many of his hearers do not understand his language, whilst many more are hopelessly confused in the attempt to understand his philosophy. Nevertheless, although so many of his subtleties are hard to grasp, yet some of his main thoughts do stand out, and are making an impression on the people. It is with these that we shall concern ourselves. The custom of Catholicism is to look at books in their objective sense, that is, in the sense in which they are taken by the generality of readers. Her interest is not in the mental dexterity of the newest thinker, but in the salvation of the multitude who may be affected by him. Bergson appeals primarily to philosophers, such as Arthur James Balfour in England and William James in America. But through a host of popular writers he is gradually making his way to the people.

The chief works of Bergson are three. The first is *Essai sur les Données Immédiates de la Conscience*. This was written during the years 1883 to 1887, and published in 1889. It has been translated into English under the title of *Time and Free Will*. In this work the author explains one of his most fundamental concepts, namely, "duration" (*la durée*). To those who are accustomed to think in scholastic terms, the discussion may be said to be, as nearly as possible, a discussion between real and imaginary time. Real time is the actual flowing duration; whereas imaginary time is but the possible flowing duration. The imaginary time can be spread out like a map. It can either represent the intrinsic flow of real time or the extrinsic measurement of the same which we derive from the movements of the sun, moon, and stars, or by simply looking at our clocks.

In the Bergsonian method the reader is asked to put off all conventions of abstract time, and to throw himself into reality. He must *feel* the real concrete *duration*. Feeling this duration,

he looks at free-will *before the act*, not after it. Thus (so he is told), although he cannot define free-will in abstract terms, yet he can establish the fact of it by observation. The scholastic reader, however, must be warned that Bergson does not mean the same thing by free-will as is meant by previous philosophers and plain men. He does not use a common coinage. He means only certain great acts of choice whereby something new is created.

The second book is *Matter and Memory* (*Matière et Mémoire*). This was published in 1896. It is described as an essay on the relationship between the body and the spirit. Here the author frankly declares himself a dualist. How far he is true to his description of himself we shall see later. The book affirms the reality of spirit and the reality of matter, and by study of the memory seeks to define the relationship between the two. It professes to avoid the difficulties of realism on the one hand, and of idealism on the other, by taking up a position midway between them. "It is a mistake to reduce matter to the perception we have of it, a mistake also to make of it a thing able to produce in us perceptions, but in itself of another nature than they. Matter, in our view, is an aggregate of 'images.' And by 'image' we mean a certain existence which is more than that which the idealist calls a *representation*, but less than that which a realist calls a *thing*—an existence placed half-way between the 'thing' and the 'representation.' " *

There is indeed a close connection between a state of consciousness and the brain, but so also is there between a coat and the nail upon which it hangs. There is, in fact, no parallelism between the psychical and the physiological processes. Memory is just the intersection of mind and matter, and particularly the memory for words. The psychical state is immensely wider than the cerebral state. The reader will notice in the last statement a preparation for the proposition that reason is not the only faculty by which knowledge is acquired.

These two volumes contain the ground-work upon which the third is built up, *Creative Evolution* (*L'Evolution Créatrice*). This, by far the most important of Bergson's works, was published in 1907. Here the doctrine of man's self-perfectibility is carried to its utmost possible limits. Existence, in the case of a conscious being, means nothing less than an unending process of *self-creation*. Nay, the whole universe is made up of one evolutionary flux,

**Matter and Memory*, p. vii.

a self-creative process whose future is undetermined and unknown by any outside intelligence, even though it be omniscient.

Before attempting to criticize the various features of this philosophy, let us first make a general sketch of it, so that we may see how the parts hang together.

The history of the evolution of life, it tells us, shows that man's intelligence is but a department of general consciousness. It is a special faculty devised by life for a particular purpose. It is a kind of nucleus of a large nebula. It deals only with the practical ordinary affairs of life. The real glimpse at reality, which philosophy tries to get, is obtained not by the intelligence but by intuition. The intelligence, since it is created by life for one department of life, is consequently unable to see the whole of life. Even scholasticism tells us that an extended body is the connatural object of our understanding. That is why we get headaches when we occupy ourselves with abstractions for a long time without resting. Even M. Bergson has to keep using concrete examples to illustrate his metaphysical subtleties, and so also shall we have to use objects of familiar experience in order to show the bearing of scholastic principles on the new method.

In order to get a *real* knowledge of life, we must bring to the task not merely this specialized department which we call intellect, but the whole field of consciousness. We must look within ourselves, imagine ourselves in the middle of this field of consciousness, and thus *feel* the vital process. It will evade us, for it is in constant flux. But if we keep getting glimpse after glimpse of it intuitively, we shall be able to obtain the material for a theory of life and knowledge.

The intelligence can only take momentary snap-shots of the things which are in motion. It makes an abstraction from the movement at a given point. Thus physical science can never comprehend reality, for it must of necessity be always behindhand. It can only touch the phenomena of life, not life itself. As far as physical science is concerned there is a corresponding re-action to every action. In her eyes there can be no free creation whatsoever. All is mechanically balanced. But philosophy can do what physical science cannot do: it can comprehend life. It touches the all-important "now," which gathers up the whole of the past and pushes forward into the future. Reality, therefore, is not something static. It is the consciousness of living. It is the intuition of life. It is, therefore, something entirely kinetic.

The intelligence breaks up this living process into states, strings them on to an imaginary string, the string being an imaginary self. Thus whilst the kinetic is the stuff which is real, the static is but an instantaneous photograph of it. When we look upon these various states as spread out in the memory, then we get an idea of imaginary Time. But when we look upon the present flux of things as the one kinetic reality, then we get the idea of real Time. Real time is the *fluxus ipsius nunc*, the flow of the "now" into the "now." Bergson declares it to be a continual becoming, and infers that if we try to fix it in our intelligences, we are landed at once into a static conception of it. If we would perceive its flowing nature we must *feel* it with our whole consciousness, for it is the change which we feel that is the ultimate reality.

We gather all this from looking within ourselves and perceiving the constant change. The question now arises whether that vital process which we perceive within us cannot be predicated of existence in general. The history of evolution shows that forms have succeeded forms. Types and species have come into being and have passed away, giving place to other types and species. Evolution, in a word, is a record of continuous change. The whole of life is one continuous movement like the movement of an individual man. It gathers up like a snowball all its past which it carries with it. It thrusts itself forward into the future, which it creates.

This is Bergson's opportunity to criticize, on the one hand, the mechanical explanation of the evolutionary process, and, on the other hand, the finalist explanation. Both, he says, are weighted with the same fallacy, in that they assume that the present is contained and predetermined in the past. Both mistake imaginary time for real time. Both take intellectual symbols for the reality instead of the active vital flux. There is nothing creative in either of them.

A further study of the history of evolution shows us two diverse lines, one the line of intelligence which has man for its ultimate stage of development, the other the line of instinct which has its perfection in ants and bees. Where instinct flourishes most intelligence flourishes least. The nature of instinct insinuates to us the nature of that faculty of direct vision which we call intuition. It is by this intuition that we are able to seize on to reality, that flux, change, duration which is so evasive to the intelligence.

Life is like a reservoir bursting forth into several streams. It is always life, but sometimes it specializes in plant forms, sometimes in animal forms, sometimes in human forms. Circumstances and opportunities modify the creative effort. In this way intelligence came into existence. Life needed it for a special purpose and so created it. The life which was identical with consciousness underwent a kind of condensation forming a luminous centre. The whole of life uses a part of itself for a special purpose. Here is the most obscure part of Bergson's philosophy. Even his most ardent disciples admit that he is far from clearly explaining himself. And obscure it must of necessity be, for, at least from our point of view, he is trying to make the intellect get behind the intellect. From his point of view he is trying to make intuition see the formation of the intellect.

The same creative evolution is also made the criterion of free-will. The question now is not, as formerly, liberty of choice between two alternative courses, but rather whether, when we act, we really create. Nay, we cannot pick out of our concrete actions those which are free and those which are not. We are only free when our action is that of our whole personality. When I have expressed myself so thoroughly as to have created something new in the world, then I have acted as a free man. Moreover, if the will only does what the intellect declares it ought to have done, it is not free. The mechanical nature of physical science precludes indeterminism. Nor is the freedom here described confined to men. It is a quality of the whole universe. Indeed it was the whole of life (which is the whole of reality) that imparted our freedom to us. All things share it in some degree.

Life as a whole, from the initial impulsion that thrust it into the world, will appear as a wave which rises, and which is opposed by the descending movement of matter. On the greater part of its surface, at different heights, the current is converted by matter into a vortex. At one point alone it passes freely, dragging with it the obstacle which will weigh on its progress but will not stop it. At this point is humanity; it is our privileged situation. On the other hand, this rising wave is consciousness and, like all consciousness, it includes potentialities without number which interpenetrate, and to which consequently neither the category of unity nor that of multiplicity is appropriate, made as they both are for inert matter. The matter that it bears along with it, and in the interstices

of which it inserts itself, alone can divide it into distinct individualities. Finally consciousness is essentially free; it is freedom itself; but it cannot pass through matter without settling on it, without adapting itself to it.*

Lastly, the same necessity for free creation prevents even God from knowing the future. God Himself, indeed, is subject to the law of perpetual change. He is a kind of centre from which worlds shoot out. He is not already perfect, but rather a continuity of shooting out. Reality consists of change, and if God is real He must be forever changing.

Obviously the first concept that has to be dealt with in this philosophy is that which declares that reality consists in flux or change. If this philosophy be sound then we can say of nothing that it "is." Things that seem to be solid and undergo no change are but periods or cuts across the flowing. They are but snapshot views of reality, not reality itself. They belong to that imaginary time which is a symbol of space, not to the real time which is duration. A material thing endures without changing, but a living thing endures by changing. Now, asks Bergson, is the reality which is behind all appearances like a material thing that does not change? Or is it a living thing which does change? Then he answers that it must be the living stuff, namely, the ever-flowing time (*la durée*).

As usual we have recourse to St. Thomas for the corrective principle. The fallacy which Bergson makes through the whole of his treatment of change is that he does not recognize what St. Thomas calls the *ratio entitatis*. Even a thing which is in flux is a whole. There was once a baby called Woodrow Wilson. It grew and grew and grew until it became the President of the United States. But it always remained the same person, namely, Woodrow Wilson. The change from a gelatinous organism into a mighty president never destroyed its identity.

The idea of being is one of the primary observations of human experience. It is so simple and so clear to the understanding that it is incapable of further explanation. One only explains the more difficult by the more easy. But we cannot explain the one thing "being" by something else, because every something else is "being." When we say that a being is that which exists, it is almost as if we said that a book is a book and a tree is a tree.

What we say about "being" then is that its nature is obvious, we see it, and we steadfastly refuse to have our intelligences muddled by pretending that we do not see it. We start with this first self-evident truth: a being is that which exists.

But a being must be some sort of being. It must be a penknife or a motor-car or an elephant or something of that kind. It must have an essence. Now an essence is that by which a thing is what it is. That by which an animal, for instance, is an animal is sensation. Sensation, therefore, is the essence of an animal. A horse has sensation, therefore a horse is an animal. A man has sensation, therefore a man is an animal. He is a higher kind of animal because of his reason, but nevertheless he is an animal. He has the essence of an animal. A full-blown being, therefore, is an essence which is actually in existence.

Now we are bound to say of an essence as such that it is unchangeable and indivisible. So long as a thing is what it is, it is what it is. A thing may change as to its integral or accidental parts, but not as to its essential parts. If its essential parts change, then the thing itself ceases to be, and something else begins to be. For instance, a pig is always a pig. When it is young it is small and thin. After twelve months of good feeding it becomes large and fat. A great change has taken place in it, but it has not changed into a baboon. In spite of all the feeding it remains a pig. The essence has remained the same. The *reality*, namely, that by which it is a pig, and by which it *endures* as a pig, is absolutely static.

Further, the essence is indivisible. It is true that you can have half of a carcass of a pig, but you cannot have a pig which is half pig and half *aéroplane*. The essence is indivisible.

The reason given by Bergson for casting aside realism is that it involves the conception of that imaginary time which is *unreal*. Reality is a flow. What does not flow is not real.

Now, life [he says] is an evolution. We concentrate a period of this evolution in a stable view which we call a form, and when the change has become considerable enough to overcome the fortunate inertia of our perception, we say that the body has changed its form. But in reality the body is changing form at every moment; or, rather, there is no form, since form is immobile and the reality is movement. What is real is the continual change of form: form is only a snap-shot view of a transition. Therefore, here again, our perception manages

to solidify into discontinuous images the fluid continuity of the real. When the successive images do not differ from each other too much, we consider them all as the waxing and waning of a single *mean* image, or as the deformation of this image in different directions. And to this mean we really allude when we speak of the *essence* of a thing, or of the thing itself.*

Incidentally, we may remark that the above description of realism is not true of the moderate realism taught by St. Thomas. The image, or shape, or form, or phenomenon, be it even the mean image, shape, form or phenomenon, is not the essence of a thing according to the doctrine of moderate realism. The essence is the abiding indivisible reality which underlies the phenomenon. It is quite true that we can only get at the thing in itself through its appearances. But the distinction is vital. It is the distinction between the *id quo* and the *id quod*. That which we see, taste, and handle is the thing, but that through which we see, taste, and handle is its appearances. We are not concerned to defend exaggerated realism against M. Bergson. But, on the other hand, we claim that our moderate realism provides for a permanent reality without being committed to the absurdities which are created by making reality consist in the eternal flux.

Keeping the doctrine of moderate realism in mind, we can go on to show the right use of images. They show to us the reality of space. This brings us to the converse of Bergson's radical fallacy. In making reality consist in the flux of things, he thereby thrusts out of his philosophy the concept of space. In exaggerating the time element he practically annihilates the spatial element. He puts forward *motion*, that is, change in time as the whole essence of a material thing, ignoring its length, breadth, and thickness, which (apart from all else in it) are no less its essential factors, even as change and permanency are. Let us grant that all bodies are in a state of flux. Change, indeed, or liability to change, is of the essence of all that is material. But it is not the only factor in the essence. If it were, then we might truthfully say that all bodies are the same length, for they all consist merely of this flowing point which is "now." But no sane philosopher will go so far behind his common sense as to question the facts of common observation. Bodies are not all the same length.

There is a most luminous passage in St. Thomas which shows the unique position of the moderate realist in being able to use

**Creative Evolution*, p. 318.

the good elements of idealism and realism without being caught in their fallacies. He is speaking of the intelligences of angels and disembodied spirits, and incidentally he shows how the human mind, working through the instrumentality of the brain, when once it has grasped the *idea* of a thing, can think of the thing irrespective of space and time.

Nor again [he says] can distance in place hinder the knowledge of a disembodied soul. Distance in place ordinarily affects sense, not intellect, except incidentally, where intellect has to gather its *data* from sense. For while there is a definite law of distance according to which sensible objects affect sense, terms of intellect, as they impress the intellect, are not in *place*, but are separate from bodily matter. . . . Plainly too neither is time mingled with the intellectual activity of such beings. Terms of intellect are as independent of time as they are of place. Time follows upon local motion, and measures such things only as are in some manner placed, in space, and therefore, the understanding of a separately subsisting intelligence is above time. On the other hand, time is a condition of our intellectual activity, since we receive knowledge from phantasms that regard a fixed time. Hence to its judgments, affirmative and negative, our intelligence always appends a fixed time, *except when it understands the essence of a thing*. It understands essence by abstracting terms of understanding from the conditions of sensible things: hence in that operation it understands irrespectively of time and other conditions of sensible things.*

Here then is the precise difference between Aquinas and Bergson. Aquinas uses space as one of the data provided by sense from which the intellect may abstract matter for thought; but when once the intellect has got its idea it is able to transcend space. Bergson, being absorbed by sense, is unable to transcend space, and consequently for the purposes of philosophy he has no alternative but to destroy it. The result is that we are shut off from the external world. We can neither derive experience from it nor enter into active communion with it. We are shut up strictly within the limits of our own subjective feelings. There being no internal norm by which to correct our eccentricities, the method can lead to nothing but confusion, whether it be in truth, goodness or beauty.

**Contra Gentiles*, Lib. II., Cap. XCVI.

We must not, however, be content with showing the unworkableness of Bergson's conclusions. We must get at the fallacy of his reasoning. This may be conveniently done, by examining his criticism of Zeno's flying arrow. By this paradox the flying arrow is motionless all the time of its flight. If it moves it occupies a number of successive positions. But it cannot occupy two successive positions unless two moments are allowed it. At any given moment, therefore, the arrow is at rest at a given point. It is, therefore, motionless at each point in its course. It is motionless, therefore, all the time it is moving.

Bergson tries to escape the paradox by denying that the arrow ever *is* at a certain point in the course.

Yes [he says] if we suppose that the arrow can ever *be* in a point of its course. Yes again, if the arrow, which is moving, ever coincides with a position which is motionless. But the arrow never *is* in any point of its course. The most that we can say is that it might be there, in this sense, that it passes there and might stop there. It is true that if it did stop there, it would be at rest there, and at this point it is no longer movement that we should have to do with. The truth is that if the arrow leaves the point A to fall down at the point B, its movement AB is as simple, as indecomposable, in so far as it is movement, as the tension of the bow that shoots it. As the shrapnel, bursting before it falls to the ground, covers the zone with an indivisible danger, so the arrow which goes from A to B displays with a single stroke, although over a certain extent of duration, its indivisible mobility. Suppose an elastic stretched from A to B, could you divide its extension? The course of the arrow is this very extension; it is equally simple and equally undivided. It is a simple and unique bound. You fix a point C, in the interval passed, and say that at a certain moment the arrow was in C. If it had been there it would have stopped there, and you would no longer have had a flight from A to B, but *two* flights, one from A to C and the other from C to B, with an interval of rest. A single movement is entirely, by the hypothesis, a movement between two stops; if there are intermediate stops it is no longer a single movement. At bottom, the illusion arises from this, that the movement *once effected*, has laid along its course a motionless trajectory on which we can count as many immobilities as we will.

From this we conclude that the movement *whilst being*

effected, lays at each instant beneath it a position with which it coincides. We do not see that the trajectory is created in one stroke, although a certain time is required for it; and that though we can divide at will the trajectory once created, we cannot divide its creation, which is an act in progress and not a thing. To suppose that a moving body *is* at a point of its course is to cut the course in two by a snip of the scissors at this point, and to substitute two trajectories for the single trajectory which we were first considering. It is to distinguish two successive acts where, by the hypothesis, there is only one. In short, it is to attribute to the course itself of the arrow everything that can be said of the interval that the arrow has traversed, that is to say, to admit *a priori* the absurdity that movement coincides with immobility.*

In this long and brilliant passage M. Bergson takes us into a very old philosophical dispute. It has, indeed, been called the mystery of philosophy. It were, however, a very poor consolation if, in escaping the paradox of Zeno, we must needs plunge into the absurdity of M. Bergson. Fortunately we have a distinction which rescues us from both. The question of motion harks back to that of the continuum. Nor does it make any difference whatever to the question whether the continuum is in motion or at a standstill. We could use equally well for our example either a continuous downpour of rain or a railway line. We agree wholly with M. Bergson that a local motion, namely, the transit from one place to another through a medium, is continuous and successive. Motion must be either successive or permanent; but it cannot be permanent because then the beginning, the middle, and the end of the motion would be all one; therefore, it must be successive. It is also continuous. So far we agree.

But now comes the parting of the ways. The continuum, even though it be a kinetic continuum, a continuum in motion, such, for instance, as a flowing river, is not, as asserted by M. Bergson, indecomposable. There is a sense in which it is decomposable. The distinction by which we explain this is that proposed by Aristotle and adopted by St. Thomas—the distinction between actual parts and potential parts. The later scholastic textbooks speak of these parts respectively as formal and entitative. An actual or formal part is one that has both entity and

**Creative Evolution*, pp. 325-327.

limits. A potential or entitative part is that which has entity alone but not limits; it is, however, capable of receiving limits. When it receives them, either actually or by our imagination, then it becomes an actual-or formal part.

Now we readily grant, as M. Bergson demands, that the entitative parts of a continuum have only a potential existence. That is to say, they could exist did we choose to draw the limits around them. These limits, however, are not necessary for their existence. If they were not there already we could not separate them by drawing the lines of limitation. No one gives what he has not got, so neither could a continuum give parts if it did not already have them. If you want to separate the parts of a hare so as to jug it, you must first catch your hare, together with all its parts. Nay the very idea of a continuum is that it has parts and parts, and parts, outside parts. Otherwise each part would be identical with each other part. "In a continuum," says Aristotle, "there are not two halves actually but only potentially, because if they were in act they would not make a continuum."* So also St. Thomas: "In the parts of a continuum two halves of one line are potentially double in that double line which is actually one."†

With this distinction we may proceed to dissect M. Bergson's treatment of the flight of the arrow. The flight, we grant, is one undivided entity. Moreover this is true both of the moving arrow and of the motionless trajectory which it lays along its course. But the flight has potential parts, and each of which has an entity. A thing does not lose its entity because it is in movement. Nor are those potential parts any less real because their limits have not been chalked out. Of every one of those parts, even though we divide them to infinity, we can say, with unfailing judgment, that they have existed. If I make a journey in a non-stop express from New York to Washington, and the train rushes through Elizabethport, it is fooling both with ideas and with words to say that the train has never been in Elizabethport. Even though the train did not stop at the city boundaries, yet its passage through was as real as if it did stop.

So, too, is it with the arrow. Its movement is continuous and successive, but the parts of the movement have reality. Otherwise the whole movement has no reality. So, too, is it with the bursting

*L. 8. phys. c. 8, 263, a. 28.

†*In partibus continui duo dimidia unius lineae duplae sunt in potentia in ipsa linea dupla quae est una actu.* In 1, 7. Met., lect. 13.

shrapnel which is said to cover a zone with indivisible danger. If the danger were indivisible it could not do any harm to a company of men who occupied but a portion of the zone. It must destroy a whole zone full or none at all. But we know this is not true. Therefore the danger zone is divisible.

The comparison with the stretched elastic is a false analogy, for it is comparing local motion with molecular motion. Let us take the movement of each individual molecule of the elastic before and after stretching, and we shall find that its minute local motion is just as divisible and decomposable as that of the railway journey from New York to Washington.

Again, when M. Bergson says, and keeps on saying, that by the hypothesis the trajectory is created in one stroke, and that there is one movement only, then we distinguish and keep on distinguishing. One in act, we grant; one in potency, we deny.

When, however, he flourishes his ultimate reduction to absurdity and charges us with admitting *a priori*, that movement coincides with immobility, then we would remind him that we are there approaching that philosophical mystery in the presence of which it is unwise to be too dogmatic. Neither M. Bergson nor any other philosopher has solved the problem of saying exactly where the static meets the kinetic. We all know that according to theory the bouncing ball never ceases bouncing, whilst the blatant experience of our common sense tells us that it does cease bouncing. If we believe that the ball is still when we see it, still we are not absurd in doing so. Neither can we be held to be absurd for attributing reality to the various potential parts which make up the one complete movement of the arrow from A to B.

It is the exhibition of such paradoxes as the one just proposed by M. Bergson which calls forth that undying optimism of the schoolmen, confident of the reliability of common sense. It never occurred to them to ask what was reality. They might distinguish between an *ens reale* and an *ens rationis*. But the *ens* existed somewhere, either in the mind or out of it. Just as they never doubted that things were normally what they appeared to be, so they never doubted that the things which appeared to exist did exist. And that is precisely the attitude which we take up now with respect to the philosophy of change. We declare that we will not give up the use of the verb "to be." Even M. Bergson cannot get on without it. His pages bristle with it. To strike it out of our vocabulary is to plunge ourselves into the gloomiest pessimism;

because if we cannot say of the things which we see and feel and think about that they *are*, then we cannot be sure of any truth whatever.

But, suggests the Bergsonian philosopher, the use of the verb "to be" is but an artificial device for practical purposes. No, we reply, that lands us into pure pragmatism, another of the gloomy dungeons of the modern Hades. That is belied by the whole of human psychology. If I cannot be sure in my own mind that a certain statement is true, I cannot act as if it were true. And if, whilst not being sure that ideas represent the things they are supposed to represent, I go on acting as if they did represent them, then my whole life is one huge grimace.

Bergson was keen enough to note the analogous fallacy in Kant. Quite pertinently he said to him: "If we can know absolutely *nothing* of the thing in itself, how do we know that there is such a thing as a 'thing-in-itself?' So we can thrust the same weapon through the armor of Bergson. If we *do* know the thing in itself, how can it be never itself? For if its very essence is in a state of flux, always becoming something, then it is never itself. If Bergson's philosophy is right that the essences of things are ever changing, then Kant's philosophy is right that we know nothing of the essences themselves. The two positions stand or fall together.

So, too, is it with the consequences. Kant fructified into the pessimism of Schopenhauer and into the anarchy of Nietzsche. Bergson must fructify into a still deeper pessimism and more chaotic anarchy, because he promises so much more than Kant and fulfills so much less. Kant did make some compensation for his critique of pure reason by undoing it with his critique of practical reason. Report says that M. Bergson has in preparation a book on ethics. It is appalling to contemplate what may be the result in conduct if the principles of the philosophy of change are rigorously applied. History relates of another Frenchman who, a hundred years previously, both anticipated and applied the philosophy of change to the destiny of nations. When Napoleon wanted an excuse for taking Holland, he said the Alps belonged to him; but Holland had been washed down from the Alps; therefore Holland belonged to him. He confused, with his tongue in his cheek, the point of view of the geographer with the point of view of the physicist.

Geography tells us that countries are known according to their latitude and longitude on the earth's surface, whilst molecular

physics tells us that particles of mud are known independently of their position on the earth's surface. If some Swiss mud has been carried from the source to the mouth of the Rhine, it does not follow that the essence of Switzerland has been changed into the essence of Holland. Switzerland remains up there and Holland down here, the philosophy of change notwithstanding.

In thus insisting on the value of the static element in nature, we would not wish to appear to undervalue the kinetic element. Nay, we claim that the kinetic element cannot have its full kinetic value unless it is considered in its right relation to the static. Bergson made a cardinal mistake in supposing that "being" and "becoming" were mutually exclusive. They are not. "Being" is a genus of which "becoming" is a species. Likewise "going," "desisting," "ceasing" are species of the same genus. When a thing *becomes*, it is in a *state* of becoming. The kinetic and the static elements of the process instead of being mutually exclusive are mutually complementary. If a thing could not be in a state of becoming, it could not become at all. Indeed the very reality of the flux depends upon the ultimate reality of the static concept that the flux *is*.

When the citizen of St. Louis crosses over to East St. Louis he sees the mighty Mississippi flowing beneath him. The flux is *there*. When he comes back next day all the water which he saw yesterday is gone, and another great volume has taken its place. A change has happened. But it is not the Amazon upon which he fixes his gaze. Nor is it the mere bed of the Mississippi which has remained. It is the Mississippi itself, the flowing continuum, the continuous flow of one and the same thing. Either the flux is or it is not. If it is not it has no reality. But it has reality. Therefore it is. This is our foundation. We will have our wits about us. We will turn our faces about and look this way and that, but all the time we shall sit tight on the one enduring reality, namely, that which is.

How such a radical confusion of thought could arise as to obscure this elementary dictate of common sense, we propose to show in our next essay. It is due to the exaggerated subjectivism which underestimates the use of the intellect, and is known as Bergson's intuitive method.

CANADA AND THE COLONIES: A LESSON FOR THE "GUARDIANS OF LIBERTY."

BY EDWIN RYAN.



N old proverb has it that "we learn by making mistakes," and while that may not be a very pleasant method, it is at times an extremely practical one, in the case of nations no less than in that of individuals. For the "average citizen" is more likely to be impressed by an argument presented in this form than by a consideration of the abstract right and wrong of a question. Show him that a particular line of action that he is asked to pursue or to approve has been tried by his forefathers, and that they lived to regret it, and he will not take long to form his own conclusion. There seems to be a need for applying that method just now, for we have at the present day in this Republic a group of men who have started a revival of that most stupid and most pernicious of all blundering policies, bigotry. Under the name of "Guardians of Liberty" these persons are bidding us hark back to the days of Know-nothingism: they are trying to rekindle the ashes of old prejudice, while professing to be animated by sentiments of purest patriotism. Of course, such men can hardly be expected to learn anything from experience—there are none so blind as those who will not see—but it may happen that some well-meaning persons will be led astray by these "patriots," and it is for the sake of such that we would call attention to one instance in our history wherein this sort of thing would seem to have been the cause of a serious national loss which time has not yet repaired.

Glance at the map of North America, and notice the way in which it is divided politically. It contains three large nations, Canada, the United States, and Mexico. Now, as this last is a country not connected with our own in language, race or past history, her political separation is natural. But with Canada the case is quite otherwise. Its people are largely of the same stock as we are, most of them speak the same language, and their laws are derived from the same source. And besides, their history is closely linked with ours, for in the interval between the termination

of the "Seven Years' War" and the outbreak of the American War of Independence, both they and we were subjects of Great Britain.* Moreover, when the colonies revolted they were not without sympathizers across the Canadian border, and even some troops were furnished—and yet there was never any formal union, so that while we broke away from England they remained British subjects, and remain so to this day, the British flag flying over all the land as far west as Alaska, and from the Great Lakes to the Arctic Ocean. How is this? Is it because the American patriots made no effort to enlist their coöperation in the struggle? On the contrary, our forefathers realized full well the advantage to be gained by inducing their fellow-subjects of King George III. to make common cause with them, and they certainly tried hard enough to bring it about. The reason why they failed, the reason why Canada held aloof, the reason why Canada is to-day a separate nation, though bound to us by many ties of blood and common interests, is mainly bigotry. There was a little too much "Guardian-of-Liberty-ism" in the American colonies, and it is that we must thank for the loss of a great opportunity.

This is the story: When, by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, those portions of the American Continent to the north of the Thirteen Colonies still remaining to France were ceded to Great Britain, the majority of the inhabitants was Catholic. Therefore, one of the first problems to present itself was, What shall be done about this people's religion? We know what England was doing about religion elsewhere, and it would not have been so very surprising had she attempted to introduce into Canada the methods pursued within her own shores or in Ireland: the prohibition of Mass, the hunting of priests, the forcible establishment of Protestant worship. And, as a matter of fact, there was at first some indication that such a policy might be adopted, but the attitude of the people of Quebec, aided by the disturbances that afterward led to the American War, brought about a change. England was too wise to allow her Protestantism, however thorough, to blind her to her own interest. She was not going to go out of her way to stir up trouble in a new colony. "The Province of Quebec is Catholic, the Province of Quebec wishes to remain Catholic, therefore Catholic shall it be," argued her rulers. "Let us demand of its inhabitants nothing more than obedience to the British Crown, and

*Of course in the case of some portions of Canada British ownership goes back further.

let us smooth the way by according to their religion the position it enjoyed under the Government of Catholic France." Whereupon a bill was introduced into Parliament not only granting the Catholic freedom of worship, but even guaranteeing to their clergy all those "dues and rights" to which they had been accustomed. To be sure, there was opposition in England, both in Parliament and outside, but good sense prevailed, and by a vote of fifty-six to twenty in the House of Commons the bill was passed.

Of course the Quebec Catholics were very much pleased by this, and it went a long way towards securing their loyalty at a time when that meant a great deal. But among their fellow-subjects to the south were some who saw the matter in a different light. Despite the examples of patriotism given by American Catholics, despite the attitude toward the Church of some of the ablest of the colonial statesmen, hatred of "popery" was far from dead. But whatever bigotry there was would probably have been forgotten just then, when union and harmony were so desirable, had there not been those who saw fit not only to keep it alive, but actually to parade it before the eyes of the world. No sooner did it become known that Roman Catholicism in Quebec, instead of being penalized, had actually received explicit protection from the government of England, than there was an outburst of indignation. To be sure, there was one point of view from which the Colonies might (and did) take exception to the "Quebec Act," viz., that it gave to Canada the territory now comprising Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota, to which some of the Colonies laid claim. And had the objectors confined their strictures to this point, one could hardly question the justice of their complaint. But instead of that some went further, and saw in the religious provisions themselves a serious "menace" to Colonial interests, and expressed their fears in plain language.

Thus, a correspondent contributed to the *Pennsylvania Packet* of October 31, 1774, a long letter, in the course of which he declared "the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, and the Irish Massacre were acts of piety compared with the late Popish act of the British Parliament," and that "we may live to see our churches converted into mass houses, and our lands plundered of tythes for the support of a Popish clergy. The Inquisition may erect her standard in Pennsylvania, and the city of Philadelphia may yet experience the carnage of St. Bartholomew's Day." And an earlier correspondent, signing himself "Tribunus," had given vent to

similar sentiments. Now, had this been confined to newspapers no great harm might have been done, and it would have been easier to explain away later on as the peculiar views of narrow or excitable individuals. But unfortunately it did not stop there. The First Continental Congress was then (1774) in session at Philadelphia, and among its members was John Jay, so notorious for his bitterness towards the Church. And he had a large part in the framing of the "Address to the People of Great Britain," which, among other grievances, states the following:

We think the legislature of Great Britain is not authorized. . . . to establish a religion fraught with sanguinary and impious tenets. . . . The Dominion of Canada is to be so extended, modelled and governed, as that by being disunited from us, detached from our interests, by civil as well as religious prejudices, that by their numbers daily swelling with Catholic emigrants from Europe, and by their devotion to administration, so friendly to their religion, they might become formidable to us, and, on occasion, be fit instruments in the hands of power, to reduce the ancient free Protestant Colonies to the same state of slavery with themselves. . . . nor can we suppress our astonishment that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that country a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder, and rebellion through every part of the world.

Further on the fear is expressed that the Colonies will be reduced to slavery:

by the power of Great Britain and the aid of our Roman Catholic neighbors.

This was followed by an Address to the Colonies of similar tone:

An act was passed [*sc.* in the British Parliament] for changing the government of Quebec, by which act the Roman Catholic religion, instead of being tolerated, as stipulated by the treaty of peace, is established. . . . The authors of this arbitrary arrangement flatter themselves that the inhabitants, deprived of liberty, and artfully provoked against those of another religion, will be proper instruments for assisting in the oppression of such as differ from them in modes of government* and faith.

*This phrase refers to the establishment of French law in Quebec.

.....The people of England will soon have an opportunity of declaring their sentiments concerning our cause. In their piety, generosity and good sense, we repose high confidence: and cannot, upon a review of past events, be persuaded that *they*, the defenders of true religion, and the assertors of the rights of mankind, will take part against their affectionate Protestant brethren in the Colonies in favor of *our open* and *their own secret** enemies; whose intrigues for several years past have been wholly exercised in sapping the foundations of civil and religious liberty.

But even this, unpleasant reading though it be for an American, is not the sum total of this miserable business. For in the series of Resolutions drawn up on September 17th of that year (1774), we find the following:

That the late act of Parliament for establishing the Roman Catholic religion and the French laws in that extensive country now called Canada is dangerous in an extreme degree to the Protestant religion and to the civil rights and liberties of all America; and, therefore, as men and Protestant Christians, we are indispensably obliged to take all proper measures for our security.

And this "grievance" was repeated in the "Petition to the King" of October, 1774:

In the last session of Parliament an act was passed.....forestablishing an absolute government and the Roman Catholic religion throughout those vast regions that border on the westerly and northerly boundaries of the free Protestant English settlements.†

But it was not long before the Colonies came to repent of their short-sighted policy in raising the religious question, and making it one of the principal grounds of objection to British rule. As the situation grew more serious, and it gradually became evident that war was unavoidable, it dawned on the minds of the patriots that they had made a mistake, since those very Canadians whose religion had been such a bugbear might be converted into valuable allies, and with that end in view they set to work on an "Address

*Italics in the original.

†See *Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789*, vol. i. (Washington: Government Printing Office.)

to the Inhabitants of Quebec," where that terrible religion, so "dangerous to...the civil rights and liberties of all America," "fraught with sanguinary and impious tenets," that had "deluged (England) in blood and dispersed impiety, bigotry and persecution, murder and rebellion, through every part of the world" was mentioned only to be promptly dismissed as constituting no bar to a union. The contrast is so amazing that if, instead of possessing the documents themselves, we had to rely on the testimony of others as to their contents, we might suspect some error. But here are the very words:

We are too well acquainted with the liberality of sentiment distinguishing your nation, to imagine that difference of religion will prejudice you against a hearty amity with us. You know that the transcendent nature of freedom elevates those who unite in her cause, above all such low-minded infirmities (!) The Swiss Cantons furnish a memorable proof of this truth. Their union is composed of Catholic and Protestant states, living in the utmost concord and peace with one another, and thereby enabled ever since they vindicated their freedom to defy and defeat every tyrant that has invaded them.*

But the results of this appeal would seem not to have come up to expectations, and so another and stronger effort was made. In February, 1776, a commission, consisting of Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, Charles Carroll, and the Reverend John Carroll was appointed to repair to Canada for the purpose of securing the adherence of that country to the cause of independence.† After a long and far from comfortable journey, the commission arrived at Montreal, where at first there was some show of friendship. But their hopes were soon shattered. The people of Quebec could not see any very clear reason for renouncing their allegiance. The British Government not only respected their civic rights, but—a thing they seem to have considered vastly more important—secured to them their religious rights as well, whereas the revolting Colonies had said some pretty hard things about that same religion, and were at that very time adopting constitutions whose religious provisions compared very unfavorably with those England had made. Consequently, when the enthusiasm had subsided, and they put

*Reported in the *Pennsylvania Packet*, November 14, 1774.

†Throughout the negotiations the Rev. Mr. Carroll confined his endeavors to securing the neutrality of the Canadians, as he deemed the promotion of an active military alliance incompatible with his priestly character.

together the reference made to Catholicism in the "Address to the Inhabitants of Quebec" and those in the "Address to the People of Great Britain," they very naturally refused the invitation, calling Congress "perfidious and double-faced," and praying God's blessing on the English King and his government. In other words, the mission of Congress to Canada resulted principally in stirring up sentiments of loyalty to Great Britain! It was useless for the Americans to point to evidences of respect and esteem for Catholicism among the inhabitants of the revolting Colonies. One Jay can drown out a dozen Washingtons, and the sting of past insult had penetrated too deep to be removed by compliments and promises. The most that was effected was the obtaining of aid from some individual Canadians, whose dislike of England was strong enough to triumph over those considerations, and the securing of the neutrality of others, but Canada, as a whole, held aloof, the scheme fell through, the commission returned disappointed and almost empty-handed, and American bigots were taught a lesson.

And now, with this narrative in mind, let us ask ourselves a question: Suppose that the case was the other way, *i. e.*, that the bigotry had been on the side of England, and the tolerance and common sense on the side of America, can there be any reasonable doubt as to what the attitude of Catholic Canada would have been? Or suppose that the revolting colonies had shown even as much breadth of view—were it but from purely political motives—as the mother country showed, is it not likely that the reception accorded their envoys would have been more cordial, and perhaps even led to some sort of alliance? But, at any rate, whatever *might have* happened, we know what *did* happen. And if to-day the English-speaking peoples of this continent (north of Mexico) form two nations instead of one, the situation is due to the existence among our forefathers of exactly that spirit which the "Guardians of Liberty" are trying to resuscitate to-day. We played with that fire once, and got badly burned: shall we light it again?

WHILE JANE ANNE WAS AWAY.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.



IT was a long time ago since Angela Ferguson, the mother of the children at Fir Tree Hall, had left them: an endless age it seemed to Betty and Fan and Peter and little Pat—though it could not have been so long ago as grown-up people count time, since Pat was only six years old, and she died when Pat was born.

Poor sweet woman! The peasants round about Fir Tree Hall, which was in a lonesome Ulster glen among the mountains, shook their heads when they thought about her, and said sorrowfully that she could not be happy in the place where she was gone to if she had any idea of the desolation and ruin she had left behind. For Richard Ferguson had taken to drinking after his wife's death, had remained drunk, with a few intervals of miserable consciousness, during the three years he lived after her: and ought to have died, said many a one, before he married Jane Anne Cleaver, a down Northern peasant and a Presbyterian, though she never troubled church nor chapel; she had been one of his own servants.

The other servants vacated after the marriage. They were not going to sit down under Jane Anne for a mistress, not they. They all knew how she had got the poor master to marry her—by bringing him drink for his destruction, and then carrying him off and keeping him fuddled till the Registrar at Quay-side had tied the knot. Sure, said the people, wouldn't he be punished for all his sins if he could only know the unhappiness of the poor children he had left behind him—for he was a fond father as well as a fond husband, and it never would have happened only for the drink.

Fir Tree Hall was a big rambling house, which would have required a whole staff of servants to keep it in order. It had been decaying, growing steadily shabbier year by year, but till Richard Ferguson's second marriage it had kept its shabby dignity and its troops of ragged retainers and pensioners of one kind or another. Jane Anne had thought to do a great thing for herself when she married the master. She had not done so well after all. The place was heavily encumbered. There was very little money, and there were the four children. Jane Anne in the early days of her promotion had given herself airs, and made enemies of

her own class. She had sent the pensioners paddling. Now, in her widowhood, she was left alone. The gardens were overgrown, the stable yard empty, the house going to rack and ruin, and Jane Anne's temper was as bad as it was possible to imagine, especially after she had gone over to Quayside by train and came back red in the face, and with a dull glare in her eyes, which the children had learned to dread.

It seemed nobody's business to see how Richard Ferguson's children were dealt with. Fir Tree Hall is in a beautiful but rather desolate and poverty stricken country, with very few gentry, and tucked away at the back of God Speed, as the people said, and the drive up to the house extends a full mile from the entrance gates. Jane Anne had been very rude to the one or two good people who had called. No one suspected that she was unkind to the children. And, after all, who was going to take charge of four helpless children? Richard Ferguson did not seem to have a relative left in the world. His friends were dead or alienated by his second marriage. When he had spoken just before his death, his hand wet with the sweat of death on Peter's shoulder, he had said: "Write—Aunt Lucy—412—" His voice had died off. He had never finished the sentence.

Jane Anne through everything retained her grim Northern preference for cleanliness about her, although not of her person. The greater part of the big house might go to rack and ruin. The part in which she lived must be clean. She closed up the big handsome rooms upstairs. They suffered less shut up than open. She preferred to live in the kitchen, and since she had grown lazy of late, and was tending to stoutness, the kitchen premises had to be kept clean by someone else than she. There was no one to do the scrubbing and the hearth-stoning, the whitening and polishing but the children, with Jane Anne's eyes and tongue over them. There seemed miles of these kitchen premises to the children, to say nothing of the stone staircases. The children spent most of their lives washing and scrubbing, that is to say Betty and Peter did, for the others were too little to be of much use. Betty and Peter rose in the dark of the winter mornings, dragging themselves from their heavy sleep. The fire had to be made, the kitchen tiles scrubbed over, everything clean and shining, and the breakfast ready before Jane Anne came down in her untidy dressing-gown. Whatever there was good in the way of food she had. The children had what Jane Anne might have flung to a dog, if she had kept anything so useless. Angela Fer-

guson's children should have been tall, handsome, well-formed, but they were half-starved and on the way to be stunted, and Betty and Peter were cruelly overworked, had not enough sleep, and lay cold at night, besides were ill-clad by day. All four children were cowed. Even Pat, who was naturally merry, had almost forgotten how to laugh, except when he played with the little Christ Child on the wall—the picture of the Baby, framed in holly, which Angela Ferguson had hung up for the children to say their prayers before in the old days: Jane Anne had torn down the other religious emblems. Perhaps it had not occurred to her that this was anything but an ordinary Christmas Child, so it had escaped.

Hitherto the children had not brought Jane Anne's direct wrath upon them. They were too thoroughly cowed for that: but one January morning little Pat, sitting at the table in the kitchen peeling potatoes with his little chilly fingers, was suddenly taken sick. And, seeing what his last meal had been composed of, it was no wonder.

Jane Anne pounced on him, carried him struggling into the back yard, and turned the pump water upon him, all the time shaking and objurgating the terrified child till he was almost out of his wits.

She had half-drowned him before Betty appeared on the scene. Betty had been scrubbing a bedroom at the top of the house, and had not known what was happening till Pat's cries reached her.

She hurled herself upon her stepmother like a little fury, using what means of attack nature had given her—her nails and her feet—she was wearing hob-nailed boots that it would have broken her mother's heart to see. Unexpectedly Jane Anne fell back before the onslaught. The boots had done great execution on her shins. Betty rejoiced at the queer look of fear that came into the woman's yellow face. Of course, she would have to suffer for it later: they would all have to suffer for it—but the gratified hatred in the little heart was sweet for the moment. Poor Betty, who was by nature the gentlest of children! She had almost forgotten the prayers her mother had taught her in the heavenly time while that mother was still with them!

She had snatched Pat from the amazed Jane Anne before the lady could recover herself, and carried him upstairs. She had torn off his wet clothes and put him into bed. Her cheeks were flaming and her eyes shining. Presently she would break down into floods of tears, but not yet.

When she had got Pat into bed she looked about her. He must have something over him besides the wretched thin single blanket, which Jane Anne allowed, if he was to be made warm and recover his half-drowning on this cold January day. She got her own blanket: she and Fan slept together, as did Peter and Pat, to save bed clothing. It was no good: the stuff was worn through.

Ah, she had an idea. She walked straight into Jane Anne's room. Jane Anne might live in the kitchen, but she had one of the best bedrooms in the house. There was a big gilt bed, with curtains of scarlet damask. Jane Anne's cupidity would have been excited if she could have known what the bed was worth. It was heaped with fleecy blankets. Betty made two or three journeys before she was satisfied, and small Pat was ceasing to shiver under a mountain of blankets. While she was panting after her exertions, Peter and Fan came stealing into the room. They always crept about when Jane Anne was in the house, like a dog that is afraid of a blow.

"Oh, Bet, what have you done?" Fan asked in a whisper.

"One of these days," said Peter in a thick voice, "I shall take a knife and kill her. She'll want to do dreadful things to you. But I won't let her. I shall kill her first. I'm a gentleman, and a gentleman always defends ladies. I will not let her touch my sister."

Poor Peter, in dirty corduroy trousers, worn to holes at the knees where he knelt to scrub the stones, in an old coat of his father's, with hob-nailed boots which carried a smell of the fowl-run he had just been cleaning about them, was a very deplorable looking gentleman. But Betty ran to him and took his head into her arms. Peter looked terribly thin. His color was unwholesome. His eyes were sunken, and there were hollows behind his ears. Feeling his sharp shoulder blades under her arms the little sister looked up at the Christ Child with a sudden terror. She might have burst into tears if she had not heard Jane Anne's voice at that moment.

Jane Anne was calling her from the top of the kitchen stairs, and her voice had a snarl in it. Betty closed the bedroom door and walked down quietly. Despite her rags and her miserable appearance she looked what she was, as she walked with her head uplifted, the child of gentle folk.

"What do you want with me?" she asked of the virago, who stood hiding something behind her back.

The woman blanched oddly. Then out came the stick, a stout

blackthorn, which was capable of rendering Betty's little delicate half-formed bones to pulp. She seized the child. Peter was upon her in a moment, and dashed her against the wall. The woman was oddly limp in his slight hold. Like most bullies she was a coward, and the children's unresisting helplessness had whetted her appetite for cruelty.

"If you touch my sister I will kill you," said Peter.

Jane Anne pushed him back after that pause of stupefaction, and stood looking at him malevolently, holding the door of the kitchen staircase half-open, so that she could shut it between her and Peter in case of sudden attack.

"You'll go to a reformatory school," she said. "That's the only place for you, you young murderer. As for you, Miss, you may beg the country or go to the poorhouse. I am going to be married again. It's time I had someone to defend me. Out the two o' ye go this night. I'll thrash the devil out of the others before they're on the road after ye."

Saying which she shut the kitchen-staircase door, bolted it on the inside, and clattered down the stairs.

For a few minutes Peter and Betty stared at each other. Then Betty burst into sobbing. Peter went and put an arm about her, and tried to console her. They sat down on the stairs side by side, holding each other's hands forlornly. While they sat there they heard a welcome sound, the sound of the old pony's feet on the gravel. Jane Anne was going over to Quayside. She would be absent for the day.

There was a staircase window from which they could see, and they were in time to see Jane Anne depart, whacking with a big stick the old pony which had belonged to the children's mother, and had been put out on the grass for the rest of his days in Richard Ferguson's lifetime.

"Do you suppose she's gone for the police for me?" Peter whispered in a sudden terror. "She said the *reformatory*."

Betty was not at all sure, but she protested loudly against the possibility of such a thing, and Peter was satisfied, or in part satisfied. Anyhow Jane Anne was gone out for the day, and that was enough for immediate happiness.

"She said she was going to be married," said Betty. "It must be that red-faced man you disliked so much, Peter, who came to see her one day and gave you his horse to hold. She said he was a gentleman who kept a public house in Quayside."

"If he was to come here," said Peter, "I'd as soon be out

of it—if it *was* to be a reformatory school. If only you were all right, Betty, and the others, I shouldn't mind if I was dead."

"Oh, don't, Peter, darling. I couldn't live without you," said Betty; and then remembering she had had no breakfast, "do let us get something to eat." All this had happened before nine o'clock in the morning. "She may have left us a pinch of tea and some bread, and we'll make toast, and milk the goat, and have a feast. Isn't it lovely that she has gone off for the day! If only she hadn't poor old Puck to ill-treat!"

"I believe papa meant me to write to Aunt Lucy," said Peter. "He looked so unhappy while he tried to remember: and then he fell asleep. Let us go and look at Aunt Lucy's picture. I can open a shutter so we can see. If she would only come I am sure she would not let *her* ill-treat us, nor poor old Puck either."

They went into the shrouded drawing-room, where all the furniture, wrapped up in sheets, stood in a ghostly gloom. With a great effort they got down the big bar of the shutters and let the light in. On either side of the fireplace hung two water-color portraits: one of the children's mother, the other of her sister, Aunt Lucy.

The children knew nothing at all of Aunt Lucy, and only Betty, who was eleven, had a hazy memory of a beautiful, loving young mother who used to teach her her prayers and talk about a Mother in heaven, and kiss her as she brushed out her long hair. Both faces were of a delicate oval. They had the ringlets, the softly smiling lips, the swan-necks of the Books of Beauty period. The brown eyes of the two sisters looked at the children with what seemed a pitying tenderness. Only there was a difference. Aunt Lucy's nose turned up a little: she smiled roguishly. There was something more wilful in her expression than in her sister's, which was somewhat sad, as though she had foreseen all the sad things that were going to happen.

"I remember now," said Betty, "Aunt Lucy married someone papa did not approve of. Mamma liked him, but papa thought she let herself down. They went to America. I must have heard someone talking about it."

Again she was aware of the pangs of hunger.

"Close the shutters, Peter," she said, "and let us go. I'm so hungry. No one has had any breakfast. How quiet the children are!"

It was quite a considerable time before they could open the hall door, which was bolted and barred. The door at the head of

the kitchen stairs was locked, so there was no getting down that way. They ran round the house to the kitchen door. That too was locked and the key gone. The windows had been hasped inside. Jane Anne had said to herself, with a wicked smile, as she drove off, that there wouldn't be much fight in the children by the time she returned.

Peter and Betty looked at each other in dismay. The worst of it would be when Pat began to demand his food. Pat was too young to be put off long with excuses, and even Jane Anne had had to feed him after a fashion, because he cried so much if he wasn't fed.

They must find something, and milk the goat, and perhaps there might be an egg during the day. While they were discussing ways and means Fan joined them.

"I saw *her* go off," said Fan. "Pat's awake and saying such silly things. He says the little Child, the one we say our prayers to, came down off the wall and spoke to him, and told him that we're going to have such splendid times. He's such a silly child. He won't believe he only dreamt it. Oh, Betty, do you think he didn't dream it?"

Betty had hopes, but she was not sure. The poor children had very hazy ideas about religion, though Betty tried to remember the Our Father, and Hail Mary, and to make the children say them after her every night. No one had troubled about their prayers after their mother died, and since Jane Anne came to rule their praying had to be done by stealth. But the children knew that the picture of the Christ Child, which hung by Pat's cot, of which he had made a playfellow during his babyhood, represented Someone who was in heaven who had a lovely Mother, and she and her Son were dreadfully sorry for unhappy children, and could do anything they would for them.

"I wish He and She would send Aunt Lucy," said Betty, "and take away Jane Anne."

"Oh, and Betty," said Fan, "hadn't you better put back Jane Anne's blankets. She'll beat you if she finds out, and I can't bear that. Pat is lovely and warm now, and so am I, for I lay down beside him, and I'm sure the picture never stirred on the wall, only Pat will keep talking about the Child and the lovely Lady who was so kind.

Pat apparently was none the worse for his immersion. He was lying still, talking to the picture on the wall when Betty went

upstairs, and he was quite, quite sure that the Child and His Mother had promised them all something very good.

"It seems very likely," said poor Betty rather hopelessly. She was afraid to tell Pat that there was nothing to eat. But she suggested his staying in bed and Fan with him. They could play a game. There were still games in the old nursery cupboard, and books and toys, relics of the old lovely time when they had had mamma. They would keep warm, and they would be less likely to be hungry, as the game would distract them.

The goat's milk was divided into four portions. The small children had one each, and Betty contrived that Peter should have what remained. She was still feeling scared over the thinness of Peter's shoulder blades. And his poor knees were sore where they looked through his corduroys. Perhaps she could mend them. There was that work-table of mother's; if she could only find a needle in it not rusted. Betty's ideas of mending were very rudimentary, but she thought she could manage to put something between Peter's poor knees and the stones he had to scrub.

Peter went out and collected a few pieces of coal and scraps of wood. They found matches and kindling wood in Jane Anne's bedroom, where there was a roaring fire every night; and they made a fire in Pat's bedroom, but it smoked because the chimney was cold and refused to be anything but the ghost of a fire.

Perhaps Betty was too faint from want of food to feel keenly. She sat mending Peter's trousers, while he was wrapped up luxuriously in one of Jane Anne's woolly blankets listening dreamily to Pat. Pat was a child of imagination, and he pictured things which Betty wondered he had ever heard of, while the hours passed in a dream, and the dusk gathered down upon the house. She had a swimming in her head and a trembling in her limbs. She could hardly see to finish the cobbling of Peter's corduroys; and she felt oddly faint after Peter had retired into a corner to put them on.

Suddenly there was the sound of wheels, of horses' feet. Jane Anne had returned. Pat forgot his happy dream, and began to whimper. Fan dived down under the bed clothes. Peter and Betty stared at each other; and Betty had a memory of the reformatory for Peter, and of how she was to be turned out to beg, leaving the little ones to be bullied by Jane Anne.

While they looked at each other, there was a tremendous rat-tat at the hall door. Not Jane Anne. Jane Anne would never have dreamt of knocking at the hall door. Was it the police? The thought terrified the two elder children. The little ones had

fallen silent. They thought nothing but that Jane Anne the tyrant had come back. A hope that it might be a message from the Christ Child awoke and died in Pat's little frightened heart.

Rat-tat-tat! You'd think the door would come down. Peter started up, flinging back the mane of fair hair, which would have been beautiful if it had been cared for. There was a look of resolution on the poor thin face.

"I am going to open the door, Bet," he said, "even if it is the police."

He started off down the stairs, Betty following him. It was easy enough to open the door, for the bolts and chains had not been put back, but a storm had sprung up, and the door came open with a great bang as soon as they had shot back the lock.

There was a carriage out in the dark, on the neglected gravel-sweep. The children hardly noticed it because of the little lady in furs who stepped into the hall, a big, rosy man following her.

"Oh, dear," said the lady in a heart-broken voice, "this cannot be my little Peter. And Betty—is it Betty? Oh, if I had only known. Why, John, it is worse than the people said. Oh, my darlings, my poor darlings!"

The lady seemed to be terribly agitated by the sight of them, and the gentleman was looking at them oddly too! Betty had a wild idea that perhaps it was mamma, the voice was like mamma's, only the people did not come back from the dead. A rainy streak of sunshine came, in the Irish way, from the depths of the storm-cloud and shone full in the lady's face—and Betty knew.

"Oh, you are Aunt Lucy!" she cried. "The Christ Child has sent you. We have been so happy."

"I am Aunt Lucy, my darling. Oh, I wish I had known. Did you ever see anything like it, John?" to the gentleman. "That wretch has almost killed them. My dear sister's beautiful children."

"I should just carry them right off, my dear," said the gentleman very decisively, "and let the creature fight it out afterwards, if she wants to. It won't be long till we get some flesh on their bones. They want a wash and brush up and some feeding as badly as any children I ever hope to see. Now, my dear, you will have your desire. Four children all at once to take care of."

There was a shocked sound in his voice as he spoke, though he pretended to speak lightly.

"They want some mothering, the poor lambs," said the lady with an arm round Betty and one round Peter. "But where are the others, my pet? There are two more, aren't there?"

At this moment Betty suddenly slid, and would have fallen in a limp heap if her aunt's arm had not held her up.

The next thing that Betty knew was that she was just coming to, and that she was in a carriage with somebody's arms steadying her, so that her head should not roll about. She was wrapped in one of Jane Anne's big fleecy blankets, which had been mamma's. On the other seat of the carriage sat the rosy-cheeked gentleman, with Pat on his knee, and Peter and Fan each side of him. The last light from the sky was on the children's faces, and they were looking bewildered and yet very happy.

"Oh, my darling, you gave us such a fright," said Aunt Lucy. "We were taking you as fast as we could to a doctor. How do you feel now?"

"Oh, please," Betty answered, the children still kept the pretty manners their mother had taught them, in spite of everything, "it was only joy, Aunt Lucy, and—hunger. I've had nothing to eat to-day. Jane Anne locked up everything, and there was only a little goat's milk for the others."

"And you went without, you poor precious lamb!"

Betty felt as though she must have died and wakened up in heaven to hear such words spoken to her, in such a lovely voice, just like mother's. The happy tears flooded her eyes as she lay back against her aunt's shoulder.

"Uncle John," said Fan—how quickly the children had learnt it—"please could you take Puck, too? Jane Anne twacked Puck most fearfully."

"She means mother's old pony," said Betty, opening her eyes. "Jane Anne is very cruel to poor Puck."

"Never mind, my pets," Aunt Lucy said soothingly. "I daresay we shall be able to buy back Puck. That woman must not have him to be cruel to. Don't think of her any more. You are free from her forever. You are ours for the future, and your Uncle John and I have no little children of our own, and are so glad to have four dear children to be our own and to take care of."

"Yes, and perhaps we may buy Fir Tree Hall back," said Uncle John. "Your Aunt Lucy and I want to live at home in Ireland. It is a beautiful old place, if it was only put in order."

"Oh, do! oh, do!" cried Peter and Betty together, rejoicing that Fir Tree Hall, which was as something that lived, was not to be left out of the promised happiness.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY ADRIAN FEVEREL.

III.

THE CULT OF THE UNSCIENTIFIC.



O the average man, the most interesting phase of Christian Science is Mrs. Eddy's method of healing disease. In the popular mind Eddyism is always identified with a number of people who do not believe in sickness. It is this aspect of Christian Science which we propose to examine in this paper, in order to appreciate properly how dangerous such teaching is, particularly when followed to its logical conclusion. We cannot ignore the progress of Christian Science in recent years; a skillful propaganda is being carried on by its lecturers, and the press gives the movement a deal of free advertising. It is owing primarily to this doctrine, this belief that disease can be eradicated without medical or surgical science, that its increase in membership has been so rapid. Without this distinguishing tenet Christian Science as a religion would have been very short-lived, indeed.

Therefore, if we are to examine Eddyism as The Cult of the Unscientific, we must understand just what "scientists" really believe regarding disease, and the means of curing it. Their belief stated in a few words is this: there is no disease.* The seeming reality of it, like the seeming reality of sin, is but an illusion of "mortal mind."† Destroy this illusion, this belief, and the disease will vanish into the nothingness from whence it came.‡ If to this theory, we object, on the ground that disease entails suffering, and that one is acutely conscious of this suffering, the "scientist" will answer; suffering too is but an illusion; the body which seems to suffer is not real, the corporeal body has no real being. It, like all other mortal things, is only a belief of "mortal mind."§ The evidence of the corporeal senses is, therefore, a false evidence, since it implies that there is life and intelligence in matter.|| In

**Science and Health*, pp. 108, 176, 188, 393, 395, 482.

†*Ibid.*, pp. 365, 395, 480.

‡*Ibid.*, pp. 397, 477.

§*Ibid.*, pp. 391, 475.

||*Ibid.*, pp. 396, 590.

reality, there is no life, truth, intelligence in matter. All is Infinite Mind.* One has but to understand this fully, and the body will utter no complaints.† Such, briefly, is the doctrine of disease and the means of curing it which Christian Science teaches.

When we remember that Christian Scientists identify God and man, it is not difficult to understand why they hold such peculiar theories. God being all good, disease can be no part of Him.‡ Man being God's reflection, must be like God—all good, hence disease can be no part of him.§

These are, briefly considered, the basic ideas which underlie the teachings of Eddyism on disease and its method of healing. As theories these doctrines might be mildly interesting for those who are seldom seriously sick, but carried out practically they become dangerous in the extreme.

To any objections which may be urged against this mental method of healing sickness, the "scientist" will insist, "We *are* successful; we *do* heal the sick; come to our meetings and hear them testify."|| But he forgets that at the testimonial meetings only the successes are heard, the failures are not spoken of. He forgets, too, that science has also its successes. Medicine and surgery have accomplished more marvelous cures than any wrought or even claimed to have been wrought in Eddyism. These cures, the cures of *Materia Medica*, the Eddyite does not consider as cures at all. According to the inspired textbook of the sect, the man cured in "science" is really cured, the man cured in surgery, or through drugs and medicine, has only substituted a worse belief for the former belief in sickness.|| Again, medical science readily admits that it often fails; in Mrs. Eddy's "science" there can be no such thing as failure, although the patient may expire whose life with proper medical attention might have been prolonged.** We see here how Mrs. Eddy's theories break down under severe analysis, and how inconsistent they really are. But shallow minds fail to comprehend this, and regard her absurdities seriously, not discerning to what they tend when carried to their ultimate conclusion. In theory they are perhaps mildly amusing, but in practice they are positively dangerous.

The "scientist," however, is insistent that Eddyism is superior

**Science and Health*, p. 468.

†*Ibid.*, pp. 467, 469, 477.

‡See "Fruitage," the eighteenth chapter of *Science and Health*.

§*Science and Health*, pp. 155, 344, 401, 408.

***Ibid.*, pp. 427, 428.

†*Ibid.*, p. 14.

§*Ibid.*, p. 475.

to medical and surgical science in the treatment of disease, and cites the cures once more in proof of his contention. Here, he urges, is the present proof, that we heal as Jesus healed centuries ago.* The cures of Our Blessed Lord, however, were authenticated and witnessed by many; the cures of "science" are seldom, if ever, authenticated, and when they are, we find them of such harmless diseases that they are practically worthless as proofs of the efficacy of Eddyism in curing disease. It was once humorously observed that Christian Science was an excellent thing for anything one did not have, and it would be hard to find a saying that so completely sums up its remedial benefits. The testimonials, too, are a proof of the humorist's witticism, for the bulk of them chronicle relief from nervous troubles, and are mostly indited by women. True, claims are very frequently made of marvelous recoveries; cases are cited that had been given up by specialists, but the specialists are never named, and when the diseases are scientifically examined it is generally found that the complaint was of a more or less trivial nature.

How do Christian Scientists cure sickness? Their textbook asserts that they heal sickness through prayer.† Yet we must not misconstrue the meaning of that beautiful word in this connection. "Scientists" do not implore God to have mercy upon them and heal their sickness. The prayer of the "scientist" is by no means one of supplication, but rather one of affirmation.‡ Are you sick? In the quiet of your room plead the allness of God, and deny the existence of matter.§ Understand "that life is purely spiritual, neither in nor of matter, and the body will utter no complaints."|| "The prayer that heals the sick is an absolute understanding of God."¶ And this understanding is the only proper method of curing any of the ills that flesh is heir to. No one, Mrs. Eddy plainly intimates, is ever benefited by drugs or the doctor; ** to heal, or rather to say that a drug can heal any form of sickness, is merely to say that one form of error has taken the place of another.†† Properly to heal disease, we must understand that disease is nothing, and that God is all and man His reflection. Then and only then will our ills depart.‡‡

Lest her readers deem these theories impracticable "the discoverer and founder" of Christian Science relates some of her

**Science and Health*, p. 123.

†*Ibid.*, pp. 2, 5, 7, 10, etc.

‡*Ibid.*, p. 1.

††*Ibid.*, pp. 101, 483.

†*Ibid.*, pp. 1, 12, 16.

§*Ibid.*, p. 15.

||*Ibid.*, p. 14.

***Ibid.*, pp. 169, 483

‡‡*Ibid.*, pp. 288, 337, 342.

marvelous cures. If we could believe these marvelous happenings which Mrs. Eddy chronicles, or if she could substantiate them, we might be moved to consider her ideas seriously. But when her statements are tested scientifically and her assertions examined, we find grave reasons for doubting the veracity of them. An instance of this was afforded in some correspondence that appeared in the *New York Sun* in 1898. Her system of healing was being attacked by some writers in the correspondence columns of that paper, and Mrs. Eddy wrote a lengthy rejoinder. Her letter was filled with fullsome praise of herself and many extravagant statements regarding her cures. Among other things, she asserted that she had healed tuberculosis in its last stages, when the lungs had been practically destroyed; and a malignant cancer, which had eaten the flesh away so that the jugular vein was exposed, yielded to her treatment at one sitting. Yet she never took any patients when her religion began to be solidly established, and perhaps some critic wondered why, and wrote the question that Mrs. Eddy answered so vigorously in *Miscellaneous Writings*, "Has Mrs. Eddy lost her power to heal?" To which she replied, "Has the sun forgotten to shine, or the planets to revolve around it?"* Yet when a doctor of Cincinnati challenged her to make good her assertions, she remained mute.†

These theories of hers would not be at all dangerous were her disciples allowed the exercise of common sense and proper hygienic precautions in treating serious and contagious diseases, but Mrs. Eddy condemns in the strongest terms the slightest concession to matter.‡ Her followers must under no circumstances resort to drugs in the treatment of disease. The doctor may be called only when the law would be violated, and in such cases he must not prescribe. In rare cases a surgeon may be called to administer a hypodermic injection of morphia, but nothing further than that is allowed in "orthodox" Christian Science.§

If these theories were really successful they would be admirable in many ways. The doctor's bill has always been a deal of a nuisance, and if Mrs. Eddy could supply in her "laborious publications" a satisfactory substitute for the family physician, the world would be profoundly grateful. She asserts that "a thorough perusal of the author's publication cures sickness:"|| "Every Man

**Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 54.

†See *New York Sun*, December 16, 1898; January 1, 1899.

‡*Science and Health*, p. 389.

§*Ibid.*, pp. 443, 456, 464.

||*Ibid.*, p. 446.

His Own Doctor" would really be a much more appropriate title for the "precious volume" than *Science and Health*. Yet her followers do not seem to be able to put her teachings into practice. It is only the occasional "scientist" that does not regularly consult a practitioner. Indeed, even practitioners often have "claims" to handle which they cannot meet themselves, and which often force them to seek "help" from older and more experienced practitioners. So the man whose wife was sickly and whose doctor's bills were large, need not rejoice unduly when his wife informs him that she is going to "try Christian Science." For the bills will come in just the same, though payable now to Somebody C. S. or C. S. B., instead of Somebody M. D., as formerly.

Still this teaching of Eddyism would not be regarded as dangerous were it not for its narrowness and its failure to meet conditions. It has done one good thing, perhaps, though it may be a question whether it is directly responsible. Indirectly, certainly, it has forced the attention of scientists to the really scientific examination of the influence which the mind can exercise over the body. Mental therapeutics is now an established branch of scientific study, and through its means nervous diseases are more readily cured and are more agreeably treated than formerly. We are not, however, concerned with studying the progress made in recent years in the treatment of nervous diseases through mental suggestion. Rather, we are concerned in examining an ignorant and unscientific application of principles essentially scientific. In a limited way we know that the mind can exert a favorable influence over the body. "Faith in your doctor is half the battle," has become, to say no more, a trite saying. Yet to argue that because the mind can influence the body to the extent of health in some minor nervous troubles, it can therefore cure broken limbs and malignant cancers, is reasoning of a most puerile kind. The "scientist" answers that the human mind does not enter his method of treatment; none the less in this he errs, since the human mind is the only mind we are cognizant of. For the "scientist" to argue that the human mind is non-existent is folly of the sheerest sort, a proposition and a theory which he cannot prove. In this we see the danger of this extremely narrow system, namely, its claim that all disease is subject to it.

Everyone who follows the progress of science knows that to-day, thanks to modern methods in handling certain diseases, the rate of mortality is considerably decreased. We all know, too,

that certain diseases are contagious, and that the germs which carry them are easily dispersed by persons entering the sick room of a person afflicted with them; further we know such germs are highly infectious. Scientific treatment of these contagious diseases has reduced the number of their victims greatly, and in this work hygiene has been a most potent factor.

Now Mrs. Eddy denies entirely that any disease can be contagious,* and, further, she proudly asserts that hygiene has no part or place in her system of mental healing.† Scientists tell us that the rate of infant mortality is considerably lessened by proper hygienic conditions in the nursery. Daily baths for babies are now considered a great help in keeping an infant healthy. Mrs. Eddy tells us that to wash an infant daily is as sensible as taking a fish out of water, and covering it with dirt that it may thrive the better in its native element.‡ Such absurdities, one would think, would convince intelligent people of the utter silliness of Mrs. Eddy's ideas, yet it seems that many "scientists" regard such nonsense as wonderfully clever reasoning. It does not answer this objection to show that "scientists" are clean people, any more than it answered our objection of their teaching on sin, to show that they were decently behaved people. They are clean as they are decent, not because of their "science," but in spite of it.

It is quite unnecessary to show from Mrs. Eddy's writings that she really does hold these views that we have been examining. Her opinions on these matters are well known; indeed they are about the only ideas of her sect that *are* well known and properly understood. It will suffice for us, therefore, to point out the danger that lies in the actual practice of them. It might, however, before we proceed to this, be interesting to remember that her system of healing is based upon the Bible, in her own estimation, and is the same method of procedure that our Savior utilized in healing the sick. This is such a novel interpretation of Our Lord's miracles that it is almost amazing. It is not difficult to show its utter absurdity. Christian Science has its failures. Our Lord did not fail. Christian Science does not heal instantaneously; Christ did. Mrs. Eddy assumes that the Apostles were "scientists," but St. Paul contradicts this idea when he asks, "Have all gifts of healing?"§ Clearly implying that "gifts of healing" were special favors of God bestowed upon certain holy men and women.

**Science and Health*, pp. 153, 176, 390, 393.

†*Ibid.*, pp. 382, 484.

‡*Ibid.*, p. 413.

§1 Cor. xii. 30.

There is another inconsistent point in this doctrine of the nothingness of disease which Mrs. Eddy so strongly insists on. She argues that the evidence of the corporeal senses is false.* Therefore if one is ill, and one's corporeal senses convey this information, the information is to be discredited, since the corporeal senses chronicle beliefs of mind in matter. She seems not to realize that when one is in health, the same corporeal senses convey the information. Why should they be discredited in the one case and credited in the other?

Let us examine these teachings a little further and see their results when put into practice. Let us observe the "scientist's" method of treating contagious diseases. We will imagine ourselves in a home where there are children, and where the father and mother are followers of Mrs. Eddy. Into this home the germs of scarlet fever are carried by some of the children. One of them contracts the disease. The child, who we are assuming has been brought up "scientifically," will not at first make any complaints. Gradually, however, the fever will gain upon this young "scientist," and he will have to take to his bed. The father and mother will continue as though nothing unusual were the matter. They will both treat their son, and if their treatment is unavailing, the practitioner will be notified. If any of the elders imagine the disease to be contagious they may have the house quarantined, but this seldom happens, as it is vastly more "scientific" to treat a case without diagnosis. The child will be treated as though he were in the best of health. He will not be placed upon a diet. No one will feel his pulse or take his temperature, and in the meantime while he lies ill at home the father and mother will go about without taking the slightest precautions. In the course of time, the child will either get well or die. If he gets well, there will be grateful testimony offered at the next Wednesday evening meeting; if he dies, well, there may be testimony just the same, to show how grateful the father and mother are to Mrs. Eddy for teaching them that "in science" there is no death.† It may be thought that the above is an impossible case, but this we will shortly see is not so.

Let us, however, pause a moment and consider the danger to the community that exists in such a case as this imaginary one. First of all, there are the other children in the family to be considered. Children are extremely susceptible to so highly contagious a disease as scarlet fever. It would be very unusual if one or

**Science and Health*, pp. 120, 274, 396, 489, 493.

†*Ibid.*, p. 584.

more of them did not also come down with it. Then there are the children in the neighborhood to be taken into account. The father and mother passing in and out carry with them the seeds of a scarlet fever epidemic. Incidentally they may themselves be afflicted with their child's illness. From such a case as we have considered in imagination, let us pass to some actual cases. The following extracts from the daily papers show quite clearly how serious a danger there is to the health of a closely populated section in these teachings of Christian Science.

Coroner Iles of Yonkers is investigating the death of thirteen-year-old Helen Esther Whipple, daughter of Manager Clayton J. Whipple of the American Multigraph Company, of 59 Fanshawe Avenue in that city. The girl had died of scarlet fever, and had no medical attention according to her own father, who is a Christian Scientist. Dr. David John was called to the house before the girl died, but it was only to make a diagnosis and, as Mr. Whipple said, "to comply with the law."

This was a death that was in all probability preventable had a physician been summoned. It had a somewhat ironical sequel, considering the concluding words of the newspaper account. To quote:

Mr. Whipple says that he called a doctor to his house for the first time in many years on Saturday, and that all his three children had heretofore recovered under Christian Science treatment from all childhood complaints. The death of his daughter has not shaken his faith in Christian Science.

The sequel is interesting as showing that the danger outlined in the imaginary case above is not at all over-estimated.

Nine days after scarlet fever had killed his thirteen-year-old daughter Helen, Clayton J. Whipple, Manager of the American Multigraph Company, at 20 Vesey Street, died yesterday of the same disease in his home at No. 59 Fanshawe Avenue, Yonkers. Like his child he had been treated by a Christian Science practitioner, not by a doctor.*

It is noteworthy in these two cases that the doctor was summoned a few hours before the death of the daughter, "to comply with the law." The law had, however, in great measure been

**New York World*, July 16, 1912.

violated, since no quarantine had been established in the house. It is interesting to read that the other three children had always had Christian Science treatment, and that a doctor had not been summoned to the house "for many years." Of these childhood complaints, some were probably of a contagious nature. The possibilities of an epidemic are not difficult to see.

This is not the only case we might cite in contention of our opinion that Christian Science is a dangerous menace to the health of the country. There was William B. Parham, who was found dead in bed, with a copy of *Science and Health* lying open before him. He had been suffering from tuberculosis, but refused to submit to any medical attention. There was Ernest Carlmark, who died of typhoid fever; he, too, refused any medical attention. Yet, he had been a nurse in Bellevue Hospital, and was only forty years of age. With proper attention he would probably have recovered. Then the Mosbach case, a young girl who died of diphtheria; no precautions had been taken to guard against the contagion of the disease, and in consequence her brother also contracted it. The Board of Health interfered after the girl's death, however, and the little boy's life was saved. These incidents amply bear out our contention that Eddyism is a dangerous thing to play with.

The "scientist" may answer, as he does, to our contentions that his system is immoral and unhygienic, "Look at us! We are decently behaved people, quite as clean as the average person, if not cleaner, and quite as healthy." But this simply begs the question. For we also can reply, "Look at us! The bulk of us outside the magic pale of 'science' are healthy people too." It is not, therefore, Christian Science that keeps them healthy, but rather the lack of it. Just as the doctor does not keep us healthy, but rather his absence indicates that we are without need of his services. If the "scientist" insists that he was cured, however, of some serious complaint, we will perhaps consider him seriously, but whenever he informs us that he has been healed of malignant cancer or fractured skull or something of an equally grave nature, and we really become interested and inquire particulars, lo! the particulars are seldom forthcoming, and when they are, they generally show on investigation that the gravity of the ailment has been very considerably magnified.

Yet, while we can in a great measure discount the "marvelous cures," we cannot at all deny that Christian Science has helped

many a nerve-racked man or woman, bordering upon nervous prostration, back to a comparatively quiet existence. What then? Are we to jump to the conclusion that because, in a limited way, Mrs. Eddy's system of mental healing has benefited a few people, it is therefore a sure cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to, and a new divine revelation sent to the present age, as Mrs. Eddy asserts. It is not necessary for us to answer such a question; common sense at once prompts a reply in the negative. We could show that some few individuals were benefited by the San Francisco earthquake; indeed, one woman who had been paralyzed a number of years, in the excitement got up and walked to a place of safety.* This does not warrant us, however, in recommending earthquakes as a cure for paralysis.

Yet how are we to account for these minor cures of people in "Science?" It will not do for us to dodge the issue by saying they had nothing really the matter with them, and found it out. The "scientist" will retort that *Materia Medica* was unable to find out that there was nothing the matter with these people, and to convince them of that fact as "science" had done. And while this is a difficult question to answer absolutely, still I think the solution lies in the hypnotic nature of Mrs. Eddy's method. It is true that Mrs. Eddy entirely denies any similarity in nature between her "science" and hypnotism.† Yet her mere "say so" does not alter the fact at all. Despite her protests and her assertion that hypnotism ultimates in moral and physical death in both subject and practitioner,‡ there is a great similarity. Christian Science might, I think, be described as hypnotism with the manipulations discarded. We must remember that many scientists are absolutely dependent upon their practitioners. They seem unable to face the smallest danger themselves. The examples cited from the press show how entirely the minds of these unfortunates were in subjection to their "healers." Anyone who has come into intimate contact with Mrs. Eddy's followers knows how utterly they follow the advice of their practitioners; they talk much of mesmerism and its evil effects, while in reality they are themselves wholly under mesmeric influence. They point proudly to their cures as evidence that their system is practical. So does the hypnotist. Yet, the hypnotist can often authenticate his cures and, moreover, they are almost never so extravagantly impossible as those which are wrought in

*See *The Religio-Medical Masquerade*. By C. H. Peabody.

†*Science and Health*, pp. 103, 106, 442, etc. ‡*Ibid.*, p. 105.

"science." We have already said that the cures of cases that might really prove something were seldom authenticated, and it is idle to repeat it again. There is, however, an element of doubt that enters even the seemingly possible cures. And a multitude of objections can be raised, *e. g.*, How are we to know that the "claim" has been rightly diagnosed? In the great majority of cases no one with any real scientific knowledge sees the person healed in Eddyism. We have only the word of the patient that he was really suffering from some organic complaint, and the inconsistency of the whole system is patent when we fully realize that no cure wrought by "science" is really a cure at all, since eventually the person healed contracts some ailment and goes the way of all flesh. There is no death, says Mrs. Eddy. Death is but an illusion like sin and sickness,* and yet the "scientist" has not yet come who can make a demonstration over the grim visitor.

Here we must leave the subject, satisfied that we have shown the danger that underlies these teachings of Eddyism regarding disease. We are satisfied, too, that it has been shown that Science is inconsistent and in all cases a colossal failure, since its cures and its adherents ultimately succumb to disease and death. We hope, too, that once its really dangerous character is realized, those persons who may think it mildly interesting as a religious novelty, and who believe "that there is something in it," will once more become rational, and understand that nonsense is not at all in keeping with divine revelation.

**Science and Health*, pp. 469, 584, etc.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS TIME.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.

VI.



MORE'S first wife died about 1511, and, according to the witness of his confessor, he obtained a dispensation and was married again "without any banns asking" within a month of her death. This lady was a widow and seven years More's senior; she was neither beautiful nor well-educated, but was an excellent housewife, and a good mother to his four young children. Like many a good wife, she seems to have been a little jealous of her husband's bachelor friends, so at any rate Erasmus implies. But we should remember in justice to her that Erasmus couldn't speak a word of English, and during his stay at her house the conversations between her husband and his guest must have been entirely in Latin, a little trying to a naturally talkative lady.

Being now Under-Sheriff of London, and in the full tide of his professional success, More seems to have acted as the Sheriff's deputy in most of the important legal business, but he found leisure enough to begin his life of Richard III., an excellent example of straightforward and eloquent English style.* In 1514 a dispute arose between the London merchants and the foreign traders resident in the city. It was found necessary to send an embassy to the Archduke Charles in Flanders, and More was asked to represent the interests of his fellow citizens. This embassy left England in May, 1515, and kept More abroad for more than six months, very much against his will. He complains that his allowance, though sufficient to feed him abroad, is insufficient for the maintenance of his family at home, since, alas, he cannot persuade them to fast in his absence.

However, he seems to have made some very delightful acquaintances.

In my legation, some things greatly delighted me [he writes to Erasmus]. First, the living so long and continually with

*"The first example of good English language, pure and perspicuous, well-chosen without vulgarisms and pedantry"—Hallam. There is some doubt as to whether More was the author of this work or only the translator from Cardinal Morton.

Tunstall,* a man who, while he is surpassed by none in culture, nor in strictness of life, is also unequalled in sweetness of manners. Next, I acquired the friendship of Busleyden,† who received me with a magnificence proportionate to his great riches, and a cordiality in keeping with the goodness of his soul. He showed me his house so marvelously built and splendidly furnished, and so many antiquities in which you know my curiosity and delight, and, above all, his library is so well filled, and his mind more richly stocked than any library, so that he fairly bewildered me. I hear that he is about to undertake an embassy to our king.

But in my travels nothing was more to my wishes than my intercourse with your host, Peter Aegidius of Antwerp,‡ a man so learned, witty, modest, and so true a friend, that I would willingly purchase my intimacy with him at the cost of a great part of my fortune.

It was on this journey that More conceived the idea of his *Utopia*, and actually composed the second book; the first book being written on his return to England, in the following year, in such time as he could steal from meat and sleep.

The first book of the *Utopia*, which, as I said, was written after the second, introduces us to the hero of this idealistic romance. Upon a certain day, when about to leave our Lady's church at Antwerp, after hearing Mass, More chanced to espy his friend Peter Giles in conversation with a stranger, "a man well stricken in age, with a black sunburned face, a long beard, and a coat cast homely about his shoulders, whom by his favor and apparel forthwith I judged to be a mariner." More is introduced, and discovers the stranger to be a certain Raphael Hythloday, a learned man and greatly traveled, in fact he had joined himself to the company of Amerigo Vespucci, and in the last of four voyages was left behind, and came home later by another way.

Anxious to hear of his adventures, More then and there sits down with his friends in a garden upon a bench covered with green turf. When Hythloday had discoursed for some time upon the manners, customs, laws, and ordinances which obtain in these little-known countries, More points out how useful he could make

*Cuthbert Tunstall (1474-1559), Master of the Rolls, 1516; Dean of Salisbury, 1521; Bishop of London, 1522; Keeper of the Privy Seal, 1523; Bishop of Durham, 1530.

†Jerome Busleyden, native of Luxembourg, Canon, Ambassador to Julius II., Francis I., and Henry VIII. Died 1517.

‡Peter Aegidius or Giles, friend of Erasmus and More, to whom the latter dedicates his *Utopia*.

himself by getting to some king's court, and freely giving there the benefit of his experiences. But Hythloday replies to this proposal that no one would listen to him, much less follow his advice. He informs More that he has been in England, and speaks highly of Cardinal Morton, who in Henry VII.'s time had treated him very kindly. He then proceeds to discuss the chief social and political evils which afflicted More's country at that time. This relation occupies the whole of the first book, and forms a very vivid contrast to the ideal state of things set over against it in the second.

A discussion arises, one day, at Cardinal Morton's house, as to why thieves seem the more to abound as the laws against them are the more rigorously enforced. Hythloday points, first of all, to the very rigor of the law itself. "This punishment of thieves," he says, "passeth the limits of justice, and is also very hurtful to the weal public. . . . Great and horrible punishments be appointed for thieves, whereas much rather provision should be made, that there were some means whereby they might get their living, so that no man should be driven to this extreme necessity, first to steal, and then to die."

He then enumerates the causes of that widespread poverty which makes thieving a necessity. First, there is a great number of gentlemen, "which cannot be content to live idle themselves, like drones, of that which others have labored for: their tenants, I mean, whom they poll and shave to the quick by raising their rents. These gentlemen, I say, do not only live in idleness themselves, but also carry about with them at their tails a great flock or train of idle and loitering serving-men, which never learned any craft whereby to get their livings. . . ." These being dismissed at their masters' death, or for other reasons, are thrown upon the world with no means of getting a livelihood.

Then we come to the enclosures. "Noblemen and gentlemen, yea and certain abbots, holy men no doubt," not content with their ordinary sources of income, leave no ground for tillage, but inclose all into pastures, with the result that the village folk are driven from their homes and occupations. ". . . When they have wandered abroad till that be spent, what can they else do but steal, and then justly pardy be hanged."

A word should be said in regard to "the noblemen and gentlemen, yea, and certain abbots, holy men no doubt." The civil wars which preceded the reign of Henry VII. wrought prosperity to the towns, but great and silent havoc to the countryside. The older nobility turned all their laborers into soldiers, and when the War of

the Roses was at an end, the older nobility were mostly exterminated, while their soldiers had little inclination for pastoral occupations. A new order of men now got possession of the soil, business people from the towns who looked to their own profit rather than to the contentment of the villagers. A complaint is made to Parliament in Henry VIII.'s time that "in consequence of the occupation of the land by merchants, clothiers, and others" housekeeping had decayed, and tillage had been turned into pasture. "When every man was contented with one farm, there was plenty of everything," say the petitioners. "Now in a town of twenty or thirty dwellings the houses are decayed, the people gone, the churches in ruins, and in many parishes nothing more than a neatherd or a shepherd or a warner is to be seen."*

With regard to the monks, I need only quote one authority, that of a modern scholar by no means prejudiced in their favor; rather the contrary. After pointing out the reasons which might induce the monks to convert their arable land into pasture, and to inclose still more of the common lands for this purpose, he concludes: "Under such conditions the figures of monastic tillage become eloquent. In spite of the fact that pasture was twice as valuable as arable land, that monasteries were in a large way of business, and that they had particular reasons to reduce their arable land, yet up to the last the monks tilled almost as much land as they kept for grazing purposes."†

Hythloday then points to the remedy for all this thieving, which is far better than capital punishment.

Surely my lord [quoth I], I think it is not right nor justice, that the loss of money should cause the loss of a man's life. . . . To be short, Moses' law, though it were ungentle and sharp, as a law that was given to bondmen. . . . yet it punished theft by the purse and not with death. And let us not think that God in the new law of clemency and mercy, under which He ruleth us with fatherly gentleness, as His dear children, hath given us greater scope and license to the execution of cruelty, one upon another.

Hythloday then develops the central thesis of his philosophy, namely, *the evil of private property*.

Howbeit doubtless Master More [to speak truly as my mind

**State Papers*, vol. i., 1509-1514.

†*Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History*, vol. i.; *English Monasteries on the Eve of the Dissolution*, by Alexander Savine, Professor of History in the University of Moscow.

giveth me] where possessions be private, where money beareth all the stroke, it is hard and almost impossible that there the weal public may justly be governed and prosperously flourish. For the wise man (Plato) did easily foresee this to be the one and only way to the wealth of the commonalty, if equality of all things should be brought in and stablished. Thus do I fully persuade myself, that no equal and just distribution of things can be made, nor that perfect wealth shall ever be among men, unless this propriety be exiled and banished.

More, thereupon, directly denies this.

But I am of contrary opinion [quoth I], for methinketh that men shall never there live wealthily, where all things be common. For how can there be an abundance of goods, or of anything, where every man withdraweth his hand from labor? Whom the regard of his own gains driveth not to work, but the hope that he hath other men's travails maketh him slothful.

In the second book we are introduced to Utopia itself, which is plainly modeled on Plato's picture of Atlantis in the *Critias*; there is also a suggestion of Britain as described by Tacitus in his *Agricola*. It is, of course, a country of ideal perfection; and as such provides a glaring and suggestive contrast to the actual state of European affairs as set forth in the previous book. The scene of it is laid in the romantic regions of the west which the voyages and discoveries of Vespucci and Columbus had opened up to the imagination of Western Europe, and the fact that some enthusiastic readers quite seriously thought of fitting out an expedition to its happy shores, sufficiently indicates the success with which More conveyed the impression of its reality.

Utopia was a crescent shaped island about a hundred miles across at its widest part, the sea running in between its two corners and separating them by some nine miles. It contained fifty-four cities, not crowded together, but spread about at minimum distances of twenty-four miles. The inhabitants divide their attention between town and country, thinking it healthier that they should reside and work now in one and now in the other. Their chief city is Amaurote, which stands almost four square on the side of a low hill, with two rivers at its feet. The streets are twenty feet broad,* and flanked with handsome buildings, for the whole city was magnificently planned by its first founder, King Utopus,

*A contrast to the streets of London, which were but ten or twelve.

who paid special attention to the laying out of gardens, an excellent tradition that has never been lost sight of.

The method of city government is described, together with the sciences, crafts, and occupations of the inhabitants. Husbandry is a science practiced by all, and in addition to this everyone, whether noble or not, is compelled to learn a trade. No man is allowed to sit idle unless age or illness excuses him. But, on the other hand, *the hours of labor are strictly limited to six*, a plain reference to the brutal conditions of Henry VIII.'s time when an act of 1496, which had been repealed, was revived making it compulsory for every artificer and laborer to be at work from five in the morning until six or seven in the evening from March to September. Six hours a day is quite long enough to work, says the writer, if all take their share.

He then passes in review the various social customs; the regulation and distribution of population, the surplus being employed to colonize waste ground. Their dress is very simple, and without unnecessary display, and all things are so economically ordered that even the humblest citizens have time for leisure and mental improvement.

The eldest, as I said, ruleth the family. The wives be ministers to their husbands, the children to their parents. Every city is divided into four equal parts or quarters. In the midst of every quarter there is a market place of all manner of things. Thither the works of every family be brought into certain houses. And every kind of thing is laid up several in barns or storehouses. From hence the father of every family or *every householder fetcheth whatsoever he shall have need of, and carrieth it away with him without money, without exchange, without gage, pawn, or pledge.*

There is also a meat market, but only bondmen are allowed to kill the beasts necessary for food, since "they think clemency the gentlest affection of our nature." Their meals are taken in common in large halls, one to every thirty families; the women of each family superintend the cooking in turn, but all menial tasks connected therewith are performed by slaves. The men sit on one side of the table and the women opposite them, while all children above five years of age either serve at the tables or stand by in silence, eating only what is given them from the tables at the discretion of their elders. There is a short reading at each meal, followed by conversation, in which the young men are encouraged to take part. At supper music is always provided. In the country meals are taken at home.

Regulations follow as to travelers, who easily obtain permission for their journeys. "There be neither wine taverns, nor ale-houses, nor stews, nor any occasion of vice or wickedness, no lurking corners, no places of wicked counsel or unlawful assemblies." In business they exchange superfluous for necessary goods, setting little store by money, except in so far as necessary for intercourse with other states. *Gold, silver, and precious stones are held in dishonor and of little worth.* They eat and drink in earthen and glass vessels, making only the commoner vessels of gold and silver as also the chains, fetters and gyves wherein they tie their slaves. Their children wear precious stones, but leave them off as soon as they grow up, and "thus by all means possible they procure to have gold and silver among them in reproach and infamy."

Their ethical beliefs appear to be a mixture of Epicureanism and Platonism; their *summum bonum* is pleasure that is rationally defined and interpreted. They believe the soul to be immortal, and by the bountiful goodness of God ordained to felicity. Good and evil are rewarded in the after life. These truths they think to rest on reasonable proof. They renounce the ascetic life, only going so far as to defer an immediate and lesser pleasure for a greater.

They define virtue as life ordered according to nature, and that we be hereunto ordained by God. The most and wisest part (of the Utopians) believe that there is a certain godly power unknown, everlasting, incomprehensible, inexplicable, far above the capacity and reach of man's wit, dispersed throughout all the world, not in bigness, but in virtue and power. Him they call the Father of all. But after they heard us speak of the name of Christ, of His doctrine, laws, miracles, and of the no less wonderful constancy of so many martyrs, whose blood willingly shed brought a great number of nations throughout all parts of the world into their sect; you will not believe with how glad minds they agreed unto the same: whether it were by the secret inspiration of God, or else for that they thought it highest unto that opinion, which among them is counted chiefest.

Some of their customs are obviously in direct contrast to certain practices of More's day. "They exclude and banish all attorneys, proctors, and sergeants at law; which craftily handle matters, and subtly dispute of the laws. For they think it most meet, that every man should plead his own matter, and tell the same tale to the judge that he would tell to his man of law." They have little belief in leagues and treaties—a courageous hit at Euro-

pean diplomacy. "War or battle they do detest and abhor as a thing very beastly." They are very gentle to their enemies, especially to those of the humbler sort, knowing "that they be driven and enforced to war against their wills by the furious madness of their princes and heads."

We must not forget, however, that this delightfully idealistic picture of happiness rests on the sinister basis of slavery. Slave labor is performed either by criminals condemned for some heinous offence, or criminals condemned to death in other countries. A lighter kind of bondage embraces the poorer foreigners, who choose rather to be bondmen in Utopia, where food and comfort are secure, than to be free elsewhere under the burden of hideous toil and uncertainty of livelihood.

In More's own day the *Utopia* was regarded as a mirror of the political and social evils of the time. Its popularity is shown by the numerous editions and translations. It is clearly an appeal to the social conscience of the age. If the Utopians by the mere efforts of natural goodness could reach such a happy condition, what a reproach to our own Christian nations, who with all the helps of revelation and grace fall so far behind them. The whole thing is a counsel of perfection, which should be used rather as a stimulus than as a model of social polity.

The *Utopia* was never intended to be taken literally. More, as we see from his own interpolated remarks, could never seriously advocate a community of goods; he could never recommend an elective monarchy nor counsel the marriage of priests. He might, indeed, argue for a simpler code of laws, but he could hardly plead that lawyers were unnecessary except by way of a joke. But although the Utopian ideas were not meant to be carried out quite literally, yet they might still serve to show how kings, though not elective, were still responsible to God for the welfare of their humbler subjects; though community of goods might be impracticable, yet the business of the state should involve the common good and not merely the interests of the few; though property could not be expropriated, yet it might be distributed much more widely and much more productively; the law too might be simplified and made as cheaply accessible to the poor as it was to the wealthy; and the statute book might justly be disencumbered of the obsolete and oppressive acts which had lately been revived and bore so heavily on the less well-to-do.

Nor was the *Utopia* a plea for natural religion or even a justification of it. More had no Pelagian or semi-Pelagian illusions as

to the strength of unassisted human nature. He did not build his hopes on the dreams of the natural man, because he knew it to be but the dream of a sick sleeper not yet awakened to the full remembrance of his original weakness.

I am inclined to think that in the *Utopia* we have an ironic picture of Ralph Hythloday as the natural man making a hoppity-click journey to Nowhere in the sorry strength of his naturally depleted powers. "I cannot agree," says More at the conclusion of the second book, "to all the things that he (Hythloday) said, being yet a man singularly learned, and also in all worldly matters exactly and profoundly experienced, so must I needs confess and grant that many things be in the Utopian weal public, which in our cities I may rather wish for than hope after."

The whole argument of More's life was for the spiritual as against the secular power, and yet what he saw around him was the latter growing more and more beyond control, while the former stood by and approved with courtly acquiescence. "While the sovereign was absolute in theory," writes Mr. Brewer, "clergy, judges, people strove to render the prerogative more absolute, both in theory and practice. So long as Wolsey lived the Church formed some barrier; afterwards government was absolutely identified with the will of the sovereign."* This is what More foresaw, this is what he denounced and resisted to the death, for the consequences brought destruction to all spiritual authority whatever.

The ecclesiastics who surrounded the throne of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and sanctioned with their presence and authority the acts of both these monarchs, invested royalty with a spiritual influence in the minds of the people which could not be disintegrated from it, or resumed, when the King changed their religious principles, and dismissed their spiritual ministers All events had prepared the way for the King's *temporal* supremacy. Opposition to papal authority was familiar to men; *but a spiritual supremacy, an ecclesiastical headship, as it separated Henry VIII. from all his predecessors by an immeasurable interval, so was it without precedent and at variance with all traditions.**

After all, the Christian prince was the real menace, alike to Christianity and to all that involved the common welfare.

The *Utopia* was a social and not a religious tract, written by a thoughtful and observant man in an altogether English-like manner. Quiet, sedate, and serious, yet hovering perpetually between

**Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic*, vol. 1., Introduction, cvi., cclxxv.

jest and earnest, looking forward eagerly to a better future, yet always clinging to the strength of the past; showing how Christian kings failed in their duties, and how this failure produced the abounding social miseries of the time. On the one side princes, vainly ambitious for military glory, waging useless and extravagant wars, given over to the futile pleasures of court and table, of tournament and chase, and all this involving enormous and growing expenditure; on the other side, a miserably oppressed and neglected people, whose only use was to supply money to meet the royal expenditure. The Utopian remedies did but point to the evils which suggested them:

The endless wars; the faithless leagues; the military expenditure; the money and time wasted upon instruments and means of offence to the neglect of all social improvements; unsettled habits; trains of idle serving-men reënacting in the streets the interminable brawls of Montagues and Capulets; broken and disabled soldiers turning to theft and filling Alsatia for lack of employment; labor disarranged; husbandry broken up; villages and hamlets depopulated to feed sheep; agricultural laborers turned adrift, but forbidden to stray and driven home from tithing to tithing by the lash, to starve; no poorhouses, no hospitals, though the sweating sickness raged through the land, but the poor left to perish as paupers by the side of the ditches, filling the air with fever and pestilence; houses never swept or ventilated; choked with rotten thatch above and unchanged rushes within; streets reeking with offal and filthy puddles; no adequate supply of water for cleanliness or health; penal laws stringently enforced, more stringently as the evils grew greater; crime and punishment struggling for the upper hand; justice proud of its executions, and wondering that theft multiplied faster than the gibbet.

Who shall say, after reading Mr. Brewer's succinct catalogue of the social evils of More's time, that it is the dream of an idealistic trifler? A careful reader will find each of these grievances mentioned by name or contrast or implication in the *Utopia*; and if he would learn still more of the faults and vices of royalty which brought them about, let him read the *Christian Prince* of Erasmus which reproves, or *The Prince* of Machiavelli which condones them, both written about this time. The *Utopia* was, indeed, "one of the boldest declarations of a political creed ever uttered by an English statesman on the eve of his entry into a king's service;" but what should we expect from Sir Thomas More?

THE CITY OF GOODWILL.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

PART I.



CHILDLIKE drowsiness, not unbecoming, still veiled the dark eyes of young Mrs. Tredwith. She looked indifferently at the snow falling outside on the park trees; played with her grape fruit; crumbled her breakfast toast, and compromised finally on a little coffee. For even granted the possession of vigorous health, buoyant alertness, and the habit of late hours, this winter's early and strenuous rush of social functions could not fail to tell.

"Has Mr. Tredwith gone yet, Wilkins?"

"Not yet, madam. He 'ad 'is breakfast, and is in the library arranging papers." Wilkins was English, and would have said "harranging," but that he was usually careful.

The master of the house here entered—a typical young American of the wealthy working class; his firm mouth and chin promising enterprise and resolution; the keenness of his gaze only less evident when he looked at his wife.

"Wilkins, this toast is quite cold," said she, with a trifle of petulance. "Bring some fresh."

"Is my girl so tired this morning?" asked her husband.

"You would be tired, too, and savage, and bored to death, if you had had to go on to four other affairs after you left me at the opera house."

"I was savage enough as it was," he laughed, "for I do like to hear a little of the music when the boxes—including our own—will allow. Ours was among the worst. I don't wonder the people hissed."

"One can do nothing with so many acquaintances coming and going. Were you obliged to desert me?"

"Obliged. These papers needed me. And now I must fly."

But she made his flight less abrupt, laying a soft, detaining hand upon his sleeve, while she removed an imperceptible speck of dust, selected and pinned a flower in his button-hole, and went with him into the great hallway's arches and tapestries.

"I see so little, little, little of you these days," she whispered. "Do you work too hard, or do I play too hard?"

"My dear girl! A member of half-a-dozen exclusive clubs, organized expressly to keep all but triflers out, to be suspected of working too hard! The masses would laugh at your aspersion upon a pampered minion of fortune."

"She raised a rather wistful face to his; but at the moment a liveried footman waited at the outer door, and the respectfully officious Wilkins suddenly appeared with a forgotten cigarette case.

"Did you ever notice," she asked, "what staring eyes Wilkins has?"

"I suspect him of being observant; but correctly and impassively so. He might be worse. Do not forget we dine out to-night."

When her husband had rolled away at full speed, she sighed once or twice. Decidedly she was out of sorts this bright winter morning, as she passed slowly up the broad stairway; she brightened again at the nursery door. She would have entered with grateful eagerness, but the trained nurse beside the lace-covered cot held up a warning finger.

"Hour of his nap, Mrs. Tredwith," she murmured, mechanically. "Careful not to wake him. Has had his breakfast, prepared and weighed, as usual, and seemed to take it with appetite. It being a sunny morning, I have ordered the cart for noon; the assistant nurse will go with us, and James can drive us for an hour. Then lunch and another nap. The afternoon programme you know."

The mother bent over the sleeping baby. Lightly breathing, his curls scattered upon the pillow, he lay in childhood's attractive grace. "He looks wonderfully well," she said. Something of the other's formality reflected on her girlishness. "We are indebted to your care, Miss Davis."

"Not at all," automatically. "I have had considerable experience in my profession."

Leaving the room, Agatha Tredwith felt an unreasonable resentment. "He used," she reflected, "when old Sarah and I had him—for the few days between diplomaed nurses—to like to go to sleep with a little rubber dog. I suppose it is thrown away as unhygienic!" Then she reproached herself, knowing well the child could never have thriven under such chance and occasional supervision as incessant social distractions permitted.

The desk telephone in her boudoir summoned her at this moment; and a thin, high-pitched voice at the other end reminded her: "You are to call for me to lunch at Allard's, and then the *matinée* and bridge party afterwards, and don't forget to-morrow. We are expecting you and Fabian down at Timberton for the house party."

This was from Muriel Joyce, Fabian's cousin, one of the gayest of the younger matrons, whose pranks even the moderately thoughtful sometimes disapproved.

"Oh, well," Agatha shrugged, hanging up the receiver, "she's intelligent, at least, and not likely to offer us such imbecility as a monkey dinner at Timberton. Fabian's something of a restraint on her, too, so we may as well go."

Then she rang for her maid, and the deft French girl arranged such toilet as might serve the varied exigencies of a restaurant luncheon, theatre *matinée*, and afternoon bridge party.

At their bridge party, Agatha did not play, but in the luxurious ante-room reserved for talkers the conversation irked her. When it wandered from the treadmill round of their purely selfish pleasures, it was, if not flavored with absolute scandal, apt to be mere petty gossip.

"I wish," she said, later, to her husband as they drove to their dinner, "that we could just go on and on and on together! It would be so much better than talking to people, forever, that one doesn't care for, and who don't care for one."

"Oh, come," indulgently, "they would be hard-hearted monsters not to care for a particularly nice girl, who is rumpling her pretty hair recklessly on my shoulder. If Rosine could see you spoiling a *chef d'oeuvre*!" But he laid his cheek softly against the bronze waves and said more seriously: "If you had time to read the papers, which you have not, or if you were in the thick of it down town, you would have something to think about."

"Tell me."

"Financial affairs are in threatening shape all over the country. Many houses have failed already, and several banks. The best and strongest are using every effort to avert a general panic. If it comes, we must all sit tight! But these are not things to worry you with before dinner."

"They are, they are," protestingly, "and I wish I were a man to help."

"So do I. We hold our own, believe me, though I do not like Hexon's attitude in some matters."

"I have never liked Mr. Hexon's attitude in anything."

"Your father called that prejudice once," teasingly, "when you preferred me to him," but she divined that under his light tone lurked some anxiety.

"Shall you go on to the ball with me afterwards?"

"My dear, I cannot. One of the stenographers comes up to the house, and we will work most of the night."

"And I should so much rather be near you than an automaton dancing at a ball."

And though she gave apparent pretty gracious attention to her evening's partners, her thoughts were with him, busy elsewhere, and full of care.

Next morning she had reserved for some shopping, but she went listlessly about it. "I wish I might get baby another rubber dog," she mused on the way, "but Miss Davis would throw it away!" At the stationer's she looked at some illuminated texts and mottoes, but pushed them away impatiently. Then she took one of them up again, and read it a second time.

"Close by the City of Goodwill,
A little house stood under a hill."

"Why it has no ending, and no signature, and not much meaning. It's just a bit of childishness." But she took it away with her on leaving.

They were to go down that afternoon to Timberton to the Joyce house party, and she did not see her husband again until they met at the train with others of the laughing, chattering guests. In the midst of the uproarious hilarity at dinner, a telegram summoned Mr. Tredwith to town.

"Give me five minutes to join you," insisted his wife. Rosine can follow in the morning."

In less than the time asked, she was with him; fur coat and hood over white satin and bare head.

"Ridiculous!" the hostess was calling in the hall, in high remonstrance. "Half-a-dozen of the men telegraphed for! And now you, Agatha Tredwith! It's a mean shame!" But Agatha was firm.

She saw no more of her husband that night, after their return home, nor yet during the long hours of the day succeeding.

Late in the evening Fabian came in. The haggard lines of exhaustion and disappointed endeavor in his face answered her inquiring eyes. When he spoke it was to say: "In spite of all we could do, dear, the house, so well founded by your father, goes down in this terrible crisis. He would have grieved, but would have liked to know that all liabilities will be paid."

"Then all is lost," she quoted, evenly, "but honor. That is an asset we can build upon again, however."

"Yes," heavily. "But when I think of you and the child, and of my criminal carelessness in being ignorant of Hexon's gambling in stocks with the money of others! It will take all I have to replace this. I can, perhaps, save something of yours—"

"Not one dollar," firmly, "not one, until all who trusted you have been fully paid. My dear," with earnest feeling, "you must not doubt my sympathy with you in the shock and ordeal of loss. But for myself, personally, I am undisturbed, almost. Perhaps I should not tell you, but I have even a curious feeling of elation, as if I were beginning real life; as if a new and interesting vocation were opening up before me. The modest competence I have from my mother will probably not be needed for the firm. There is the little homestead down in the country where old Sarah and her grandson are in charge. We have youth, health, your legal knowledge, and skill to hew a new path. Why, it is the chance of my life to prove that a very spoiled and pampered and incidentally bored person may become a real woman and comrade! Who knows! This may be a blessing in disguise!"

PART II.

Fabian Tredwith had much on his hands in the days following; in careful scrutiny and rearrangement of affairs; in complete relinquishment of the things that had formerly occupied him; in stern severance of the slightest connection with the partner who had so involved him; in establishing himself in an office for purely the practice of law.

"Pity about Tredwith," said the street. "Gives up everything, I hear, even his wife's fortune. One of the best this black week has dragged down. He's better off without Hexon, who's not in his class; and with his talents he ought to get on his feet again." Then in the pressure of the times they promptly forgot him.

While agents conducted the sale of their handsome Riverside

house and effects, with horses, equipages and motors, Agatha was, for the most part, down in the country, preparing the somewhat dilapidated homestead, in which her mother was born, for their reception. A rambling place it was, with a wilderness of vines and shrubbery waiting to be trained in summer; and great fire-places to heat it in winter.

"It would have fretted your father sadly," deplored old Sarah, "and you that spoiled when a child!"

"Then," cheerfully, "it is high time I should reform. I mean to love it down here. Your grandson will take charge of the farm and grow vegetables and fruit for us. You are to teach me housekeeping. And, Rosine, good girl, cried at thought of leaving baby and me, and must stay and help us take care of him."

Sarah looked doubtful at the prospect of collaboration with a "furriner;" but would have taken greater risks to have her old master's child once more under the same roof.

"I am not, I hope, ungrateful for Miss Davis' care, Fabian," Agatha declared, "but baby is now to have a rubber elephant—sterilized, of course, if you insist!"

"I do," laughing. "It will keep you busy."

"And, oh, my dear, what joy, in moments of impulsiveness, to be rid of Wilkins' stare! He seemed to embody society's disapproval of most things natural."

"He certainly disapproved of fallen fortunes," said Fabian, briefly. "He and the other men resigned with startling promptitude."

"They knew what bores they were," with an airy wave; "but that is the past. Behold the present! What do you think of it?" directing his gaze to the living room, newly arranged and decorated in warm colors, where their most cherished possessions were already enshrined by her taste and deft fingers.

"That I have the most wonderful wife in the world! It is more homelike than anything I have seen in a long while."

"Ah," triumphantly, "just wait until the carpenters and painters finish, and I have a chance to do a little here and a little there. And what a garden Sarah's Tim and I will make in the springtime! A lawn in front with those grand old trees, and, maybe, a terrace. We will have basket chairs and take tea outdoors."

"It is snowing just now," he suggested, teasingly; but, to hide his real feelings, turned aside, fingering the trifles on her

desk. "What is this?" he asked, looking at the illuminated card hanging above it:

"Close by the City of Goodwill,
A little house stood under a hill."

"Some child's rhyme? A little unfinished, isn't it?"

"Like us all," she answered, quickly. And then, with a certain wistfulness: "That is to be the name of this house, when it has had time to earn it."

The springtime saw the homestead renovated and made a thing of comparative beauty. Its red roof and gables showed high amid the groves, and commanded a noble view of the river below and the little village nestling on its banks. The garden, so long run wild, was at first dismaying; for Sarah's Tim, she confessed, "know nought but wholesome greens." But with his strong arm to command, books to consult, zeal to inspire, order sprang from chaos, and the wilderness began to bloom, and presently to reward its workers with a riot of color and fragrance.

"How amazingly blessed and contenting life has become," Agatha reflected time and again. "It almost overwhelms me with gratitude. I have not deserved it. My thanks should be expressed in some way that was a little hard."

Less buoyantly, though sturdily, Fabian applied himself to his law practice, but with results not soon profitable. In spite of undoubted brilliance and rare knowledge of law, success was slow to come. Glittering opportunities were offered him, but with prohibitory taint. "I am not here to evade, but to interpret law," he needed to say often. Or even: "Your cause, sir, does not seem just. I cannot undertake it." And it was whispered about that "Tredwith was something of a crank."

After disheartening experience of the least favorable side of human nature, he began to regard his home as a haven whence true comradeship sent him forth strengthened once more. He said to Agatha: "I know that I shall win out in the long run. But it is uphill work; and I mind the waiting most for you, dearest—the change."

"Fabian! Is it possible that you cannot see that I am happier than I ever was? There were all sorts of qualities going to waste in our former life which are now utilized. Nature meant me for just such contenting activities as are now mine; and was frustrated for a while by a dear, lavish father, followed by exactly such a

husband. It was time it should be stopped. We have no longer a chef, it is true; but we have a competence, and if you enlarge it in time to set baby on the road to the Supreme Bench—”

As that infant was even then making his first adventurous trip in the next room from Sarah's to Rosine's knee, this won the desired smile.

“By the way, do you remember Rabin, one of our former bookkeepers?”

“Certainly. An elderly Frenchman, very polite.”

“Yes. I had lost sight of him upon our dissolution. I heard to-day that he collapsed soon afterward—a weak heart, and has been in the hospital ever since. Outside his skill in figures, he was quite a child, and was drawn by Hexon into some rotten ventures which took every dollar. I would go to see him tomorrow, but there are certain deeds to prepare which require research.”

“I will go after the morning's affairs,” answered Agatha gaily. “I can take the late train down, lunch with you, and go to the hospital afterward. It is quite an adventure for a rustic.”

The next day's bright afternoon found her waiting on a corner of the rushing city, a bunch of roses in her clasp, where she was hailed from a passing auto by Mrs. Joyce's shrill tones: “What are you doing in Babylon, Agatha? A trolley! You! Get in and let me take you wherever it is. Why have you not invited me down to cards and cream? Or why have you not come up to champagne and truffles? Peter is thoroughly disgusted with Fabian because he gave up his seat in the Exchange. Some of those troublesome people—heirs, or minors, or whatever they were—might very well have waited for their money, or gone without.” And so on until they reached the hospital.

Here, in the general ward, a silver-haired man, with a tired, gentle face, opened his eyes at Agatha's greeting.

“Ah, Mrs. Tredwith, it truly is! How amiable of you to come here. And the lovely flowers! For me!” His gaze wandered impartially between the roses and his radiant visitor.

They fell into talk soon, and her eyes were very pensive when she left him. Meeting the house-surgeon, she asked: “Is M. Rabin improving?”

“Well, I can hardly say so. No, he has gone down steadily during his stay. Not any acute disorder, but a general failing to recuperate—an indifference to life which is often fatal. No help

on his part towards recovery. We do what we can, but—" he shook his head. "It is a pity he has no one belonging to him."

On the way home she kept revolving an idea: "The dear, patient old man; my heart aches for him. Have we a right to be so happy while some one else is dying of loneliness? Is not this a way providentially pointed out for me to give thanks for a blessed lot! But Fabian! And our happy, secluded evenings, with everyone else shut out, while we have learned such close companionship! But if my father had lived, would I not have felt his presence a benediction in our home!"

"Fabian," she said, that night, "I want to have M. Rabin down here. The country air will do him good. Did you know that he lost wife and child many years ago in a railroad accident, and ever since coming to America, and being employed by you, has made no intimates, but has given his leisure to nature studies? Now he is old, and ill, penniless, and with no one to take an interest in him."

"Yes, it is sad. A little visit in country air may do him good."

"Dearest, I want him for more than a visit. It is a home he needs. Let us ask him to share ours."

"Agatha!" in utter consternation, "a stranger to break in on the new family sacredness we have found so sweet! I will gladly spare some little to pension him in comfort."

"That would not be the same thing. Oh, Fabian, I must, indeed! Do not prevent me!" She felt so conscience-impelled to save the kind, old man from slipping out of life from sheer homesickness—she was so earnest—that her husband reluctantly consented.

But when M. Rabin, dazed with what looked to him a "miracle of heavenly kindness," was installed in a sunny room, and grew strong enough to pace the terrace and find his way through the forest walks and garden alleys, he proved to be of a rare adaptability. Never present when Fabian and Agatha would be alone together, his company at other times became an increasing pleasure. Father Melton, pastor of the little church in the village, called frequently to discuss other lands and manners. Rosine expanded visibly in the pleasure of talking her native tongue to "ce bon Monsieur," and baby was smilingly devoted to "Papa Rabin."

"It is," said their gentle guest, "as if a poor fish had been caught by the cruel hook of ill-fortune and thrown upon the strand

to die. And then came a beautiful, kind fairy who raised it gently and laid it back in the shining waters of life."

"He is something of a poet," smiled Fabian, when this was repeated to him. "Odd, too, when he is an expert accountant."

"That was bad for his eyes; but he writes a great deal now that they are stronger. Sarah claims to have restored them with her broths and jellies; and Rosine thinks it is her care, so they are very jealous of each other. But baby wins easily; for he is M. Rabin's chosen chum; trots all day long at his heels, and is learning his letters out of Papa Rabin's big illustrated *Fables of La Fontaine*. He knows lots of the animals from their pictures, and told me yesterday which was the 'hittamus pottamus.'"

"He is a budding genius."

"Oh, well, I *am* his mother, I admit it. But I am by way of becoming a naturalist, myself, under M. Rabin. It appears that our garden and terrace, our groves and forest paths, are the universe, in little."

"And what branch have you chosen to study?"

"Oh, botany, entomology, anything which comes in our way to observe. I am ashamed to scream any longer at beetles, or wasps, or bees, he is so fond of them, and so tender. He knows how to handle the butterflies so they are never hurt. And we have transplanted a number of wild flowers."

"Well, it gives you a pretty bloom; but do not get stung." He probably connected this uninstructed interest in nature of the former bookkeeper with the same "childlike simplicity" which led him each morning so early to Mass. "Any profound scientific knowledge," was his unformulated thought, "destroys those traditional observances." He was, on the whole, pleased that M. Rabin should form a new interest for Agatha, which might divert her attention from signs of care in himself. He had not thought the business path upward would be so slow and hard. Not even remembrance of previous capital and power, not even keen ambition to reach that height again, should prick him into devious or precarious paths; but he chafed in impatience and goaded himself to overwork, and hid this from her all that he could."

"Where did you find time to study all this, M. Rabin?" Agatha asked, surprised anew at his minute and accurate knowledge of tree and plant and living things.

"Oh, madame, every spare moment of a long life, beginning at five years. My people were only poor farmers near Avignon,

too poor to get me books, but there was always the great school of Nature, and, later, I had the laboratory of the open fields in all weathers. It did not hurt a hardy peasant boy, and so I grew, loving and studying each wayside plant and tiny creature of the good God. You may be sure I preferred them to mathematics; but when I was older and must earn my bread by teaching, it was only that which would pay. So I perfected myself in figures, and was professor at the college. But still I wandered in each spare moment under the sky and noticed, and even wrote about what I saw. Then I published my books about *Bees and Butterflies*, and the Minister of Education complimented me, and sent a decoration. But that would not feed the wife and child. Then, when they were taken, I lost heart, and came, with an acquaintance, over here and drifted into your husband's employ, and still—it was a habit, you see—every moment of leisure I went wandering and studying in fields and park. And again I have, oh, bundles and bundles of notes. But no longer are my spirit and my eyes for compiling, though the study and the little creatures are as dear as ever."

"But my eyes and spirit are quite young," Agatha suggested, "if I might see and help?"

No judge, certainly, of the incomparable knowledge displayed in these voluminous notes, she was amazed at the intimate and delightful charm of the style. "Surely, this is unique in interest," she thought, again and again.

When the compilation was complete, she went up to town, calling upon an eminent publisher, a friend of her father's, whose firm made a specialty of scientific works. He gave her welcome, glancing at the MS. she produced.

"By whom did you say, Mrs. Tredwith? A Frenchman, now living here? His name Rabin? Can it be possible that it is the distinguished naturalist, who, his Paris publishers tell me, has been lost sight of for so long?"

"Oh, I think not. This is a very plain, unassuming elderly gentleman, a former bookkeeper, with, certainly, a love for Nature, and, I think, a very charming style.

"Charming, yes, indeed! A style of rare distinction, and fine simplicity and poetic grace. We are familiar with it, being proud of the fact that we undertook the translation, on this side, of his first works."

"Then," somewhat bewildered, "you consent to publish this?"

"Consent! My dear Mrs. Tredwith, M. Rabin is the greatest living authority on these subjects, and we have only now ceased writing his publishers in France for more of his work because they told us he could not be found. We think it a privilege to produce this. You must know he has, until lately, been without appreciation, but his work has grown in fame, and all are now delighting to do him honor. But we claim to have known from the first."

Agatha was a little disappointed to find M. Rabin so unmoved when his publishers, to whom he was duly introduced, told him that he had come into his own.

"It is somewhat late," he said to her afterwards. "The fruit is offered when appetite and time to eat are less. For forty years I yearned for leisure to devote to God's dear little creatures, but must work for a bare living. Still, I am not ungrateful, for study is sweet in itself when one loves the object. Do you know, my dear, the happiest day I have seen since I left my country? Not this one of flattering compliment. Oh, no. But it was when a gentle, sweet-voiced, young lady appeared like a vision, and offered to a lonely heart a home."

"If you think so," boldly, "then give her reward in living to be a hundred, and telling many more wonder stories."

When the months passed and the first of a series appeared which was to become greatly famous, her enthusiasm much exceeded his placid content. "It is only a little that each one can do," he said, "in making God known through His marvels. But each must do his best; and then, his time being come, pass on the task to his successor, whom Providence appoints."

"Making God known," Fabian repeated. "What you learn from these studies does not then unsettle faith?"

"Increases it a thousandfold, as all His revelations must."

"See now," the naturalist would say, "entomology is not to everyone's taste. He who absorbs himself in the doings of these tiny creatures, he seems foolish enough to the terrible utilitarian. But what looks useless to-day becomes useful to-morrow. The man of little faith must learn that each new fact ascertained lifts humanity higher on another rung of the ladder leading to God."

"He makes me think of St. Francis," said Agatha, "with his 'little brothers, the birds.' Did you know that, with certain provisions for charity, he insists upon making our boy his heir? He spoke to me concerning it, and I objected strongly. But he urges that I am about his daughter's age; that in his thoughts

he puts me in her place, and so considers Bob his grandson. And adds that we are his happiness; and, with God's out-door nature, his all."

"I am in the way," said the father, musingly, "though arduously and slowly, "to make reasonable provision for the boy's future. Such wealth as might easily accrue from Professor Rabin's works could, as we know, from our own past, lead to greedy absorption in—well—say sheer worldliness and vanity."

It was snowing, and presently the old man and the little boy coming in, could be heard in the next room. M. Rabin was telling the story of a vagrant, starving cat, rescued and adopted by his own little daughter long ago. The story ended happily; the child asked: "But, Papa Rabin, now it is winter and snow, what will we have to watch?"

"Oh, we will put shelves outside our windows, and all the little hungry birds, black and red and green and blue and yellow, will come for crumbs. And I will tell you their names and their stories."

"Unless you become as a little child," Agatha whispered in the study. "And he is a poet and philosopher! Fabian, do you remember that is just five years since our sudden loss—and gain?"

"Yes," said the father, absently. "I think we will not take that legacy. Work is best for our boy. We will talk over with the Professor how he can best dispose of it to further his lifework. But he must live many years yet to instruct the world and us."

"He is quite strong;" cheerfully, "he will go with me to the early Mass to-morrow, Sunday morning.

"And may I not go with you both?"

"Ah, dearest, how glad I shall be!" she answered in deep gratitude; then went on: "Fabian, remember, whatever worldly success Bob may have some day; or if we ourselves grow rich again, I have tasted here of real content, and will never return to Vanity Fair from our happy City of Goodwill."

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT": ITS SOURCES AND ITS MEANING.

BY JAMES MEARNS, M.A.

NOTE.—We are indebted to the well-known authority, Mr. Orby Shipley, for the opportunity to publish this remarkable and thorough study of Newman's famous hymn, written by an Anglican minister, the Rev. James Mearns, M.A.

We may add that we believe the author to be mistaken in ascribing to Newman an undue desire to lead the Tractarian Movement. Newman himself writes in the *Apologia*: "For myself, I was not the person to take the lead of a party (the Tractarian Movement): I never was, from first to last, more than a leading author of a school; nor did I ever wish to be anything else. Thus the Movement, viewed with relation to myself, was but a floating opinion; it was not a power. It never would have been a power if it had remained in my hands. I never had the staidness or dignity necessary for a leader." Ch. ii., pp. 58-59. Ed. 1895.—[EDITOR C. W.]



"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT" is part and parcel of Newman's life, and of the Oxford Movement. It is impossible in this paper to do more than to attempt to touch upon the following points:*

1. "Lead, Kindly Light" has been called the one hymn of the English language. Properly speaking, it is not a hymn at all. It is a purely personal burst of emotion, written without the least idea of its ever being sung in church.†

2. The Oxford Movement really began at Rome. Its impetus and direction were given by Cardinal Wiseman.

3. The poem had a Roman Catholic model. But at the time he wrote it, Newman had no intention of entering the Catholic Church; and nowadays the only churches where one can be practically certain not to hear it sung are the Catholic churches.‡

4. The chief reasons for its popularity are three: its own beauty; the fine tune by Dr. Dykes; and the vagueness which allows everyone, Christian, Jew, Turk, or heretic to read his own ideas into it.§

*The references indicate the pages, in support of the text, of the following works:

A.: Newman's *Apologia*, ed. 1865.

L.: Newman's *Letters*, 1891, vol. i.

W.: Isaac Williams' *Autobiography*, 1892.

†*Athenæum*, August 16, 1890 (by Joseph Jacobs; reprinted in his *Essays and Reviews*, 1891).

‡*Notes and Queries*, September 20, 1896, p. 233, has this letter by Mancuniensis: "I have never been able to understand why 'Lead, Kindly Light' should be sung by a congregation in church. I am sure such a thing has never been thought of in any Catholic Church."

§James Anthony Froude (*Good Words*, 1881, p. 163; *Short Studies*, 1883, p. 277)

5. The local color is taken from Newman's experiences in Sicily, not from anything he saw on the day he wrote the poem.

6. The "Kindly light" is his own conscience.

7. The "Angel faces" are the faces of Angels, not the faces of Newman's departed friends.

From a child* Newman took great delight in reading the Bible, and to the last the phrases of the Authorized Version lingered in his memory. The theological books he read before going to Oxford were almost all of the Calvinistic† school. At the age of fifteen he had a vivid conviction of the doctrine of Final Perseverance. He says:

I received it at once,‡ and believed that the inward conversion of which I was conscious (and of which I still am more certain than that I have hands and feet) would last into the next life, and that I was elected to eternal glory..... (It made) me rest in the thought of two, and two only absolute and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator.§

The same autumn (1816) he read two books which powerfully influenced him.|| Joseph Milner's *Church History* led his thoughts to "religion of the primitive Christians," and he was greatly attracted by the long extracts from St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and other Early Fathers. But he also read Newton *On the Prophecies*, and became, he says,

firmly convinced that the Pope was the Antichrist predicted by Daniel, St. Paul, and St. John. My imagination was stained by the effects of this doctrine up to the year 1843.||

He matriculated** at Trinity College, Oxford, on December 14, 1816. On April 12, 1822, he was elected Fellow of Oriel, and always looked back to that day,†† in thankful remembrance, as the day of a great mercy shown to him by God. His fellowship gave him an assured position and a competency; and, as he then said, he did not wish for anything better or higher than "to live and die a

says: "Lead, Kindly Light' is the most popular hymn in the language. All of us, Catholic, Protestant, or such as can see their way to no positive creed at all, can here meet on common ground, and join in a common prayer."

Mr. W. T. Stead, *Hymns that Have Helped*, 1896, under No. 37, writes thus: "When the Parliament of Religions met at Chicago, the representatives of every creed known to man found two things on which they were agreed. They could all join in the Lord's Prayer, and they could all sing 'Lead, Kindly Light.'"

*A., 1.

†A., 4.

‡A., 4.

§Cf. A., 195.

||A., 7.

||Joseph Milner, died 1797, sometime Vicar of North Ferriby; *Church History*, in 5 vols., 1794-1809. Thomas Newton: Bishop of Bristol, 1761-1782; Dean of St. Paul's, 1768: 3 vols., 1754-1758.

**L., 27.

††L., 73.

Fellow of Oriel." The senior Fellows found him painfully shy,* and gave Dr. Whately a hint to try to draw him out, which Whately did with a will and effectually.† "Whately," he says, "opened my mind, and taught me to think and to use my reason." He also taught him ‡ "the existence of the Church as a substantive body or corporation," and fixed in him "those anti-Erastian views of Church polity which were one of the most prominent features of the Tractarian Movement." Another Fellow of Oriel, the Rev. William James, "about the year 1823," says Newman,§ "taught me the doctrine of Apostolical Succession, in the course of a walk, I think, round Christ Church Meadow."

From Dr. Hawkins, also a Fellow of Oriel, he learned the doctrine of Tradition, *i. e.*, as he expressed it,|| that Scripture was never intended to teach doctrine, but only to prove it; and that, if we would learn doctrine, we must have recourse to the formularies of the Church; for instance, to the catechism and to the creeds.

In 1824,¶ Newman had become a subscriber to the Bible Society; but as the doctrine of Tradition more and more possessed him,** he withdrew from the Society in 1830.†† Dr. Hawkins also gave Newman a copy of Sumner's‡‡ *Apostolical Preaching*, by which, says Newman,§§ "I was led to give up my remaining Calvinism, and to receive the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration." The other leading Fellow at Oriel in 1822 was John Keble; but Newman was at first afraid of him,||| and did not become at all intimate¶¶ with him till Hurrell Froude brought them together in 1828.

In 1824, Newman became curate of St. Clement's in Oxford, where, he says,*** the prevailing opinion of him was that he was a Methodist. In the same year he lost his father, and on October 6th made this entry in his diary:

Performed the last sad duties to my dear father. When I die, shall I be followed to the grave by my children? My mother said the other day she hoped to live to see me married; but I think I shall either die within college walls or as a missionary in a foreign land. No matter where, so that I die in Christ.†††

*L., 104.

†A., 11.

‡A., 12.

§A., 10.

||A., 9.

¶L., 84.

**A., 10.

††L., 228.

‡‡John Bird Sumner, Bishop of Chester, 1828; Archbishop of Canterbury, 1848; *Apostolical Preaching*, 1815.

§§A., 9.

||L., 72.

|||A., 17, 18; W., 49.

***L., 94.

†††L., 91.

Newman oftens refers to this idea of becoming a missionary.* He was for many years a member of the Church Missionary Society,† and was secretary of the Oxford Branch‡ as late as 1830. In his diary, under August 26, 1830, he says: "Frank went for good. God guide us in His way."§ This was his brother, Francis William, who went to Persia as a missionary, but returned to Oxford on July 9, 1833.

In 1826, Newman was appointed public tutor at Oriel.|| By this time he had begun to study the Early Fathers¶ on the one hand, and on the other to study Hooker and the Caroline divines. In 1827, came the election of a new Provost of Oriel. Newman, still rather afraid of Keble,** and thinking Hawkins the better business man,†† turned the scale in favor of Hawkins. This election had very important results. It led first to Newman's appointment to succeed Hawkins‡‡ as Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford; and eventually led to a collision between Provost and Tutors. Newman and Hurrell Froude both wished, being in orders, to exercise a kind of pastoral relation towards their pupils.§§ Hawkins considered that, however well it might do in a seminary, this was not suitable for the colleges of a University. The conflict of opinion at length became so sharp that, in 1830,||| Hawkins signified to Newman, R. H. Froude, and Robert Isaac Wilberforce that he would stop their supply of pupils. Thus, by the Long Vacation of 1832,¶¶ Newman's pupils had almost all taken their B. A. degree, and the two or three that remained he gave over to the Provost. He thus sums up the situation, writing in the third person:

On his return from abroad the Tract Movement began. Humanly speaking, that movement never would have been had he not been deprived of his tutorship; or had Keble, not Hawkins, been Provost.***

By this time Newman had finished his book on the Arians,††† and welcomed Hurrell Froude's invitation to go with him on a cruise to the Mediterranean. On Sunday, December 2, 1832,†††† he preached a University sermon in St. Mary's on Wilfulness, the sin of Saul; and on the next day he left Oxford to join the Froudes.

Richard Hurrell Froude, brother of James Anthony Froude, had been elected Fellow of Oriel in 1826, and soon became Newman's inseparable friend. Of him Newman says:

*A., 7.	†W., 43-47.	‡L., 223.	§L., 236-238.	L., 147.
¶L., 128, 145.	**L., 154.	††W., 48.	‡‡L., 147.	§§L., 150, 159.
L., 156.	¶¶L., 160.	***L., 160.	†††A., 32.	†††L., 231.

He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome, and his hatred of the Reformers.*.....He felt scorn of the maxim, "The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants;" and he gloried in accepting Tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching.....He had a deep devotion to the Real Presence, in which he had a firm faith. He was powerfully drawn to the Mediaeval Church, but not to the Primitive.....He taught me to look with admiration towards the Church of Rome,† and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence.

Archdeacon Froude accompanied his son and Newman. They left Falmouth on December 7, 1832, and on December 11th were abreast of Cape Finisterre, with (as Newman writes to his mother)‡ lights visible from farmhouses on shore, which is, maybe, fifteen miles off. They got to Gibraltar on December 16th, and spent Christmas at Malta. On the return journey they called at Messina and Palermo, in Sicily, and arrived at Naples on February 14, 1833. They were at Rome from March 3d till Easter. The Froudes then tried to persuade Newman to return with them to England;§ but he had been so enchanted with the glimpses of Sicily that he resolved to go there again, even if he went alone.

His *Letters* written home, and published in 1891, give long accounts of the scenery, and of the incidents of the journey, even describing various bouts of seasickness. But the most important and significant incident is only casually mentioned. Writing to his sister Jemima from Naples, on April 11, 1833, Newman says:

I ought to tell you about the *Miserere* at Rome, my going up St. Peter's, and the Easter illumination, our conversations with Dr. Wiseman and with M. Bunsen, my search for the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, my pilgrimage to the place of St. Paul's martyrdom, the catacombs, and all the other sights which have stolen away half my heart, but I forbear till we meet.||

In the *Apologia*, 1864, p. 98, he says little more:

It was at Rome, too, that we began the *Lyra Apostolica* which appeared monthly in the *British Magazine*. The motto shows the feeling of both Froude and myself at the time; we borrowed from M. Bunsen a Homer, and Froude chose the

*A., 24.

†A., 25.

‡L., 284.

§L., 383.

||L., 385.

words in which Achilles, on returning to the battle, says, "You shall know the difference, now that I am back again."*

All he says about Wiseman is (1864, p. 97) :

Froude and I made two calls upon Monsignor (now Cardinal) Wiseman at the Collegio Inglese,† shortly before we left Rome‡. When we took leave of Monsignor Wiseman, he had courteously expressed a wish that we might make a second visit to Rome; I said, with great gravity, "We have a work to do in England."§

That remark did not close an interview in which they had merely conversed amiably about the weather. In R. H. Froude's *Remains*, published in 1838 (*i. e.*, p. 306), we read, in a letter of April 13, 1833, what happened—the names are here filled in:

The only thing I can put my hand on as an acquisition is having formed an acquaintance with. Monsignor (Wiseman), the head of the (English) College at Rome, who has enlightened (Newman) and me on the subject of our relations to the Church of Rome. We got introduced to him to find out whether they would take us in on any terms to which we could twist our consciences [To this there is a footnote]. All this must not be taken literally, being a jesting way of stating to a friend what was really the fact, viz., that he and another availed themselves of the opportunity of meeting a learned. (Roman Catholic) to ascertain the ultimate points at issue between the Churches, and we found to our dismay that not one step could be gained without swallowing the Council of Trent as a whole. We made our approaches to the subject as delicately as we could. Our first notion was that the terms of communion were within certain limits under the control of the Pope, or that in case he could not dispense solely, yet at any rate the acts of one Council might be rescinded by another; indeed, that in Charles the First's time it had been intended to negotiate a reconciliation on the terms on which things stood before the Council of Trent. But we found to our horror that the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Church made the acts of each successive Council obligatory for ever, that what had once been decided could never be meddled with again; in fact, that they were committed finally and irrevocably, and could not advance one step to meet us, even though the Church of England should again become what it was in Laud's

*A., 34.

†A., 33.

‡In 1865, Newman adds: "Once we heard him preach at a church in the Corso," in Rome.

§1864, p. 99; A., 34.

time, or indeed what it may have been up to the. . . . Council, for Mon. (Wiseman) admitted that many things, *e. g.*, the doctrine of Mass, which were fixed then, had been indeterminate before. So much for the Council of Trent, for which Christendom has to thank Luther and the Reformers. (Newman) declares that ever since I heard this I have become a staunch Protestant, which is a most base calumny on his part, though I own it has altogether changed my notions of the Roman Catholics, and made me wish for the total overthrow of their system. I think that the only *τοπος* now is the "ancient Church of England," and as an explanation of what one means, "Charles the First and the Nonjurors."

This was the result on Hurrell Froude's mind. Newman felt very much the same. In an article on *Home Thoughts Abroad*, written while he was at Rome, he says:*

I say nothing here of the intense hatred of us, and the iron temper with which she resists all proposals of ever so little concession. She multiplies her requisitions of belief upon us in matters great and little, till we are forced to dissent from her, as robbing us of our Christian liberty; and then she denies the Sacraments, which are the means of future life, except on the terms of our admitting all she chooses to impose. . . . Happily for us, we had the Apostolical Succession within our own country, and so could consecrate the bread and wine without her. . . . Time softens not her resentment; a hard mother she, with no relentings of parental affection or misgivings of purpose, she is looking on, at this very time, with satisfaction at the prospect of our Church's destruction.

Again, writing to his sister Jemima, on April 13, 1833, he says:†

Oh, if that Rome were not Rome! but I seem to see as clear as day that a union with her is impossible. She is the cruel Church asking of us impossibilities, excommunicating us for disobedience, and now watching and exulting over our approaching overthrow.

Even as late as 1837 he writes thus:‡

If we are induced to believe the professions of Rome, and make advances towards her as if a sister or a mother Church, which in theory she is, we shall find too late that we are in

**L.*, 444. Sent to R. H. Froude, August 22, 1833, published in the *British Magazine*, February, 1834, p. 131 (the same number in which "Lead, Kindly Light" appeared).

†*L.*, 385.

‡*Prophetical Office of the Church*, 1837, p. 100.

the hands of a pitiless and unnatural relative, who will but triumph in the arts which have inveigled us within her reach. No; dismissing the dreams which the romance of early Church history and the high theory of Catholicism will raise in the guileless and inexperienced mind, let us be sure that she is our enemy, and will do us a mischief if she can.

Wiseman, on his side, was much impressed by the interview. "He was struck," says his biographer, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, "by the truly Catholic temper of mind of the two men, and by their utter sincerity." Writing in 1847, he said: "From the day of Newman and Froude's visit to me, never for an instant did I waver in my conviction that a new era had commenced in England."* This conviction led him to arrange his work so as to be able to return to England,† and there watch the course of events. It was his article in the *Dublin Review* for August, 1839, on *Tracts for the Times* (it deals largely with St. Augustine and the Donatists) that first seriously shook Newman's faith in the theory of a *Via Media*.‡ But he did not begin to correspond with Newman till 1841, and then he says he did so, "Not as presuming upon the passing acquaintance I made with you some years ago in Rome."§

Thus, then, it was Wiseman who gave the Oxford Movement its impetus and its direction. If he had tried to meet Froude and Newman half-way, if he had tried to smooth away their difficulties, it is not at all probable that they would have been willing to submit to reordination. Indeed Wiseman does not seem to have been at all anxious that they should do so just then. Even if Hurrell Froude had returned to England with the determination to work out his dreams of corporate reunion, he would have got no help from John Keble or from Isaac Williams. There might have been an Oxford Movement in the direction of corporate reunion; but the time was certainly not ripe for it.

The blank *non possumus* attitude of Wiseman was to Froude and Newman a cruel disappointment and a stinging rebuff. If Rome had no kindlier greeting, it was useless to parley further. They had a mission; there was work for them in England. They must not despair of their own Mother Church; they must return and devote themselves to her regeneration. They must seek to revive in her, as Newman says:

That primitive Christianity which was delivered for all time

*Wiseman's *Life and Times*, 1897, i., p. 117.

†*A.*, 64.

‡*A.*, 116-117.

§Wiseman's *Life and Times*, i., p. 375.

by the early teachers of the Church, and which was registered and attested in the Anglican formularies and by the Anglican divines. That ancient religion had well-nigh faded away out of the land.....and it must be restored. It would be in fact a second Reformation; a better reformation, for it would be a return, not to the sixteenth century, but to the seventeenth.*

Froude returned home full of energy at the prospect of doing something for the Church. He said to Isaac Williams:

Isaac, we must make a row in the world.....Only consider what the Peculiars (*i. e.*, the Evangelicals) have done with a few half truths to work upon! And with our principles, if we set resolutely to work, we can do the same..... Church principles, forced on people's notice, must work for good. However, we must try; and Newman and I are determined to set to work as soon as he returns, and you must join with us. We must have short tracts, and letters in the *British Magazine*, and verses, and these you can do for us—and get people to preach sermons on the Apostolical Succession, and the like. And let us come and see old Palmer (the Rev., afterwards Sir, William Palmer, Bart., of Worcester College, Oxford, author of the *Origines Liturgicæ*), and get him to do something.†

So they stirred up Palmer and John Keble; and in June, 1833, Froude, Keble, and Isaac Williams began to publish the *Lyra Apostolica* in the *British Magazine*. "This, indeed," says Isaac Williams,‡ "Newman did not like, when he returned, for he wished to have had throughout the management." John Keble preached his Assize Sermon on National Apostacy on July 14, 1833,§ without any consultation with Newman, and the famous meeting at Mr. H. J. Rose's rectory at Hadleigh, in the end of July, 1833,|| which was the formal start of the Tractarian Movement, was held without Newman being present. If Newman had never returned from Sicily, there would still have been a Tractarian Movement.

Newman had found Mr. Neate, another Fellow of Oriel, at Rome,¶ and had hoped to have him as companion in his expedition to Sicily; but in the end Neate determined to go to Dresden.** Newman would not change his plans; drawn on, as he says,†† "by a strange love of Sicily." At Naples, he engaged a man servant,‡‡ and on landing at Messina started off with him,§§ taking two mules

*A., 43.
¶L., 356.

†W., 63.
**L., 372.

‡W., 65.
††L., 383.

§L., 414.
‡‡L., 392.

||L., 432, 443.
§§L., 396.

and a muleteer, to explore a country then innocent of railways, and in many parts innocent even of roads. He was delighted with Taormina, and with the view of Etna. Of Taormina he says:

I never saw anything more enchanting than this spot. It realized all one had read of in books about scenery—a deep valley, brawling streams, beautiful trees, the sea (heard) in the distance. . . . I never knew that Nature could be so beautiful; and to see that view was the nearest approach to seeing Eden. O happy I! It was worth coming all the way, to endure sadness, loneliness, dreariness, to see it.*

He found the ascent of Etna impracticable,† and contented himself with going on to Catania. From Catania he went to Syracuse in an open boat,‡ on account of the wretched roads, and intended to have returned to Catania by boat. The wind changing, they landed at Augusta (Agosta) at eight in the morning on April 29th, but were so much delayed, over quarantine and passports, that they did not start on the way to Catania till three in the afternoon.§ The season had been a very wet one,|| and the district they passed through on the way to Catania was, and is, one of the most fever-stricken in Sicily. The day was broiling hot;|| as the evening drew on, the fever laden mists began to rise from the marshes. On the journey they went over the moor, the fen, the crag, the torrent. They first passed, he says,** over wild heath, then cornland, then wood, then descended to the plain. They found that they had still eighteen miles to go,†† three rivers to ford or ferry over, and that the neighborhood of the second river‡‡ was infested by robbers. Whether a will-o'-the-wisp from the marshes misled them, Newman does not say; but the guide lost his way§§ just at the most suspicious part of the journey. They had not even the kindly light of the cottages, for by this time the brigands had evidently concluded that no one worth robbing would run the risk of malaria, and had retired to their beds. However, at last they reached Catania between eleven and twelve o'clock at night.||||

Next day, Newman felt the fever coming on,||| but started to cross the island by the side of Etna to Adernò, and then west to get to Girgenti.*** At Leonforte, about the centre of the island,††† he found he could go no further; and lay there three days, with the fever increasing.‡‡‡ He felt so ill that he gave his servant

*L., 397.

†L., 399.

‡L., 406.

§L., 406.

||L., 405.

||L., 406.

**L., 403.

††L., 406.

‡‡L., 403.

§§L., 406.

||||L., 406.

|||L., 403, 413.

***L., 414, 418.

†††L., 415.

‡‡‡L., 407.

directions what to do in case of his death; but expressed to him a confident conviction that he would not die,* adding that he thought God had still work for him to do.† Then he took it into his head that he was better and started afresh;‡ but, after going seven miles, he had to lie down exhausted in a roadside hut. A doctor, who happened to pass by,§ felt his pulse, and relieved him so far that he was able, on May 6th,|| to get to Castrogiovanni, the ancient Enna. There he lay for many days between life and death; but in the end he slowly recovered,¶ while others in the town, stricken with a similar fever, passed away. On the twelfth day after the crisis, he started for Palermo. When he got there, he says: "I could not read, nor write, nor talk, nor think. I had no memory, and very little of the reasoning faculty."**

Later on, this illness appeared to him as a very important crisis in his life,†† partly as a judgment on self-will, partly as a sign of God's electing and directing grace. The latter idea is clearly expressed in his story with a purpose, entitled *Loss and Gain* (1848, p. 185), where, speaking of his hero, really speaking of himself, he says:

He could not escape the destiny of being one of the elect of God; he could not escape that destiny which the grace of his Redeemer had stamped on his soul in baptism, which his good angel had seen written there, and had done his zealous part to keep inviolate and bright, which his own coöperation with the influences of Heaven had confirmed and secured..... he could not ultimately escape his destiny of becoming a Catholic.

He wrote out, at intervals, from 1834 to 1840, a long and dreamy and confused account of the illness, in which, for example, he says:

I felt it was a punishment‡‡ for my wilfulness in going to Sicily by myself.....yet I felt and kept saying to myself,§§ "I have not sinned against light," and at one time I had a most consoling, overpowering thought of God's electing love, and seemed to feel I was His.....Next day the self-reproaching feelings increased. I seemed to see more and more my utter hollowness.....I compared myself with Keble, and felt that I was merely developing his, not my convictions..... I believe myself at heart to be nearly hollow, *i. e.*, with little

*L., 407.

†L., 418.

‡L., 407.

§L., 420.

||L., 420.

¶L., 422-425.

**L., 408.

††L., 412.

‡‡L., 413.

§§L., 416.

love, little self-denial.....I thought* I had been very self-willed about the tutorship affair, and now I viewed my whole course as one of presumption. It struck me that the 5th of May was just at hand, which was a memorable day as being that on which (what we called) my Ultimatum was sent in to the Provost.....I recollected, too, that my last act on leaving Oxford was to preach a University sermon against self-will.....Yet still I said to myself, "I have not sinned against light".....I had a strange feeling† on my mind that God meets those who go on in *His way*, who remember Him in His way, in the paths of the Lord; that I must put myself in His path, His way, that I must do my part, and that He met those who rejoice and worked righteousness (Isaiah lxiv. 5, A. V.) and remembered Him in His ways.

These were some of his thoughts at Leonforte in the first stage of his illness; in the second stage, at Castrogiovanni, his thoughts were very wandering, and hardly worth recording. At last, on May 25th, he set out for Palermo. When he got up the next morning, he says: "I sat some time by the bedside,‡ crying bitterly, and all I could say was that I was sure God had some work for me to do in England." He got to Palermo on May 27th, and was nearly three weeks there, expecting to sail almost daily,§ very homesick, and much disappointed at the delay. At last he got off, on June 13th; but by delaying they had lost the favorable wind.

The average passage, he had been told, was six days; but he had been warned that calms of twelve or even twenty days were common at that time of year.|| On June 1st he had again begun writing poems. By these, we find that on June 14th they were still only "Off Monte Pellegrino," *i. e.*, still in the Bay of Palermo, three hundred miles from the Straits of Bonifacio. If he composed a poem on June 15th, it has not been traced; on June 16th, while still "At Sea," he composed "Lead, Kindly Light." On the 17th they were off Sardinia, *i. e.*, becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio (see his *Verses*, 1874, p. 154); were "At Sea" again on June 22d, but did not cover the two hundred and forty miles from Bonifacio to Marseilles till June 27th.

So far has been clear enough; now we pass into the region of uncertainty.

In his *Verses on Various Occasions*, 1868, Newman marks "Lead, Kindly Light" as written on June 16th. But *where* did he

**L.*, 417.†*L.*, 419.‡*L.*, 428.§*L.*, 428.||*L.*, 410.

write it? He gives two accounts which cannot be reconciled. In the first edition of the *Apologia* (1864, p. 99) he says:

At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Then it was that I wrote the lines, "Lead, Kindly Light," which have since become well-known.*

But in the 1873 edition (p. 35), and in later editions, he says:

At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines, "Lead, Kindly Light," which have since become well-known. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. I was writing verses the whole time of my passage.

Why did Newman make this change? He tells us in the preface to the *Apologia*† that he wrote that book with his memoranda and letters unsorted. But before he published his *Verses* in 1868 he had looked up his memoranda, for all the poems there are marked with the date and place of writing. "Lead, Kindly Light" is dated "At Sea, June 16, 1833." The poem for the next day is dated "Off Sardinia, June 17, 1833." That is, his memoranda stated that on June 16th they were still in the open sea, but had reached the Straits on June 17th. The ship, which was only a small orange boat, is hardly likely to have done the three hundred miles from Monte Pellegrino to Bonifacio by June 16th. And yet, at least, as late as 1882, Newman spoke of writing the poem in the Straits.

Mr. John Wilkinson (afterwards a Prebendary of Salisbury), while making a sketching tour in France as a lad of seventeen, met Newman in Paris in July, 1833; and his account would have settled the question, if it had been recorded at the time. Unfortunately, he never wrote it out, and the final form in the family tradition has evidently grown by repetition.

Newman, in 1833, had a strong prejudice against the French nation, as imbued with the Revolutionary spirit.‡ While nearing Marseilles he wrote an apostrophe to France (*Verses*, 1868, p. 181, headed "Apostacy," and dated "Off the French Coast, June 26, 1833"), which ends thus:

And so in silence I will now proclaim
Hate of thy present self, and scarce will sound thy name.

*A., 35

†A., xx.

‡Cf. L., 233.

In the *Apologia* (1864, p. 97) he says:

It was the success of the Liberal cause which fretted me inwardly.* I became fierce against its instruments and its manifestations. A French vessel was at Algiers; I would not even look at the tricolor. On my return, though forced to stop a day at Paris,† I kept indoors the whole time, and all that I saw of that beautiful city was what I saw from the diligence.

The reason why he stayed in Paris even for a day was because the places in all the diligences for the northern ports were already booked. Mr. J. B. Mozeley (writing to his brother Thomas on July 12, 1833)‡ says that Newman would have had to stay longer if a passenger booked to Dieppe had not vacated his place. Newman thus crossed to Brighton, passed through London,§ and reached his mother's house at Iffley on July 9, 1833; his brother, Francis William, returned there earlier in the same day.||

Feeling stranded in Paris, he seems to have welcomed the sight of a young Englishman, and before parting gave Mr. Wilkinson a *Plan de Paris*, with the inscription "J. H. Newman, Paris, 1833." This *Plan* is now in the possession of the Rev. J. F. Wilkinson of Barley; who, in the course of a long correspondence in 1911, reported his father as saying that Newman

found himself, after a storm, becalmed and enveloped in a thick and depressing fog in the Straits of Bonifacio. It was in the night.....My father used to tell us how Newman had read the poem to him, and how fervently he acknowledged the Divine support in the mental and physical depression, almost despair, into which he had sunk, being, in his great weakness, so susceptible to the terrible clinging darkness of the fog, which succeeded the storm.

Newman seems to have kept his own counsel after returning home, and did not even show the poem to Isaac Williams, his curate and his intimate friend. The publication of the *Lyra Apostolica* poems had begun in the *British Magazine* for June, 1833, and went on regularly from month to month; but "Lead, Kindly Light" did not appear there till February, 1834. Isaac Williams states that he saw it there for the first time, and said to Newman:

"Whose poem is that? John Keble's, is it not? It is not like you; but, if it is yours, I will tell you when it was written.

*A., 33.

†"Twenty-four hours," in 1865.

‡*Letters of the Rev. J. B. Mozeley, D.D.*, 1885, p. 31. §L., 412. ||A., 35.

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It was when you were coming home ill." He answered, "You are quite right. It was on board the vessel from Sicily, when I was just recovering, and very weak." And this accounts for a tone in that poem which is unlike Newman, more subdued and touching. But yet, I have heard it noticed by Copeland (*i. e.*, Rev. W. J. Copeland, sometime Newman's curate at Littlemore, afterwards Rector of Farnham in Essex) that it ends unlike the resignation of the Psalmist in Psalm xlii. (A. V.)*

Newman says, plainly enough, that he had not the least idea of its ever being sung. If he had meant it to be sung, he might very well have ended, as Copeland suggests, with some such thought as this: "The morning light will show how wisely God has led me, and what good cause I have to thank God and take courage."

In 1834, the title given to the poem is "Faith." In the collected edition of the *Lyra Apostolica*, 1836, p. 28, it is headed "Unto the Godly there ariseth up Light in the Darkness." In Newman's Verses, 1853, p. 24, it is headed "Grace of Congruity." These titles, it will be observed, all carry out the same idea. It is the son, now repentant and going to meet the Father, resolved to seek to deserve his Father's favor by working righteousness and walking in his Father's ways. It is still a purely individual matter. It is, as he says, in the *Apologia*:

In the intercourse between God and the soul, during a season of recollection, of repentance, of good resolution, of inquiry into vocation—the soul was *sola cum solo*; there was no cloud interposed between the creature and the Object of his faith and love. The command practically enforced was, "My son, give Me thy heart."†

After the publication of the *Apologia*, the poem seems to have assumed a new importance in Newman's mind; he momentarily lost the sense of perspective; and in 1868 he entitled it, "The Pillar of the Cloud." Looked at as a treatment of this theme, Mr. W. T. Stead was quite justified in saying (*Hymns that have Helped*, 1896, No. 38) that William Williams' (1717-1791) "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah" is worth a hundred "Lead, Kindly Lights." Dr. E. A. Abbott, in his book on *The Anglican Career of Cardinal Newman* (1892, i., p. 288), takes this title as the keynote of his commentary on the poem. His analysis is certainly ingenious; but it is hardly what Newman meant in 1833.

The writing of "Lead, Kindly Light" evidently clarified New-

**W.*, 58.

†*A.*, 196.

man's brain. The result is seen in that series of poems written before he reached Marseilles, notably in the two splendid studies after the style of the tragic Greek chorus ("Man is permitted much," written "At Sea, June 25th," and "O Piteous Race," written "Off Marseilles Harbor, June 27th") which, with "Lead Kindly Light" (this Mr. R. H. Hutton justly describes as "shining with the softest and the whitest poetic lustre"), make up the trio of what Mr. Hutton (*Cardinal Newman*, 1891, p. 43) regarded as "his most exquisite poems." But the touching little poem entitled "Desolation" (written "Off Sardinia, June 18th") shows that the clouds did not lift at once:

Oh, say not thou art left of God,
Because His tokens in the sky
Thou canst not read: this earth He trod
To teach thee He was ever nigh.

He sees, beneath the fig-tree green,
Nathaniel con His sacred lore;
Should'st thou thy chamber seek, unseen,
He enters through the unopened door.

And when thou liest, by slumber bound,
Outwearied in the Christian fight,
In glory, girt with Saints around,
He stands above thee through the night.

When friends to Emmaus bend their course,
He joins, although He holds their eyes;
Or, should'st thou feel some fever's force,
He takes thy hand, He bids thee rise.

Or on a voyage, when calms prevail,
And prison thee upon the sea,
He walks the wave, He wings the sail,
The shore is gained, and thou art free.*

Let me now gather together other things which Newman himself said about the poem.

Writing in 1874 to E. H. Bickersteth, he says:†

I agree with you that these verses are not a hymn, nor

*L., 411 shows that at Lyons, on July 1st, he could, in writing to his mother, still say, "I am quite desolate. I am tempted to say, 'Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.'"

†*Life of Edward Henry Bickersteth*, 1907, p. 199, dated from The Oratory, June 20, 1874.

are they suitable for singing; and it is that which at once surprises and gratifies me, and makes me thankful that, in spite of their having no claim to be used as a hymn, they have made their way into so many collections.

Lord Ronald Gower, in his *Old Diaries*, 1902 (p. 15), says that, in 1882, he had received a letter from Queen Victoria, in which she wrote:

This is a pilgrimage, a great struggle, and not our real home, and we may say, in those beautiful lines:

So long Thy power hath led me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Thinking it would please Cardinal Newman to know that the Queen had quoted his beautiful lines, I took the opportunity while at Trentham that autumn, to call upon him at Edgbaston. The most interesting subject he spoke about referred to his hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," which he said he had composed on board ship during a calm between Sardinia and Corsica. That hymn, he said, was not his feeling now. "For, we Catholics," he said with a kind smile, "believe that we have found the Light." He again alluded to his hymn saying, that he did not consider himself a poet; but "Faber is one," he added.

Again: George Huntington (who in 1866 became Rector of Tenby, where the Cardinal's youngest brother, Charles Robert Newman lived up to 1884) says, in his *Random Recollections* (1893, p. 246), that he once called on Newman at Edgbaston, and "ventured to say:"

It must be a great pleasure to you to know that you have written a hymn treasured wherever English-speaking Christians are to be found, and where are they not to be found? He was silent for some moments, and then said with emotion: "Yes, deeply thankful, and more than thankful." Then, after another pause: "But, you see, it is not the hymn, but the tune that has gained the popularity, the tune is Dykes," and Dr. Dykes was a great master.

In 1879, Dr. Greenhill, who was Church-warden of St. Mary's,

Oxford, at the time when Newman resigned the living, wrote to ask the meaning of the last two lines, mentioning Charles Marriott's suggestion, that they might refer to "the more intimate communion of infants with the unseen world of spirits, which was lost in later years." Newman's answer was this (under Jan. 18, 1879):

You flatter me by your question; but I think it was Keble who, when asked it in his own case, answered that poets were not bound to be critics, or to give a sense to what they had written, and, though I am not, like him, a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to remember my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of almost fifty years. Anyhow, there must be a statute of limitation for writers of verse, or it would be quite a tyranny, if, in an art which is the expression not of truth but of imagination and sentiment, one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient states of mind which come upon one when homesick, or seasick, or in any other way sensitive or excited.

Dr. Greenhill comments thus:

On this letter, so felicitously expressed, two remarks may be made: (1) Dr. Newman does not say that he had forgotten his own meaning, but that he was not "bound to remember" it; and (2) he does not say that the meaning of the words was plain enough to all but idiots, as he might easily have done, if their obvious sense were the true or only one. . . . the matter seems to rest thus, viz., that while almost every person who reads these lines will apply them only to departed friends, those few who, as an additional or alternative sense, are inclined to adopt Charles Marriott's suggestion, are quite justified in doing so.*

In Tennyson's *Memoir by his Son*,† a conversation is reported between Tennyson and his doctor. The doctor said:

I see Newman was asked as to his meaning of two lines of "Lead, Kindly Light," and frankly acknowledged that he had forgotten what he was driving at. . . . (Tennyson rejoined) "I daresay Newman may have forgotten. It would be hard indeed to remember the 'atmosphere' of each thought. When young men ask me the interpretation of some of my early lines, I sometimes forget, and can only answer with Goethe: 'You probably know better than I do, being young.'"

**Academy*, August 3, 1890, p. 174.

†Alfred Lord Tennyson: *A Memoir by his Son*, 1897, vol. ii., pp. 228, 229.

Newman must indeed for the moment have forgotten his own meaning when he chose the title "The Pillar of the Cloud;" and in his *Apologia*, speaking of the materials he used for that book, he says:

As to the volumes which I have published, they would in many ways serve me, were I well up in them; but though I took great pains in their composition, I have thought little about them, when they were once out of my hands; and for the most part the last time I read them has been when I revised their last proof sheets.*

But, in the light of his other sayings, it is probable that the real thought at the back of his mind was something like this: "I am glad and thankful that people should find comfort and encouragement in my lines. Why disturb them by laying down one hard and fast interpretation? Much better leave them free to read in their own ideas."

When, in his last hours, Newman gave a final judgment upon the poem, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell tells us it was this:†

On one of these days he asked some of the Fathers to come in and play or sing to him Father Faber's hymn of "The Eternal Years." When they had done so once, he made them repeat it, and this several times. "Many people," he said, speak well of my 'Lead, Kindly Light,' but this is far more beautiful. Mine is of a soul in distress;—this, of the Eternal Light."

Turn now to the Catholic model.

This is a passage (pt. i., 1, 62 ff.) in the poem of "Glorious John" Dryden, the Catholic poet laureate, entitled *The Hind and the Panther*, 1867. Newman, as both his *Apologia* (1865, p. 31) and his *Prophetical Office* (1837, p. 140) show, was well acquainted with this poem, and may have taken a copy with him abroad. It is in one of the volumes of the Aldine Dryden, issued in a pocket size in 1832-33, published by William Pickering and edited by the Rev. John Mitford, who was himself an Oriel man:

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost Thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.

*A., xx.

†Cardinal Newman, by Wilfrid Meynell, 1907, p. 121.

Oh, teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
 And search no further than Thyself revealed;
 But her alone for my director take
 Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
 My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
 My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
 Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
 My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
 Such was I, such by nature still I am;
 Be Thine the glory, and be mine the shame!
 Good life be now my task; my doubts are done.

Here the guiding Light, the director, is the Infallible Holy Catholic Church. That was Newman's belief also in 1882, when he said, "We Catholics believe that we have found the Light." But, as he said in 1882, it was not his feeling in the year 1833.

What then was the "Kindly Light" of Newman's poem?

Mr. Spurgeon, in his *Commentary on the Psalms*,* took the "Kindly Light" to mean Holy Scripture. That might have passed for Newman's meaning if he had written in 1822; by 1833 his views, as we have seen, had changed.

Does Newman use "kindly" in its modern sense? Like the term "garish" day, it is much more Elizabethan, or seventeenth century, in tone. He seems to revert to the meaning in Sidney's *Arcadia*, i. e., "inward, innate, implanted by nature." He means therefore "Inward Light," and this Inward Light is his Conscience. Here he follows Bishop Sanderson, who says, for example:†

"Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" says our Savior. As if He had said: "You have an Inward Light, which is a ray of that True Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; by the assistance of this Light you will be able. . . . to discover the right way of your duty, and to walk accordingly." (And again): Every particular man has a Conscience given him to be a God to him; which, as Deputy of the Almighty, and a Preacher of His eternal law, dictates what he ought to do, and to avoid.

And Newman himself in his *Letter Addressed to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk* (1875, p. 55 ff.) says that Conscience is "the Voice of God in the nature and heart of man; as distinct from the voice of Revelation. . . . Conscience is the aboriginal Vicar of

**Treasury of David*, vol. vi., 1882, p. 248, under Ps. cxix., 105.

†*Lectures on Conscience and Human Law*, edited by Bishop Christopher Wordsworth of Lincoln, 1877, p. 95, and p. 30.

Christ." So in his sermon on St. Thomas, published in 1835, he speaks of "the Invisible Guide who has a claim to be followed," and of "the Divine Voice within him." And in one of the poems written between Bonifacio and Marseilles ("At Sea, June 25th") he says:*

When I look back upon my former race,
Seasons I see, at which the Inward Ray
More brightly burned, or guided some new way;
Truth, in its wealthier scene and nobler space
Given for my eye to range, and feet to trace.
And next I mark, 'twas trial did convey,
Or grief, or pain, or strange eventful day,
To my tormented soul such larger grace.
So now, whene'er, in journeying on, I feel
The shadow of the Providential Hand,
Deep breathless stirrings shoot across my breast,
Searching to know what He will now reveal,
What sin uncloak, what stricter rule command,
And girding me to work His full behest.

And what of the last two lines of the poem?

By angel faces Newman means the faces of Angels; he does not mean the faces of his departed friends. Why then did he not say so to Dr. Greenhill? His *Lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church* (1837, p. 17) show one reason:†

Should a man.....profess to regulate his conduct under the notion that he is seen by invisible spectators, that he and all Christians have upon them the eyes of Angels.....would he not at first be thought to speak poetically, and so excusedand when he was understood to speak literally, would not his views to a certainty be met with grave, cold, contemptuous, or impatient looks, as idle, strained, and unnatural?

Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, in reviewing the *Lyra Apostolica* (*British Critic*, January, 1837, p. 178 ff.), complains of Newman's verses as often marred by ellipses, or, as he expresses it, by "the multiplication of abbreviations." Here what Newman laments is not the loss of the angel faces, but the loss of the smile on the angel faces. Expressed at length it would be:

**British Magazine*, 1834 (November, p. 512), headed "Providences." *Lyra Apostolica*, 1836, no. xxxii., p. 35, headed "Discipline." *Verses*, 1853, p. 28, headed "Progress." *Verses*, 1868, p. 178, headed "Semita Justorum."

†Cf. *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, 1835, no. xxix., St. Michael. "Surely it is a great comfort to reflect that, wherever we go, we have those about us, who are ministering to all the heirs of salvation, though we see them not."

And with the morn those angel faces (which watch over me
smile upon me with that) smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

In a poem written at Iffley, on November 29th, 1832, he says :*

Erst my good Angel shrank to see
My thoughts and ways of ill;
And now he scarce dare gaze on me,
Scar-seamed and crippled still.

And in a later poem to his Guardian Angel he says :†

And when, ere boyhood yet was gone,
My rebel spirit fell,
Ah! thou didst see, and shudder too,
Yet bear each deed of Hell.

And then in turn, when judgments came,
And scared me back again,
Thy quick soft breath was near to soothe
And hallow every pain.

When one turns to his poems on the "Faithful Departed," we find one written at Augusta, while he was waiting to start on the eventful journey to Catania. Here he takes his picture from Taormina; and not from what he saw at Augusta; and the imagery of Paradise is taken from the view of Etna (*Verses*, 1874, p. 132; Agosta, April 29, 1833).

Dear sainted Friends, I call not you
To share the joy serene
Which flows upon me from the view
Of crag and steep ravine.

Ye, on that loftier mountain old,
Safe lodged in Eden's cell
Whence run the rivers four, behold
This earth, as ere it fell!

Or, when ye think of those who stay
Still tried by the world's fight,
'Tis but in looking for the day
Which shall the lost unite.

**British Magazine*, November 1833, p. 518. *Lyra Apostolica*, 1836, no. xii., p. 12, headed "Confession." *Verses*, 1853, p. 19, "The Scars of Sin." It begins "My smile is bright."

†*Verses*, 1853, p. 12, headed "Guardian Angel." *Verses*, 1868, p. 291, headed "Guardian Angel," and dated The Oratory, 1853.

Ye rather, elder Spirits strong!
 Who from the first have trod
 This nether scene, man's race among,
 The while ye live to God.

Ye hear, and ye can sympathize.

There the Angels are not the "sainted Friends," but the "elder Spirits." After his return, he wrote a companion poem at Oxford:*

They are at rest;

We may not stir the heaven of their repose
 By rude invoking voice, or prayer address

In waywardness to those
 Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie,
 And hear the fourfold river as it murmurs by.

They hear it sweep

In distance down the dark and savage vale;
 But they at rocky bed, or current deep,

Shall never more grow pale;
 They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
 How long, untired, unspent, that giant stream shall flow.

And soothing sounds

Blend with the neighboring waters as they glide;
 Posted along the haunted garden's bounds

Angelic forms abide—
 Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove,
 The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant above.

This is much finer; but the local color is still taken from Toarmina and from Etna. And the angelic forms are still the Angels, spoken of now as those who watch round the Garden of Eden to keep out intruders.

Let me, at last, sum up:

One thing is beyond question, viz., that "Lead, Kindly Light" is a masterpiece of religious verse, and one of the very finest short poems in the English language. It is quite unlike any of Newman's earlier pieces; they are all more or less the carefully elaborated work of a man of genius, who was essentially a writer of prose. In this case, he was rapt out of himself. The poem was the fruit of a deep depression, a cry of emotion wrung almost involuntarily from his heart. His experience was that of the

**British Magazine*, October, 1835, p. 413, no title. *Lyra Apostolica*, 1836, p. 61, no. lii., headed "Rest." *Verses*, 1853, p. 47, rewritten as "Enoch and Elias." *Verses*, 1868, p. 201, rewritten as "Refrigerium," dated Oxford, 1835.

Psalmist: "My heart was hot within me, and while I was thus musing the fire kindled, and at the last I spake with my tongue." The thoughts and experiences of his days and nights in Sicily, his self-will, his willing self-surrender, his feeling that he is a son going to meet his Father resolved to take up the mission his Father has laid upon him, his hope that by God's help he will be able to play the man, and after the struggle will once more be consoled by the smile of his Guardian Angel—all these have, as it were, been fused in the furnace, and have come forth in bright and perfect shape.

But it is a personal matter between the individual soul and its Creator: it is the *ego*, not the devout soul voicing the thoughts and the feelings of its fellows in prayer and praise.

CHRIST'S CRADLE.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S.J.

THE Maid hath laid her Babe to rest—
O holy Babe! O Maiden blest!
Upon the cradle of her breast!

The purest couch in earth or sky,
Ah dearest bed, with veiled eye,
Upon His Mother's heart to lie!

It rocks Him soft, while every beat
A tale of love doth low repeat,
And heaveth now with sighs more sweet.

God lists the tender lullaby—
Nor all the choirs of Heaven, nigh,
Dare with that song in sweetness vie!

AMONG THE ROSES OF MADEIRA.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.



HAD believed in childhood that fairyland was a long journey away, somewhere off in that twilight country which lies just over the farthest hill, or myriads of leagues distant, an isle of dreams in some enchanted sea. And then a pitiless somebody informed me that fairyland was like the fairies—nowhere. How many years had I held for truth what my cravings and heart-longings wished were not so. But a cycle of misbelief is not too great a price for the fresh discovery that fairyland really is. Others had found it before me, of course, and had sung its wonders, and I had found the music sweet. But no song is as captivating as the melody your own ears listen to; no hour can be more joyous than the one lived within the ocean-cinctured fairy world itself. For you must go a-sailing to find this land of enchantment. Embark in any ship that follows the ocean lane between New York and Italy, any boat which will stop at Madeira, for to Madeira must you take yourself to reach the home of sheer beauty, the island Elysium. Madeira is a place you will remember all your life, and when you have left it, and the months and years pass by, the fascination and irresistible charm of the spot will hang like a spell over you, and you will feel the call to go back. The far-off voice will tremble in your ears, and if you have wisdom, if the busy world will have left you a single vein of poetic fancy, you will heed the welcome which comes a-whispering in the winds across the leagues of blue sea and return to the island of the blest.

Nine days we had joyed in the delights of ocean life, when we were informed that on the morrow we should reach Madeira. The steamer's schedule had told us as much, and we were all glad enough to enter our first haven, and see land again for the first time since losing sight of the coast line of New Jersey. We had heard that Madeira was a place of infinite delight, and we were pleased that our steamship company had the discretion to make the island a port of call. I suppose some of us had even read a little of its history. We knew that the island belonged to a group consisting of Madeira itself, Porto Santo, and the three uninhabited Desertas, Chao, Bugio, and Deserta Grande; that all five were of

volcanic origin; that the present population is about one hundred and fifty thousand, most of whom live on Madeira, which is the largest of the group, being thirty-seven miles long and fourteen miles across. Someone may have informed us that Madeira had been settled by the Portuguese in 1419, and that shortly afterward the grape-vines which were to give it name and fame had been transplanted from Crete. We knew, too, that the people had several industries, producing, among other articles, embroidery, laces, and inlaid laurel-wood. But one forgets those little details in all their accuracy, and for the moment I was willing to give myself over, not to the study of the statistics of its economic condition, nor to the consideration of the events of the island's history, but to the all-sufficient charm of its present, the present of a cloudless day in late June.

Madeira rises from the sea a high mountainous shoulder, clad in a mantle of the deepest green one may behold. It does not appear quite real as you view it from the steamer's deck; it is more like a massive painting thrust before your eyes, lowered suddenly from the heavens, or pushed upward from the deep, and anchored in place by the steady hand of an unseen Titan. But the island is there, with its Pico Ruivo six thousand feet above the water, and as the boat slackens its speed and steams slowly past the miles of coastland, you have time a-plenty to examine at your leisure the magic hills that have so lately been born for you. Far up on the towering heights may be seen the dark-green woodlands, and lower down the fields of sugar cane and the wheat fields, and the terraced vineyards that yield the luscious grapes for the wines. White against the eastern light the long lines of a convent stand forth, half-way up the high mountain, while on the level places, beside the shore for several miles, little villages cluster, the red roofs and white walls of the houses giving a wonderfully pleasing effect from the water. You see a deep ravine threading its way from the highlands to the sea, a great fissure in the uneven, undulating slopes. Now and again a cottage nestles amid the large trees on the higher plateaus, or a more pretentious quinta looks out over the sea from a point of vantage, while close by a winding road zigzags its way along the edge of a dizzy precipice. As you approach closer to the harbor, broken lines of red roofs in greater numbers come into view, and many more villas, and the towers of half-hidden churches glistening in the sunlight against the dark background of the hills. At last you pass Forte Ilheo and are in the bay, opposite the city of Funchal, the capital of Madeira.

Here in the beautiful harbor we anchored, coming to rest opposite the Portuguese warship which silently guarded the hillside city. We had been expected for days at the little port, and now the welcome was visibly assured in the shape of dozens of cockles swiftly propelled over the bay by the sturdy arms of their expert oarsmen. Some few were laden with native fruits, figs, strawberries, bananas, and pineapples, to vend to the strangers, but most of them carried one or two boys, who fain would dive for dimes or quarters tossed into the water by the steamer's passengers. The boys were excellent swimmers, and displayed a pardonable pride in their aquatic accomplishments. Whenever one of them reappeared from beneath the water after the plunge, he would invariably exhibit the recovered coin as a proof that neither his patron's munificence nor his own prowess had been in vain. It was a simple act, but its eloquence was decidedly engaging.

From this genial pastime of parting with our money, we were called by the advice that it was now possible to go aboard the tender which would carry us to the shore. On land the first thing that one observes are the lines of ox-carts drawn up to receive passengers. But my ticket, bought on board the steamer, called for automobile conveyance, and in this speedier but less picturesque vehicle I was soon whirling through the broad praça, up the cobble-paved street, along the Ribeira de Santa Luzia, round many a winding turn, to the little railway station that stands at the foot of the funicular railroad leading to the Monte. The street from the quay to the praça is a beautiful broad avenue, shaded by the wide-spreading fans of the tall, graceful plane trees which guard it on either side. This street, like all through which we drove, was very clean, and the cottages which we passed were pretty and neat-looking. We met many of the natives on the way, the dark-skinned men beaming a welcome upon us from their shops, the quiet and gentle faces of the women watching in mild interest the influx of American voyagers. Now and then an English resident might be observed looking at us from the sidewalk, for at all seasons of the year there are many strangers from the northern climes in Funchal in search of the health-giving tonic of the semi-tropical seas. The winters are exceedingly mild here, due mainly to the Canary branch of the Gulf Stream.

A train was just departing when we reached the ticket-office, and it was necessary to wait fifteen or twenty minutes before the next train would slowly back down the incline. During that interval I joined a party of my shipmates in the souvenir shop opposite

the station. The delay, however, was brief enough, and we were soon allowed to pass through the gates and climb aboard the train. Slowly the pony engine pulled the car up the steep track, so gradually that the little girls and boys who lived nearby could run beside the train and toss through the open windows bouquets of roses and camellias and rhododendrons, and many other flowers bewildering in their infinite variety. In a short time the car looked like a moving floral garden resplendent in the masses of flaming reds and gorgeous yellows and the palest of opal blues. This bombardment of flowers is a very charming custom, filled as it is with the grace and beauty of poetic fancy. Past the little stations of Livramento and Sant' Anna our journey led us, and from the car windows on either side could be seen a profusion of color and wealth of vegetation that left one well-nigh breathless in wonderment. You could scarcely believe that you were actually looking at a scene which had not been transplanted from Aladdin's Cathay. Trees of Europe are there, the pine and the plane and the maple and the oak, and mingled with them rise the tropical palms, camphor-trees, yuccas, magnolias, bamboos, and many more beside. One had time to feast one's eyes on the promenade of Santa Luzia, which extends along the levada or water-channel of the same name. Everywhere beyond the walls enclosing the railway tracks are to be viewed the fields of sugar cane stretching in long, narrow acres; and one could envy the rare imaginings that must be borne beneath the sheltering of the trellised grape-vines, which blossomed in purple and green in long lanes bordering the white and buff dwelling houses beside the way. But by this time our juvenile guard of honor had exhausted its badinage of compliment, and as one looked back over the traveled way one could see the little bare legs scampering down the stony path, each child hastening to cull more garlands from its own fragrant garden. The next train up the hill would incite a fresh war of the roses, and a soldier must always be ready to give battle.

Just as we were beginning to grow accustomed to the richness of the vegetation the train stopped at the Monte. One wondered what more could delight one's confused senses. But up here on the hilltop, two thousand feet above the shimmering waters of the Atlantic, rises the little church of Nossa Senhora do Monte. A choicer spot for our Lady's shrine could not well be imagined. After leaving the train you walk for a quarter of a mile through an inviting grove to the terrace of the chapel. Many thousands of

visitors have passed through these wooded walks every year for the last quarter of a century, while their boats waited in the harbor below; and I wondered how many of the throng of admirers recalled the kind old sexton who showed me the church and took me up to the belfry to see the bell that every day tolled out its message of hope to the Catholic population of the city. Each summer the little church is the scene of a fine display of religious faith during the nine days of the Novena. While this festival is in progress one may see the people of the town coming from near and far, all over this isle of loveliness, to pledge their fealty to the God who created their garden of flowers and all the beauty of the world. And when the service is over every morning, and the men and women and children leave the portals of the church to return to their homes, the fairy lane they walk, leading through the palms and the pines and the reddest of full-blown roses, cannot fail to strengthen their faith that the heavenly paradise must be beautiful beyond mortal conception.

As I paused on the church terrace I could see the Bay of Funchal in all its quiescent radiance; and on its waters many a tiny boat longing softly to slip its moorings and sail the deeper seas; and beyond the restful harbor the blue ocean stretching out toward the Canaries and the shores of Africa. Gazing far out over the illimitable desert of the sea, I knew that somewhere four hundred miles to the southeast lay Morocco, and I liked to imagine its sandy coast line swept by the hot breath of the Sahara; and behind me, two hundred leagues, to the northeast, was the mother country of Lusitania; and I almost, but not quite, forgot that three thousand miles to the westward the ocean waves met the world that Portugal had sought so fearlessly, and that I had left nine days before. In those good old days when Portugal shared with Spain the glory of discovery, Madeira was the first stopping-place for the Portuguese and Spanish argosies on their way to the New World. Funchal then was a centre of trade. The rugged island cliffs, like the frowning walls of Quebec, formed a natural barrier against the unfriendly salvos of an intrepid English or Dutch sea-dog, but the Portuguese were wary, and built four mighty fortresses to command the seas. By day their huge breastworks were clearly outlined in the full gleam of the southern sun, and steeped in the soft silence of a moonlit night they taught many a passing ship that Portugal was watchful of her honor and jealous of her fighting fame.

As the soft voice of the long ago faintly chimes in your imagination, you begin to dream of the missionaries who tarried for an hour here in Funchal to say farewell to their brother priests before the final journeying to the new lands in the western horizon. And you think, too, of their comrades back from Peru and Brazil and the Antilles, spent with months of weary voyaging; and of the tears of genuine joy that must have been shed as the green hills of Madeira rose from the sea before their eyes, and the Bay of Funchal offered their little boats the shelter of its untroubled waters. Many a priest who had seen the strange shores of America must now lie buried beneath the green terraces on Madeira's slopes, and the silent dust of many a wearer of the purple keeps them faithful company. For Leo X. made Funchal an episcopal see just four centuries ago, and about twenty-five years later Clement VII. gave it archiepiscopal dignity in order better to serve religion's cause in Africa and Asia. For a brief decade or so Angra, Cabo Verde, Goa, and Santo Thomê were its suffragans, but Funchal was soon after reduced to its former episcopal rank. Four hundred years have rolled over the island since those early days of missionary zeal, and to-day as the faithful priests of the Church of Our Lady look out in the twilight hour over the unrippled waters of the bay, they must often love to linger in memory over those who preached and prayed before them in the centuries that have gone to rest.

It is a delightful place for day-dreaming up here amid the evergreens and roses and fuchias. But down in the harbor the side of my steamer was gleaming in the noonday light, and I remembered that the day was wearing itself away while I was not yet ready to descend the mountain. To the right of the church a pathway takes one to a large hotel, where one may take luncheon on the wide balconies. After this repast I followed the walk eastward to view the grandeur of one of the ravines that traverse the length of the island. It is extremely interesting to note the industry with which the villagers have terraced the sides of the hills through which the gorges run, leveling off long stretches of soil for their wheat and maize and sugar cane. On my way back to the main-traveled path I met a group of five or six small Portuguese girls. Bright little maidens they were, with faces as sweet as the roses they carried in their hands. The children seemed to believe that I ought to have more flowers than I already displayed, so, of course, I became a convert to their faith, and bought three of their choicest roses. As a farewell tribute to my discerning taste

they formed a choral band, and, leading the way, sang what I must believe was a pæen of praise until we reached the Caminho do Monte, the toboggan slide down the mountain.

One may walk down the hill to the town, but the slide appealed to me, and I soon found myself examining the toboggans. They are graded in size, some being large enough to hold two or three, while others are built for a single passenger. They consist of flat baskets fitted on iron-covered runners, and are cushioned in such a way that one does not feel any jar during the swift descent. Choosing one of the newer-looking sledges, my companion and I were soon started on the thrilling ride. Two men, one on each side of the toboggan, held ropes attached to the car, and under their practiced guidance we were piloted in safety over the slippery raceway. When we were moving over the gentler declines of the pebble track the men ran at full speed, while on the steeper sections of the road, they kept the toboggan within the zone of safety by a backward pull on the ropes. For fifteen minutes our ride continued, and we finally stopped at the foot of the hill, within easy view of the wide square of the Praça da Constituição. Coasting over snow-clad hills is not quite like the experience of shooting these terrestrial rapids, but most of the joys of the winter sport are duplicated on the sledge slide, save the tingling sensation of the snow dust in your face. And perhaps the flowers overhanging the wall on either side of the mile run compensated us for the absence of January and its snows. For everywhere were rich blooms in red and white and purple drooping over the garden walls, telling their story of the luxuriance of floral grandeur lying behind.

Our toboggan ride was over, and we were down in the lower levels of the town again, a short distance away from the cathedral church in the Largo da Sé. In comparison with the magnificent temples in the Italian cities, this church is not an impressive edifice. Still there is a haunting beauty about it, and a simplicity of appeal which preserves the atmosphere of distant days. It has a quiet dignity all its own, a serenity unshaken by the rumbling of revolutions or the tottering of proud dynasties. Kings or presidents may rule in the splendid halls of Lisbon, but the humble cathedral in Funchal, with many a hallowed memory clinging to its altars, lives on in undismayed tranquility, continuing the mission that changes not with the vicissitudes of men and things.

Opposite the cathedral, and on the other side of the spacious praça, is the public park. Lack of time prevented me from visiting

this, but I am sure that the vegetation and flowers in the Jardim Municipal do not suffer when compared with the wealth I had already seen. I had hoped, too, to make my pilgrimage to the convent church of Santa Clara, as it is here that Zarco, the discoverer of Madeira, lies buried, but this also I had to forego.

As I was leaving the cathedral, I heard the hoarse call of the steamer's whistle coming over the water. This was the signal that it was time for us to return to the wharf if we wished to sail to Italy on the big liner which was waiting in the harbor. So we hurried to the pier and stepped aboard the tender, to be carried back to our homes on the ocean steamer. Everybody had purchased some souvenir of Madeira. Some of my shipmates had invested their money in laces and handkerchiefs, others had brought aboard some of the delicious figs and luscious strawberries, and still others had chosen to allow their recollections to cluster about some pretty pieces of inlaid wood. There was an exchange of impressions about the island we had left, and the universal opinion was the individual one, that Madeira was the garden of the gods. When we had disembarked in the morning we were pretty well acquainted, but when we returned to the ship we returned as friends, a friendship born of the love which we shared in common for the beautiful city across the bay.

Once more the steamer's engines began to revolve, and as we moved out from the harbor we felt that Madeira and the beauty of its floral world were slowly slipping away from us. For hours its green hills were clearly visible from the departing vessel, and as the evening twilight began to creep over the grey ocean, our last backward glances caught sight of the steep slopes of the mountain island. It was with the lingering of first love that we said adios to the flowery island in the sea. The night softly drew the curtain over the vision of day, but stored away in memory's treasure trove lay fresh and unshadowed the beauty of old Madeira. And as God's starry roses blossomed forth in the sky and hung themselves in wondrous festoons above us, we silently ploughed through the white-capped seas toward the welcoming waters of the Mediterranean. And as we looked out over the deep and watched the myriad foam pearls dissolve in the magic of the June moonlight, there was a touch of ill-concealed sadness about us all in the consciousness that there lay behind us, somewhere in the infinitude of the ocean's loving embrace, the little island of Madeira, the olden gateway of the western world.

New Books.

THE HOME BOOK OF VERSE, AMERICAN AND ENGLISH.

Selected and arranged by Burton Egbert Stevenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$7.50.

We envy the fine raptures of any poetry-loving youth whose eyes first light upon these "realms of gold." We of an older generation remember the delighted hours that sped in Bryant's *Library of Poetry and Song*. A noble anthology as we recall it; and in many a young heart did it awaken an undying love of poetry. It made us marvel—for a season—that anyone should be so dull as to read mere prose when the world was aglow with entrancing poetry. Yet have we here a nobler anthology, culled not only from familiar gardens, but from fresh fields and pastures new, or by stray paths on olden hills of song: all the joys of all the muses flowering in a single tome. Take it, boy or girl, youth or maiden, and if you do not learn from it to love the delights of poesy, know that you are fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils. You are doomed to perpetual poring over newspapers, to the playing of bridge, to the reading of Marie Corelli, or, if possible, to some worse fate.

In a word we mean to say that Burton Egbert Stevenson has given us a splendid collection of poetry and verse. He had plenty of room to do it in; for this volume, which is not bulky, thanks to the India rice paper, contains three thousand six hundred pages of text, plus more than two hundred pages of indexes. As the table of contents embraces sixty pages, evidently we can give only a faint idea of the wealth spread before us. The work is arranged topically, and may properly be called not an anthology, but a collection of anthologies. There is enough for every taste, the selections ranging from nursery rhymes to Milton and Keats, from the immortal Solomon Grundy, who was born on Monday, to the not more "immortal Bird," who

oft-times hath

Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in færy lands forlorn.

Between these extremes is every variety of verse conveying every variety of mood and feeling, of fancy and imagination, of

thought and reflection. We believe there is no collection, in a single volume, so comprehensive or so catholic. It includes nearly all the best poetry as found in the *Golden Treasury*, *The Oxford Book of Verse*, and *The Flower of the Mind*; not a little from the Irish Anthologies; many famous longer poems, complete, such as "The Ancient Mariner," "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," "The Deserted Village," "The Rubaiyat," etc.; the best *vers de société*; patriotic poems; religious poems and hymns; stray bits of popular newspaper verse; old favorites; and the best of recent poetry, English, Irish, and American.

Nobody can be expected to consider the compiler happy in all his selections or invariably just in his sense of proportion. We think, for instance, that there is altogether too much love poetry included—about eight hundred pages. Even the strongest appetite for the dews of paradise will rebel before it is fed with the seven hundred and ninety-ninth spoonful! Especially as there is so little real variety. It is the same old, old story retold in a thousand forms, with less expenditure of grey matter to the printed page than anywhere else in the book. The valuable space occupied by these sweet nothings might have been given to stirring ballads and battle pieces, to nature poetry, to the poetry of religion and reflection—to something with ideas in it, to something fresh and original. Think of omitting "The Happy Warrior" or "The Barmecides" or "The Nameless One" of Mangan, or a hundred others more worthy of note. Every reader, no doubt, could advise Mr. Stevenson; but none of us, probably, would choose so wisely. He has taken little that is not worth reading with the exception above noted; and our chief feeling towards him is one of deep gratitude. All lovers of poetry, and its refining and elevating influence, must rejoice that he has so admirably succeeded in bringing together, often from distant and obscure corners in the Vale of Poesy, so much of beauty in thought and sentiment.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, FROM BEOWULF TO SWINBURNE. By Andrew Lang, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.

"This volume," writes Lang in his preface, "does not pretend to be an encyclopædia of our literature; or to include all the names of authors and of their works. Selection has been necessary, and in the fields of philosophy and theology but a few names appear. The writer, indeed, would willingly have omitted not a few of the

minor authors in pure literature, and devoted his space only to the masters, but it was practically impossible to pass by these lesser lights in silence. The author's object has been to arouse a living interest, if it may be, in the books of the past, and to induce the reader to turn to them for himself."

This is no ordinary pedantic, dry-as-dust manual made-in-Germany, but a most interesting, critical, and suggestive volume from beginning to end. All the qualities that have made so many thousands of us love Andrew Lang for years are to be found in this excellent history of English literature. We share his enthusiasm for Homer, Jeanne d'Arc, and the Jacobite cause; we laugh at his acute yet kindly sense of humor; we are persuaded despite ourselves to judge every poet and novelist by the standard of "the great and good Sir Walter;" we are astonished at the wide scope of his general information, and the clearness of his vision; we admire him also for his honest hatred of John Knox and the Puritan divines, "who were soon to put an end to 'Merry England;'" we forgive him for his occasional failures to understand things Catholic, for there is no malice in his heart.

Lang had the faculty of painting a portrait with a few brilliant strokes, so that it would remain forever in the memory.

He had, likewise, the wonderful gift of setting forth in bold outlines the literary merits of novelist, essayist, and poet, and though a bit strong at times in his likes and dislikes, he never antagonizes his readers by over-dogmatism.

Where we are treated to such a feast of good things, it is somewhat of a task for a reviewer to choose the best. His estimates of Samuel Johnson, Carlyle, Milton, Dryden, Addison, and Poe are of singular merit. At times he is the jester, poking good-natured fun at Donne's annual rhapsodies, and the inaccuracies of Coleridge's Jeanne d'Arc; he is often severe, denouncing Burnet's improved insinuations against James II., and Phineas Fletcher's bitter hatred of popery; he is generally fair, praising the Jesuit missionaries for their heroic sufferings among the Iroquois, and rejoicing in the fact that Cardinal Newman gave Kingsley his quietus in a most strenuous fight. Occasionally, we are astonished to meet with a little Scotch Protestant prejudice; as when he styles St. Dunstan a medium, speaks of the wealth and licentiousness of the mediæval clergy without qualification, calls Bacon "Jesuitical," and asserts that "it had not been easy for Kingsley to understand what Newman meant." We also are a bit surprised to find him

ignoring, among the moderns, such writers as Coventry Patmore and Francis Thompson.

We thank him, on the other hand, for his unsparing denunciation of the unreliability of Froude as an historian, and for his loyal defense of his hero, Scott, against the mean aspersions of Macaulay. His love for angling is very much in evidence, when he speaks of Walton, Gay, Thompson, and Kingsley, and he chuckles over the fact that Gay never condescended to use "either worm or the natural fly."

He has the literary man's contempt for "the poor results of modern science as regards human happiness," and the critic's contempt for the cheap newspaper criticism of our modern penny-a-liner. He has no patience with the English way of pronouncing Greek, "which is certainly wrong," and he confidently assures us that "our popular novels will doubtless astonish future generations."

"Readers, like poets and anglers, are born to be so," Mr. Lang assures us. Still some who were not born under such a fortunate star will undoubtedly be allured or compelled by this bright, clever volume "to come into the Muse's Paradise."

There are a few misprints (pp. 452, 593), and the index is exasperatingly incomplete. The brief notices at the end of the volume also makes us feel that the author was cramped for space, and was doing his utmost to fulfill an allotted contract of book making. Still he most humbly warns us at the outset that he had been guilty of sins of commission as well as omission. Now that he has gone from us, we wonder who of all the English-speaking world is competent to take his place.

THE HOLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH. By R. M. Johnston.
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.

We opened this volume with the idea of reading a brief sketch of the Church made by some more or less competent outsider; but we were soon undeceived. This book is simply an ignorant, Ingersollian tirade against Christianity, and especially against the Catholic Church, from its first to its last page. Were the attack conducted in a scholarly fashion, or were its literary style beyond reproach, we might gladly have entered the lists against an antagonist worthy of our steel; but the author is so utterly incompetent both in philosophic viewpoint and in historical knowledge, that we must needs do violence to ourselves merely to mention it. To

stigmatize his book as it deserves would require the pen of Swift.

With astounding ignorance, Mr. Johnston assures us that "the history of the Christian Church as a whole has never been written," and then with unbounded conceit he proceeds forsooth "to set out the facts in the terms of dispassionate historical observation!" The many false and outrageous statements in his inane account of Christian origins makes a serious student marvel both at the man's extreme impudence and the utter credulity of readers who could possibly swallow such a mess without nausea.

Listen to a few of his utterances: There is nothing original in Christianity; it borrows from Greece, India, and Persia; almost all the incidents of Christ's life are typical myths; Christianity is nothing else but the almost universal cult of a Redeemer-God incorporated with the teachings of Unorthodox Hebraism; the Gospels are full of contradictions, distorted facts, and pure myths; Jesus, a mere faith-healer, preached no dogmas, but a gospel of a suffering humanity against the rich oppressor, etc., etc. Utterly ignorant of the A B C of the science of comparative religions, our author loves to startle us by oracularly declaring that the Trinity is borrowed from Egypt, the *Logos* of St. John from Persia, the cultus of the Virgin Mary from Venus of Cybele, the celibacy of the priesthood from the priests of Isis, etc. He never makes the slightest effort to produce evidence for his most arbitrary assertions.

The errors of his sketch of church history would fill about twenty pages of this magazine. We are told a great many facts that are not so, viz., as late as the fifth century Christians prayed to the rising sun; Pope Innocent the First sanctioned pagan incantations; Christianity adopted in its dogma of the veneration of the saints the superstitions and myths of Paganism; the papal power depended upon the forged decretals; in the year one thousand there was a widespread conviction of Christ's second coming; the mediæval clergy manufactured countless relics for "pious profit;" Rome's challenge to heresy set back the clock of intellectual freedom for many years; Pope Innocent III. diverted the Fourth Crusade from Jerusalem to Constantinople; the Roman Curia had a scheduled list of prices for the forgiveness of sins; the Dominican Tetzels sold indulgences; Lutheranism had a great vogue even in Italy; the Jesuits were spies, assassins, liars, and the champions of an austere immorality, developing casuistry in order to declare black white and white black; the Catholic Church has ever been the enemy of

the press; Voltaire's *Ecrassez l'Infâme* was merely the indignant protest of toleration against revolting barbarities, etc., etc.

We sincerely hope that by this time Harvard University is heartily ashamed of the "valuable help" that Professor Toy gave in the framing up of the first six chapters of the present volume.

At a Catholic University no student would be allowed to take his degree if in his thesis he had been so inaccurate and so unscholarly. But at a Catholic School of to-day no one would dare subscribe to Mr. Johnston's pragmatic thesis that "the word *truth* is slowly but surely being relegated to the pigeon hole as a meaningless exorcism from the intellectual juggling bag of the Aristotelians" (p. xviii.).

We stigmatize this entire volume as a tissue of the most outrageous errors and lies. It is worthy of the English Rationalistic press, or of the pages of the lowest type of American anti-Catholic balderdash.

RACE IMPROVEMENT OR EUGENICS. By La Reine Helen Baker. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00 net.

When Mr. Chesterton was asked one day his opinion of Eugenics, he answered more forcibly than elegantly: "It stinks." We can picture him making the same comment on the present volume of Miss Baker's, for it is frankly pagan from cover to cover in its advocacy of the modern degenerate gospel of race improvement.

The Eugenists ignore God and His revelation, and view the race as one might consider the breeding of cattle on a Texas ranch. They completely ignore the Christian idea of the dignity of human nature; they insist on the absolute supremacy of the pagan state.

"The ideal of celibacy stands self-condemned," we are informed by these new teachers. "Where successful it means race suicide, and where unsuccessful it means hypocrisy and a thousand other horrors." Miss Baker goes off in hysterics at the thought of the millions of dollars wasted by the Catholic Church in the endowing of monasteries and nunneries.

Marriage is no longer a sacrament of divine institution, wherein each partner contracts for life certain duties as well as rights; it is merely a State-controlled affair, which aims at "breeding the fittest from the fittest," in the bodily sense. Marriage is not by any means to be confused with procreation. Every woman has an absolute right to her own person, and it is her prerogative

to refuse to bear children. Illegitimacy must not be abolished, for it has justified itself historically by producing some of the earth's chosen heroes!

Divorce is the best thing the modern world has popularized, for marriage becomes attractive the more you increase the facilities for un-making it. Let divorce be "cheap, easy, and free from shameful scandal."

The delicacy that has surrounded the subject of sex in the past has been due to "ignorance, bigotry, superstition, and persecution," but henceforth the advocates of Eugenics intend to draw aside the veil. Boys and girls will be initiated early in all the essential information of sex-life. They will be taught the best methods of preparing for parenthood; they will be warned against sexual immorality in the plainest terms, and instructed in all the nastiness of sexual diseases.

The physician of the future is to be called upon rather than the moral teacher, for "the nobler motives are proving inadequate!" As the world is beginning to contain too many of the wrong sort of people, race suicide is to be judiciously practiced, and the State is to step in to order the sterilization of the unfit. Why should criminals, the feeble minded, the diseased, hand down their taint to succeeding generations? When the Eugenists are in full control we are to have "the survival of the fittest with a vengeance."

This book is full of platitudinous nonsense, unbelief, and immoral teaching. It proves that Miss Baker and her ilk have not the slightest sense of humor. If we were to follow out her principles, we might urge the State to prevent such degenerates from handing down to future generations their pagan gospel. But the Catholic Church is tolerant, and her children are taught to be kindly to the absurd.

MIRIAM LUCAS. By Canon Sheehan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.35 net.

In his new story, *Miriam Lucas*, the author of *My New Curate* has taken a wider field than heretofore. His wide sympathy and his wider understanding—where his sympathy cannot be—has brought him success. He shows us again the Irish peasants, whom he knows so well, with their simplicities and their superstitions, and then he pictures the upper classes, with their bitter social distinctions and religious differences. He takes us to Dublin with Miriam, who begins to contribute a series of earnest and very

fiery articles to a revolutionary newspaper. In her company and that of an equally zealous young Trinity student, we become involved in labor struggles of serious import. Violence and bloodshed soon alter Miriam's theories, at least, to a certain extent, but she remains active in the industrial work, and in following her career we get a vivid and a complex picture of the labor troubles, the land troubles, and the social troubles of Ireland. In the end Miriam returns to the Catholic faith, in which she discovers herself to have been really born, and by her happy marriage dissipates the old curse hanging over her home. Miriam herself is a bit stiff; we are interested more in her life than in her character. But her lover is very human and likable, and the young enthusiast of Trinity College is drawn with a sympathy and pathos that make him very appealing.

Miriam's brief experience in New York forms a section of the story less likely to be enjoyed by American readers. The city depicted by Canon Sheehan is not the New York that we ourselves know. He makes an Avernus of it, perhaps necessary to his plot, but scarcely true to reality.

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES. By Richard Dehan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.40 net.

Between Two Thieves is a story of the Crimean War. The "two thieves" are Louis Napoleon and a British Army Contractor; the one that is crucified is England. It is impossible to summarize the story, or rather stories, that the book holds, for it is a vast panorama of many scenes and many tales, and includes more characters than a novel of Dickens. It is exceptionally long, having about seven hundred closely printed pages. We may say that the heroine is Florence Nightingale—spoken of under the name of Ada Merling—and the hero Hector Dunoise, a general in the army of Napoleon.

The lesson which the author evidently seeks to inculcate is the abounding mercy of our Blessed Redeemer—and surely all of us would hasten the message to the ends of the earth, for it is our only hope. It is good also to know that the great, eternal truths, so often denied and scoffed at to-day, are brought boldly forward. She has, in many ways, given us an exceptional piece of work, yet its defects are as glaring as its merits, and its workmanship is at times surprisingly crude and amateurish. She is not only dramatic; she is melodramatic, and, what is worse still, has been led by a love of the sensational, and in her slavish

service of the latter has not hesitated to use, with shockingly bad taste, things most sacred to the Christian heart.

This may sound harsh when one considers the astounding labor spent upon the work, and the fact that the motives and intentions of the author are of the best. She is a Catholic, and more than once through the book are magnificent passages that testify to the truth and necessity of the Catholic faith. We will quote one:

You may slough your skin of State-patronized, easy-going Protestantism as easily as you can change your political convictions, and presently, with modern Buddhism, or Spiritualism, or Platonism, Christian Science, Agnosticism, Mormonism, or Hedonism, be covered and clad anew, but Catholicism penetrates the bones, and permeates the very marrow. You cannot pluck that forth; it is rooted in the fibres of the soul.

Yet in spite of these great things, the defects of the book are so glaring and so positive that we must emphatically condemn it. The mercy of our Lord is wonderful—even to the man who has sinned seventy times seven. But in order to preach that mercy it is not necessary to forego good taste and propriety. We all know what sin is, and best of all they know it who have drunk most deep. The present volume will be as pearls before swine. Life has its dangers and temptations that are sufficient even when we do not go out of our way to meet them. Not by dwelling upon the power of iniquity, nor on the sensuality of the sinner before he became a saint, will we be strengthened, but by constantly seeking to keep sin away—even in thought—seeking to supply our own weakness by His grace; seeking to stand lest we fall—by these means only will we be nobler and purer. To fight the fight in our own souls; to be instant in helping others; to contend with anger and passion against the flood of impurity which, under this guise or that, seeks to engulf the world, is our first duty.

With much regret, for it has great qualities, we cannot but think that practically, as the world stands and as the world views life, this book will be used as a champion of the coarse, the vulgar, the indecent in life and literature.

RELIGION IN NEW NETHERLAND. By Frederick J. Zwierlein, D.Sc.M.H. New York: Leo Kelly. \$2.00 net.

It is with some misgivings that one opens a doctor's dissertation, for while one is pretty sure of finding facts, the vital spark that gives life and movement is often lacking. The work before

us, in which Dr. Zwierlein traces the development of the religious conditions in the province of New Netherland from 1623 to 1664, is, however, one of the happy exceptions.

The author first gives as a background the political and religious conditions in Holland, after which he turns to New Netherland and develops the relations of the Church and State in that province. He then considers the application of this general church policy to the English settlers in the province, to the Lutherans, the Quakers, the Jews, and the Catholics. He closes with a consideration of the Indian mission, noting the part played by the Dutch and by the Jesuits from Canada.

The Church and State were very closely related in New Netherland. The Reformed Church was, from the first, the established Church, and, in fact, it was the only one which enjoyed the liberty of public worship. Ministers and schoolmasters were appointed and paid by the civil government, upon the approval of the Classis of Amsterdam, the responsible ecclesiastical body for the province. The Director General, as supreme magistrate, retained control of the Colonial Church, but nevertheless he was not able to overawe the sturdy Dutch ministers. Dominic Bogardus is on record as having sent a letter to the redoubtable Wouter Van Twiller, in which he is said to have described him as "a child of the devil, an incarnate villain whose buckgoats are better than he."

Despite the dominance of the Reformed Church, liberty of conscience was allowed, although dissenters were not allowed to gather for worship, either privately or publicly, but all were allowed to exercise their religion in their own homes. The only sect under the ban was the Quakers, and even they were tolerated after 1663. In that year Directors at Amsterdam, in passing on the case of one John Browne, whom Stuyvesant had banished from the colony, ruled that Stuyvesant might shut his eyes to the presence of dissent in New Netherland.

The Dutch welcomed the English Presbyterians and Congregationalists from New England as belonging to the Reformed faith, and allowed them full freedom of worship. Lutherans were urged to attend the orthodox Church, and one of their ministers was sent back to Holland for attempting to hold religious services, but little strife resulted. Catholics and Jews were tolerated, but there was much opposition to the latter on account, as Stuyvesant put it, "of their customary usury and deceitful trading with the Christians."

Indian missions were little favored by the West India Company's policy in New Netherland. Some of the patrons were solicitous for the conversion of the Indians, and even the Director Stuyvesant expressed himself as willing to carry out any measures that might be suggested to this end, but little was done. It was left to the Jesuits to plant the seeds of Christianity in central New York. This seed was watered with the blood of martyrs, although the Dutch, who were on friendly terms with the Iroquois, aided in rescuing more than one of the devoted band from the savage tormentors.

Dr. Zwierlein has produced a work of singular merit. He is sure of his facts, he is impartial in tone, and his conclusions are, for the most part, sound. It is to be regretted that he did not consider briefly the religious colonial policy that held in New France, in Massachusetts Bay, in Spanish America, in order to throw a fuller light on the Dutch policy. In judging any period of history, it is well to look at motives and events from the viewpoint of the time. Perhaps if this had been done, "the spirit of intolerance which existed latent in the Dutch province from its foundation" would not appear in such sharp relief.

The book is well bound, the paper good, the type clear, the footnotes excellent. The appendix contains a very valuable "Chronicle of New Netherland," giving year by year the chief events in the history of the province. There is, likewise, an exceptionally full and well-arranged bibliography, as well as a good index.

THE INHERITANCE. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.30 net.

In her new novel, *The Inheritance*, Josephine Daskam Bacon takes us back about fifty years. Her hero, who tells his own story, is a little English boy of mysterious parentage, who is adopted into the family of an American doctor—a lovable, big-hearted doctor of the old school. He grows up happily enough with the doctor's boys, but on reaching manhood determines to go to England and make an attempt to claim his shadowed inheritance. The failure and the follies of his visit are made very pathetic, and we are glad when he returns home at last, to follow the profession and succor the declining fortunes of his adopted father. In the pages of this novel, readers will look in vain for the bright humor of "The Memoirs of a Baby" and "The Biography of a Boy." They

will find, however, a natural, human story, with well-drawn characters, pleasant pictures of family life, and a plot whose occasional improbabilities do not detract from its interest.

LOOKING ON JESUS: THE LAMB OF GOD. By Madame Cecilia. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.75.

As these meditations are to be used during the holy season of Lent, they are based on the Gospel narrative of our Savior's Passion. Commencing with the Baptism of Jesus, the considerations set forth in a loving and practical manner the sufferings, both mental and physical, endured by the world's Redeemer for the salvation of the human race.

The author displays a minute and loving knowledge of the life of our Lord and of the four Gospels. Many topographical details and "side-lights" on Jewish customs are inserted, and in no small way contribute to the interest of the work.

We hope that Madame Cecilia will fulfill her promise of making this volume the first of "a series destined to cover the circle of the Church's year."

THE ENTHUSIASTS OF PORT ROYAL. By Lillian Rea. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00 net.

If Lillian Rea ever read the list of authorities which she cites at the end of her superficial and inaccurate account of Port Royal, she gives no evidence whatever of that fact in the present volume.

No one should dare attempt a sketch of the Port Royalists without a perfect grasp of the problems of grace which Jansenism discussed so obstinately, and an accurate knowledge of the Jesuit casuists which the author dismisses so cavalierly.

We are treated to a number of gossipy sketches of St. Cyran, 'Arnould, Nicole, Quesnel, and Pascal; we are amused at the trio of worldly dévotes, Princesse de Guéméné, Marie de Gonzague, and the Marquise de Sablé; we hear a great deal of "The letter of the law," of persecution, Jansenist miracles, and wicked Jesuit systems of relaxed morality; but of any intelligent summary or appreciation of the teaching of Jansenism there is not the slightest evidence.

One would expect her, at least, to mention the five propositions of the *Augustinus* that were condemned, for surely her readers will never take the trouble to read about them elsewhere.

But, perhaps, she was fearful that they would not understand them any better than she had done herself: "The *Augustinus* was

in reality so obtruse," as she naïvely admits. Still she owed it to her readers, who, otherwise, might stupidly go away with her notion that "Jansenism was a pure renaissance of the spirit of the early Fathers, and the ancient dogma and authority of Christian tradition" (pp. 19, 20).

We would advise her to read carefully the articles on Jansenius, Pascal, Quesnal, etc., in *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, and if she would incorporate a good portion of these articles, her book might interest the intelligent reader.

We will quote a few lines from Volume XI. on Pascal's letters:

Without ever seriously altering his citations from the Casuists, as he has sometimes been wrongfully accused of doing, he arranges them somewhat disingenuously; he simplifies complicated questions excessively, and in setting forth the solutions of the Casuists sometimes lets his own bias interfere. But the greatest reproach against him is, first, that he unjustly blamed the "Society of Jesus," attacking it exclusively, and attributing to it a desire to lower the Christian ideal and to soften down the moral code in the interest of its policy: then, that he discredited Casuistry itself by refusing to recognize its legitimacy, or, in certain cases, its necessity, so that not only the Jesuits, but religion itself suffered by this strife.

When Miss Rea questions "The utility of self-immolation in the religious life" (p. 226), she pictures to herself the stern, rigorous, and un-Catholic community of the Port Royalists, who knew little of the joyous, peaceful life of the true religious.

The Catholic Church was very wise in stamping out such a travesty of the religious life, just as she was perfectly justified in condemning the heresy of the tricky anti-Catholic Jansenists.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS. By Rev. Charles F. McGinnis. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.50.

A right understanding of the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints will not only give great spiritual nourishment to the individual soul, but will further enable the soul to see the errors that lie at the beginnings of many modern theories of life and of duty. The modern world is beset with materialism. Just now, sickened with its constant diet of gross materialism, it is listening to a new "prophet," Henri Bergson, who claims to refute materialism; but he is only leading the world from the grosser to

the more refined. His gospel is still ultimately material. God is a necessity for man, and the human heart yearns still with unabated hunger for redemption. Christ, the Son of God, our Messiah, is absolutely necessary if we are to read life hopefully, and any system that begins not with Christ, the Second Man, begins wrong, and will go from bad to worse. The root evil of modern theories is, to put it plainly, that man can save himself without Christ.

The Communion of Saints is the fruition of our Lord's work and sacrifice. In its light alone is true human progress to be found. It tells us that we are Christ's and Christ is God's. To make a study of it; to know it intimately with all its results—its height and depth—is one of the most profitable tasks to which a Catholic could set himself.

Our gratitude, therefore, goes out to Dr. McGinnis for his excellent and important work, *The Communion of Saints*. He has spent many years on the task, consulted original sources, and, as a result, presents a thorough and, as regards a popular book, a comprehensive work. The first part deals with Invocation and Intercession, and the second with Veneration of the Saints. The space of a review does not permit quotation nor extended praise of the careful handling of different questions which we would otherwise gladly give. The work should be widely recommended by priests; and merits a large circulation. For non-Catholics who find the Catholic doctrine of prayers to the Saints and for the dead an obstacle, it will furnish an admirable and unanswerable defense.

THE EVE OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION. Volume III. By Monsignor Bernard Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.75 net.

Monsignor Ward in his *Dawn of the Catholic Revival* (two vols.), and his *Eve of Catholic Emancipation* (three vols.), has given us a most interesting and valuable history of the Catholic Church in England from 1781 to 1830. He has accomplished a most difficult task in a manner that argues well for his accurate scholarship, his perfect candor and his impartial judgment. Some few critics assert that it would have been better to have left these bitter controversies of the past buried in the archives of London, Dublin, and Rome. Whatever would have been gained by such a policy, it would be futile in the end. *Deus non indiget mendacio nostro*; the evidence of human frailties which such records disclose

are necessary to warn us not to be guilty of the same mistakes. Many of us have been all at sea when we tried to form a judgment upon the various questions that are discussed so ably and so fully in these five volumes. Now Monsignor Ward has furnished us a guide that will enable us to steer safely in somewhat troubled waters.

It is always sad to read of factions, dissensions, and quarrels, but an accurate and impartial history of both sides is better than the partisan statements that have bewildered us in the past. Much of the present volume—like its predecessors—makes very unpleasant reading. We are shocked to find bishops (like Milner) prohibited by the Holy See from publishing attacks on their fellow bishops; to read charges against the Society of Jesus of trying by means not praiseworthy to re-establish itself in England; petty accusations sent to Rome to prevent episcopal appointments; of the questioning by their brethren of the orthodoxy of distinguished prelates; of the Gallican spirit that prevailed among many laymen and clerics.

Frequently throughout the present volume we find some of those short but clear-cut estimates of men which make Monsignor Ward's work so valuable. Listen to his appreciation of Bishop Milner:

His lot was cast in turbulent times when the need of a redoubtable champion to stand out in behalf of principles of ecclesiastical discipline and policy which were in danger, was of paramount importance; but his greatest admirers could not but regret the rugged and intolerant language which seems to have been inseparable from anything he wrote—language often ill-becoming the dignity of the episcopate..... We feel grateful to him for the courage with which he fought against the Cisalpine and worldly principles which were asserting themselves among the laity, and for the part which he took in helping to defeat the Emancipation Bills of 1813 and 1821, clogged as they were with objectionable restrictions. Nevertheless it is impossible for us to shut our eyes to the fact that the price paid was a high one; for it involved continual dissensions for nearly twenty years among the bishops of England and Scotland, who but for Milner would have been a most united body, and a state of acute tension for several years between the English Vicars Apostolic and the venerable hierarchy of Ireland, not to mention the division of the whole Catholic body into two parties, with consequent mutual ill-feelings and con-

tentions. Milner's orthodoxy has never been called in question; but his colleagues, who were combatting the same evils as he was, by what they at least considered—rightly or wrongly—to be more prudent methods, were no less orthodox—a fact which he seems to forget, or rather, which he frankly disbelieved.....He had grievances against every one, from the Holy Father downwards.

The present volume ends with the passing of the Emancipation Bill. It was a brave and arduous fight, and was won by the Irish despite the expressed opposition of the King and the leading English statesmen. The English Catholics, on account of their small numbers, could only petition for emancipation, whereas the Irish, who were four-fifths of the nation in Ireland, could demand it. As our author states: "The truth was that the government having refused to emancipate the Catholics, the Catholics began a movement to emancipate themselves" (p. 166). O'Connell was the soul of the movement, and his cleverness in founding the Catholic Association to gather the needed funds, and his ability in uniting the various factions which argued continually about the conditions, did more than anything else to prove to men, like Sir Robert Peel, that he was bound in honor to change sides, and favor so powerful and unanimous a demand.

Although the relief granted by the bill centred on the right to sit and vote in Parliament, it was by no means confined to this. Moreover, while it was drawn out primarily with a view to Ireland, it applied also to England and Scotland, in which countries it conferred on Catholics the elective franchise, which their brethren in Ireland had enjoyed since the year 1793.....Catholics everywhere were allowed to hold all civil and military offices (with a few specified exceptions) on like conditions, and to belong to any corporation. The only civil restrictions were that Catholics could not present to livings in the Established Church,.....and that they were precluded from holding the office of Regent, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

There were a few restrictive clauses in the bill, viz., first, the Catholic Bishops in Ireland were not to adopt the titles of the ancient sees; second, Catholics were not to hold religious celebrations outside their churches or private houses; and, third, all mem-

bers of religious orders were obliged to register their names before a clerk of the peace, and all incoming religious were henceforth to be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and banished. There were also other grievances that were not removed by the bill, viz., marriages before Catholic priests continued to be invalid in law; Catholic soldiers and sailors were still without legal rights to exempt them from frequenting Protestant worship; and Catholic property continued insecure, their charities being regarded as "superstitious uses." As Monsignor Ward remarks, "it was, in fact, from first to last a layman's bill; and whereas the laity can justly date their emancipation from 1829 in ecclesiastical matters, what ever freedom of worship there was dated from the act of 1791."

This volume contains some excellent portraits of Bishops Bramston, Doyle, Baines, Weld, Gradwell, and Wiseman, and of laymen like O'Connell, Canning, Peel, Andrews, Blount. There are also a number of interesting letters and documents in the appendices.

EXPOSITION OF CATHOLIC MORALITY—GRACE. Conferences at Notre Dame of Paris. By E. Janvier. Paris: P. Lethielleux. 4 *frs.*

This is the eighth volume of a series of conferences on Catholic Morality which Canon Janvier has been giving every Lent in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris since 1903. The six conferences are on Grace: its necessity, its nature, its efficacy, and its effects. Each conference is preceded by a very carefully detailed summary, while the appendices furnish a list of the chief authors consulted, and some forty pages of explanatory notes.

The conferences are followed by a paschal retreat of six instructions, which discuss the life of grace from the viewpoint of the Passion, the Holy Eucharist, the Sacraments, etc. While the learned Canon has given us a most instructive and edifying course of sermons, we feel that he suffers in comparison with his illustrious predecessors. He has neither the cold, intellectual brilliancy of Monsignor d'Hulst, nor the fiery eloquence of Lacordaire. Besides he has selected a most difficult theme.

The conferences are for the most part speculative in tone, while the instructions are practical, in view of the men's Easter Communion; still there is always that clever mixture of teaching and exhorting which stamp the popular preacher.

THE ONE TOO MANY. By Mary Agnes Byrne. (Akron, Ohio: The Saalfeld Co. \$1.00.) This entertaining little story deals mainly with the disappearance of a child of four, who is being half-cared for by the Milfing family, people in poor circumstances. An ingenuous little neighbor, whose sympathies have been aroused, surreptitiously installs the orphan in the home of a wealthy resident, who proves to be the child's grandmother. The little one's mother, supposedly deceased, returns to her old home after a long estrangement, to find her lost baby and a warm welcome awaiting her. The home life of the families are interestingly portrayed, and the book will be enjoyed by young readers.

UNDER the unsuggestive title of *Gone Before*, Benziger Brothers, New York, presents a volume of biographical sketches of three young women—Margaret Mary Ward, Alice de Dèze, and Agnes Westlake—who belonged to the Helpers of the Holy Souls Sisterhood. The light and fragrance of sanctity made their lives a joy and blessing to those who knew them, and gives to these simple records a unique, spiritual power. The most interesting of these sketches and the most detailed, illustrating more fully than the rest the ways of God with chosen souls and the ways of such souls with God, is the account of Margaret Ward, the eighth child of William George Ward of Oxford Movement fame. It is a delightful as well as an inspiring story.

THE ADVANCE OF WOMAN (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50 net) is the noble title of a cheerful little fireside volume we have with us this month. Its chapters are "Man as Ruler," "Man a Social Coward," "Woman as Man Has Made Her," and "Evil Consequences of Degradation." In the words of the poet, "enough said." The book, as farce, is excellent. It is "funny without being vulgar." In one especially enlightening chapter it tells how the Church of the Middle Ages "cleared its skirts of woman," and went on its evil, torturing career, leaving her "outside its ministration." But it was her noble influence that brought about the Reformation! We wish to add that *The Advance of Woman* is by Jane Johnstone Christie, and that (slightly impolite, but obvious remark!) she does not appear to have advanced very far.

THE GOLDEN PRAYER BOOK, published by B. Herder of St. Louis (60 cents), is attractively presented. Its matter is extensive and well-chosen. The same firm publishes Father Otten's popular work, *The Church of Christ*, well-suited for inquiring non-Catholics. The price is very reasonable, fifteen cents. Among Herder's pamphlet publications are *The Way of the Cross* (5 cents), and a drama in four acts that will recommend itself to schools: *Crowns and Palms* (25 cents). It is translated from the German of Monsignor A. de Waal. The same house gives us two pamphlets of the Catholic Social Guild of England. One of them, *The Church and Eugenics*, by the Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard, is of exceptional importance to-day, and should be read by Catholic parents. Our readers will know its value. The second is of interest also to students of social conditions—*The Housing Problem*, by Leslie A. Toke, although we have to meet problems somewhat different in this country. The Very Rev. Canon Welsh has written an instructive volume on *The New Rubrics and Psalter* (10 cents).

FATHER J. F. X. O'CONOR, S.J., well known for his excellent volume, *Reading and the Mind, With Something to Read*, has written a study of Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*. Father O'Connor gives a mystical application of the poem, and compares its theme in brief with the exercises of St. Ignatius.

THE Ave Maria Press of Notre Dame, Ind., publishes a timely pamphlet by the Reverend James Goggin on *Christian Science and Catholic Teaching* (10 cents).

THE SENTINEL PRESS, New York, publishes a *Short Treatise on Confession and Communion*, with particular regard for the laity (5 cents).

D. C. HEATH & CO. issue a full and careful compendium of rules for correct writing, entitled: *Handbook of Composition*, by Edwin C. Woolley.

Foreign Periodicals.

Edmund Burke: Religion and the Church. By W. F. P. Stockley. Burke was a Christian philosopher as well as a conservative statesman. Personally and officially, he was dominated by Christian views. He advocated public religious instruction. "Atheism is the great political evil," he said. He held it absurd to claim religious assent on mere human authority, and as for subscription to Scripture as the rule of faith, he said it was "the most astonishing idea I ever heard." Yet Burke, always fearful of inquiry into the basis of things, did not inquire into the real basis of religious authority, and there seems to be no evidence that Dr. Hussey of Maynooth ever received him, as was rumored, into the Church.—*The Tablet*, November 23.

Words Without Knowledge. One of the most characteristic and disquieting features of our age is an incapacity for clear or consistent thought, which is perhaps the inevitable accompaniment of unfaith. It was in the Middle Ages, when faith was strongest, that the processes of thought were defined with the most uncompromising exactitude. We have passed to an age of half-lights, from the glory of life to the sadness of decline. We have lost sight of the truth and begun to doubt even the possibility of its attainment. The theory which denies the existence of truth, except as a fluctuating concept, could have arisen only in the United States, the acknowledged headquarters of the modern spirit. This uprooting of the very foundations of thought inevitably results in a slovenly habit of reasoning. Consequently in the last few decades we have an unprecedented and increasing slovenliness in the use of words. For example, those who have ceased to take practical account of a personal Deity have endowed "progress," which in itself is duller than a log, and more dead than a stone, with the personal attributes of the God they deny. Matthew Arnold is a notorious example. To Arnold "progress" was a power not ourselves making for righteousness. Now what sort of a power can be thus susceptible to moral bias, and yet should not be described as a person, it is impossible to say. The reckless use of scientific method has likewise caused an incredible amount of slovenliness in

style and language. The houses of "ologies" and "isms" are guilty of many offences. The soul of a people is reflected in its language. It is surely a fact of the most disquieting significance that the present state of the English language should be one of literal decomposition, that having forgotten to believe we are forgetting even how to talk.—*The Oxford and Cambridge Review*, December.

The Eastern War Question. By André Chéradame. This article deals with the present Turco-Balkan war troubles. Only two countries of Europe are at present able to interfere—Russia and Austria. If the Christians and orthodox people had been vanquished by Turkey, it would have been necessary for Russia to interfere, but this intervention is now impossible, owing to the decided victory of the Balkan States, but it is possible and probable that Russia will interfere if Roumania and Austria, either singly or conjointly, try to rob the Balkan States of the fruit of their military successes. Austria, on the other hand, is hindered from interfering by its motley inhabitants. They may be divided into Germans, Magyars, Semites, Latins, and Slavs. Each of these groups may be sub-divided into numerous nations or tribes, numbering altogether fifty millions of people. Politically they are divided into the Separatists and the Loyalists. The former favor the neighboring states, but their ambitions would be satisfied with the overthrow of Austria-Hungary. The Loyalists comprise about forty millions of people: twenty-three millions of these are Slavs, and are unanimous in their determination that the Austro-Hungarian army shall not interfere in the Eastern war, for in case of a victory the fruits would go to the Balkan Slavs, to whom they are opposed.—*Le Correspondant*, November 10.

Catholic Immigrants in Paris. By Henri Couget. The Catholic immigrant in Paris comes from every Province of France, and naturally when he arrives in the French capital he is greatly in need of help—religious, social, material, etc. Catholic associations, about twenty in number, have been instituted for the benefit of the immigrant. Each of the associations represents certain parts of France, so the immigrant finds there the same costumes, customs, songs, dances, etc., characteristic of his native province. He will find friends who are ever ready to help him. One of these associations publishes a twenty-page booklet, which serves as a guide and directory in Paris, and which gives warning of the pit-falls which beset

the immigrant. Another means of helping the immigrant is that of communication between the Curé of his native parish and the Curé of the parish in Paris where the new Parisian is expected to live. The latter notifies the Parisian Curé of the immigrant's arrival. With both these plans working together, the immigration problem in Paris is not so discouraging.—*Le Correspondant*, November 25.

The Spanish Premier. By Salvador Canals. This article is by a member of the Cortes. M. Canals deplores the assassination of the Premier while condemning his political policies, which the writer believes have paved the way for anarchy. M. Canalejas was fifty-eight years of age, and a man of remarkable intellect, and a powerful orator. He was elected to the Cortes in 1881, and was Under-Secretary of State to the President of the Council. Soon after this he became a member of the Liberal Party, being one of their Ministers from 1888-1895. Up to 1899 he had no special political characteristic among the Liberals, except his brilliant intellect and oratorical powers. From this time he was very active in the ranks of the Liberal Party; succeeding Moret in 1910 as a member of the Cabinet. The remaining portion of the article reviews his work as Premier. The writer feels that Canalejas' death at the hands of an anarchist will not be lost upon his countrymen, and that they have a further warning in the condition of their neighbor, Portugal.—*Le Correspondant*, November 25.

A Great Career. By De Lanzac de Laborie. A further study of the pontificate of Pope Benedict XIV. is gained from his personal correspondence with the French Cardinal Tencin. In the pontificate, as well as in the lower ecclesiastical offices, he showed remarkable zeal. Unfortunately he was apt to be too compromising when dealing with royalty. He carefully governed the Papal States and replenished the Papal Treasury. Under him came the Gallican troubles which he strove to settle. His great encyclicals will long be remembered for their clearness. On the whole he was a sterling character, and the idol of his faithful subjects.—*Le Correspondant*, November 25.

Luther and a Catholic Historian. By H. Grisar, S.J. Luther and his doctrines still live in the hearts and minds of his followers—in Germany as well as elsewhere. When Father Grisar, S.J., pub-

lished his historical work on Luther he met with great opposition on the part of the Lutherans especially. Harnack and Kaweran publicly asserted that it is impossible for a true follower of Luther to recognize their leader in the character described in the pages of Father Grisar's book. Harnack went so far as to say: a Catholic is wholly incapable of properly writing a history of Martin Luther and his times, for his prejudices carry him away from historical truth. The Reverend author answers that he and others are greatly misjudged; that he has kept to bare historical facts, leaving dogma out of the question; that the requisite of having a special *feeling of "awe"* for the character described, is in no wise conformable to good criticism.—*Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*.

The Star of Bethlehem. By Father X. Kugler, S.J. Many and varied are the explanations given concerning the real nature of the "star" that led the Magi to the humble stable at Bethlehem. Some have sought to give a reasonable account of it from the science of astronomy, especially Kepler and Kritzinger, who put forward the hypothesis that it was nothing other than a "conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter." Others place the experience in the category of "dreams," such as are mentioned in the Scriptures. The Magi, astronomers by profession, saw in this constellation a most important message. The first theory falls, for the word "star" signifies but a single planet, and not a conjunction of two planets; the second lacks conclusiveness. As miracles marked the work of Christ during His life, so was His birth heralded by the miraculous Star of Bethlehem.—*Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*.

Frederic Ozanam. By Michael Moncarey. The story of Ozanam's life is brief and simple. By aptitude and early choice he was a Christian apologist; his means of influence was the professor's chair. Boldly Catholic, he never offended opponents, commanding their respect no less by the charity and unflinching courage of his character than by the breadth of his views, the brilliance of his presentation, the timeliness of his apologetic, the range and accuracy of his reading. This article describes especially his preparation for and success in the lectures given at the Sorbonne and at the Collège Stanislas.—*Études*, November 20.

Public Schools and Liberty of Teaching. Until the end of the sixteenth century public instruction was in the hands of the

Church. Later the State, to the exclusion of the rights of the Church, made attendance at State schools compulsory, and taxed citizens for the support of such schools. The liberty of teaching which the Church demands for her children, consists (1) in general liberty to open and maintain private schools without restriction; (2) that parents should be allowed the selection of the school for their children; (3) that parents who send their children to other than State schools should be free from taxation for the State school; (4) that the schools, other than the State schools, have equal rights with the latter to State support. To these demands the adversaries of the Church take exception. The author shows that it is not private or confessional schools that harm a nation, but neutral schools. The author reviews the conditions of public instruction in different countries. Liberty of teaching, he finds, is more highly respected in the United States than in any other country. Many newspapers and leading non-Catholic organs, he says, express themselves as in favor of equal distribution of State grants for both private and public schools.—*La Civiltà Cattolica*, October 19 and November 2 and 16.

The Oxford and Cambridge Review. Lord Roberts and Germany, by the Rt. Hon. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P.—*Style*, by I. Gregory Smith.—*Reform: V.—The Power of the Crown*, by Hilaire Belloc.—*The Prospects of Catholicism in England*, by O. R. Vassall-Phillips.

The National Review (December): An exposition of the failure in discipline, in numbers, in energy, and equipment of the famed Territorial Force is given through the medium of a speech delivered by Field-Marshal, the Earl Roberts, to the Men of Kent Association.—Under the title *Suffragette Factories*, Miss Helen Hamilton severely criticizes the system of education that brings to the fore an "efficient citizen" instead of an ideal woman.—*The Impressions of a Political Tramp*, by M. O. Sale, is a record of the author's impressions obtained during a holiday tramp through Lancaster and Yorkshire, where he went dressed in the guise of a seedy clerk.—"It must have often occurred to thoughtful readers that if, in Shadow-Land, authors of reputation could encounter those who write their lives, the subsequent proceedings might have considerable controversial interest." With this preface Austin Dobson describes an imaginary meeting between Henry

Fielding and his first biographer, Arthur Murphy.—W. R. Lawson continues his exposition of the Marconi Inquiry.

The Tablet (November 30): Bernard Whelan develops Mr. Belloc's statement on the relations of *Catholicism and Culture*. If we examine the cultivated world, past and present, we shall discover the humanizing influences of Catholicism everywhere at work.—*After the War*, by Edwin De Lisle. The temporal sway of the Caliph is passing. The ultimate disappearance of the Ottoman Empire is certain. In theory its integrity and independence have been the keynote of European policy; in practice all the Powers, Germany excepted, have received a part of it. The victorious Balkan confederacy will be satisfied with nothing short of the Gladstone "bag and baggage policy."—Dom Connolly continues at length his reply to Dr. Fortescue's theory of a former Great Intercession in the Mass after the consecration.

Irish Ecclesiastical Record (December): Rev. Berthold Muleady, O.D.C., attacks the positions of both Thomists and Molinists in their famous controversy on the manner of God's knowledge. He maintains that St. Thomas (whose views he claims to be expressing throughout) held that God can foresee free things as well as necessary things in their causes; that both Thomists and Molinists have an erroneous conception of the nature of the Divine Will—and in consequence they incorrectly apportion the Divine Causality as between the Divine Will and Intellect; and that the science which they attribute to God cannot be at all predicated of Him, or, at least, that it is wholly insufficient.

Le Correspondant (November 10): Gabriel Louis-Jaray describes Uskub, which is in the war zone of Eastern Europe. He gives a description of the motley inhabitants, their peculiar customs, the form of government, and the commercial importance of the country.—On Sunday, October 31, 1512, the beautiful Sistine Chapel was exhibited by Pope Julius II. to seventeen Cardinals. The work of decoration had been begun on May 10, 1508, by Michelangelo, and was therefore awaited with great interest. The entire history of the Old and New Testament and of the Church herself are depicted as only this artist could do it. The article, with its description of each painting and also of the architects, painters, etc., interested in the work, is written by Alexandre Maseron.

(November 25): *Personal Correspondence*, by Henri Perreyve. This article is composed of the letters written by Henri Perreyve to Charles Ozanam, the youngest brother of Frederic Ozanam.—*Battleships*, by L. Haffner. On November 7th the battleship *France* of the dreadnought type was launched. A detailed account of the new battleship is given, and the remainder of the article gives an historical account of the growth of war vessels among all nations interested in dreadnoughts.—*Art*. Ruskin's ideas on art and architecture are summarized by Adrienne De Lens.

Revue du Clergé Français (December): *The First Repentance of a Persecuting State*, by Georges Goyau, is a page of history containing an exposition of the struggle between Church and State in the year 1879-80. The accession of Leo XIII., the alliances in the Baden Reichstag between Catholics and certain conservative Protestants, the symptoms which Bismarck showed of a change of attitude, and the increasing weariness of the struggle contributed to establishing peace between Church and State. After having given bad example to the world for thirty years, the government of Baden finally taught Berlin a lesson by the law of March 5, 1880. In a few months four hundred and sixteen priests assumed the charge of souls.

Revue des Deux Monde (November 15): "The Turkish-Balkan war is not a religious war, but a conflict between two civilizations," says M. René Pinon in his article, *The Congress of Berlin to the Balkan Confederacy*. In it we read the history of the many unsuccessful attempts made by the European Powers to improve the condition of the Christians under Turkish rule and the Porte's many unfulfilled pledges. Another interesting point made by M. Pinon is that the Young Turks proved their inability to reorganize Turkey by not seeing the importance of gaining the good will of the Christians by just legislation.—The political intrigues and "dramas de boudoir" of Versailles, about the year 1780, are the subjects of a very illuminating article, *At the Setting of the Monarchy*, by the Marquis de Ségur. He very cleverly shows us the curious and subtle mixture of kindness, weakness, and inability to rule in the character of Louis XVI., and the pernicious influence which Marie Antoinette exercised over her husband politically.—Dr. Grasset writes on the history, uses, and many advantages of vaccination.

Revue Pratique d'Apologetique (November 1): *A Refutation*, by Chan. Van Langendonck. The Neutral School has been declared the only solution of the educational problem. The writer of this article raises three objections to neutrality, viz., (1) personality of master; (2) collective personality of pupils, and (3) the education—and answers each of his own objections.

(November 15): *Catholic Congresses*, by Paul Parsy. Within the past few years the Bishops of the different dioceses of France have been encouraging their people to hold Congresses to strengthen the faith of Catholics. The outcome has been most creditable, as the various works proposed at these Congresses are now in full operation.—*Educational Troubles*, by E. Bruneteau. This article is an historical study of the beginnings and growth of the Neutral School System of France, with a personal and historical account of the prime movers.

La Civiltà Cattolica (November 2): Father Michineau, commenting on the first answer of the Biblical Commission, concerning the authorship of the Gospels of St. Mark and St. Luke, says: "The formal testimony of the Fathers of the Church, both Greek and Latin, prove that their Gospels must be attributed to St. Mark, a disciple and interpreter of St. Peter, and to St. Luke, physician, coadjutor, and companion in travel to St. Paul.—*The Falsehoods of Ernest Hæckel* gives a thorough study of the character, as well as of the teachings, of Ernest Hæckel.—Italian critics are very much pleased with the last volume of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, which gives the history of Italian literature and art.

Recent Events.

France.

Parliamentary work has begun again in France. The prospects are bright for a session which is to be devoted to useful measures. There are no signs of an immediate Ministerial crisis, although on a small question the government has lately suffered a defeat. The leading part taken by M. Poincaré in the negotiations between the Powers with reference to the Balkan situation, as well before the war began as during its course, has secured for France an eminent place in the councils of Europe. His efforts, indeed, did not meet with complete success, although they contributed in no small degree to the maintenance of peace.

The Electoral Reform Bill is making its way through Parliament. Having passed the Chamber of Deputies, it has been referred by the Senate to a Special Commission. Here it has been shorn of the provisions which established Proportional Representation. To this proposal M. Clemenceau is offering the most determined opposition. He is the author of a Manifesto which denounces the plan as a design of the enemies of Republican institutions, with the object of overthrowing them. The government, on the other hand, have staked their existence on success in passing the Bill in its substantial entirety. The decision of the Commission of the Senate is not looked upon as a decisive indication of the mind of that body. The Senate is believed to be almost equally divided for and against the measure. The Cabinet will resign if it does not secure a majority of Republicans in favor of the Bill. Among its enemies, M. Combes must be reckoned. He declares proportional representation to be a new form of Boulangism, and has urged the necessity of reconstituting the Radical block of 1903, as a means of bringing about the fall of M. Poincaré's government. Although M. Combes is the leader of the Socialist-Radical Party, he has failed to secure its unanimous support in opposition to this Bill.

Among other measures to be brought before Parliament is a Bill for the arrest of the spread of consumption. Certain amendments are to be proposed to the Old Age Assistance Law of 1905. The French government is not above making a profit out of the vices of the people. On casinos and gambling resorts a tax is levied according to their annual income. This tax is to be increased in proportion to this income. When, in any case, this amounts to \$200,000 dollars a year the State will take half.

As has already been mentioned, the depopulation of France is progressing at such a rate that the government has appointed an extra-Parliamentary Commission to study all the national questions, social as well as fiscal, which bear upon the question, and to seek to discover a remedy. Former attempts have been made, but they are described as half-hearted; they had only resulted in partial and ineffective measures. It is now seen to involve even the existence of the nation, and it is expected that heavy expenditure will be required for any remedy the State can adopt. The Commission consists of more than one hundred members, and includes many men of eminence, ex-Premiers, Senators, Deputies, and ex-Governors, with the Minister of Finance as its President. An elaborate scheme of investigation has been prepared.

The Grand Commission has been divided into five sub-commissions: (1) administrative and legal, to inquire into the marriage laws, infanticide, and kindred evils; (2) military, to examine the effect of the birth-rate on recruiting and army organization; (3) social, to study infantile mortality, hygiene, intemperance, and tuberculosis, together with questions of assistance to mothers and of the proper education of the sexes; (4) financial, to decide how best to encourage larger families, and how to help those which have become too large for their parents' means. A fifth sub-commission is to collate and examine the reports of the other four sub-commissions, and to draw up the final report. Of this M. Ribot is the President.

The Commission has begun work. Its proceedings have been opened by a speech of its President, the Minister of Finance. The gravity of the situation may be judged from the facts which he laid before the Commission. In 1910 the excess of births over deaths in France was only 71,418, while in Germany it was 819,113; in Austria-Hungary, 573,520; in Great Britain, 413,779, and in Italy, 451,771. In the years 1906 and 1911 the number of deaths had exceeded the number of births. While in other countries there had been a diminution in the rate of increase, yet this diminution bore no comparison with that in France. If unchecked, the Minister declared, it would lead to military and economic inferiority, and to a weakening of the expansive power of France in the world. There were in 1908, 1,350,000 unmarried men over thirty years of age, and a somewhat larger number of unmarried women. There were 1,804,710 families without children; 2,966,171 families with only one child; 2,661,978 families with two children; 1,643,415 families with three children, and only 967,392 families with four

children. The total number of families with four children and more was only 2,328,780.

The Minister dealt with the causes of this national decline. Among these is the example set by the so-called upper classes, an example which is now being followed by the masses. The division of property established by the Civil Code of Napoleon is reckoned as influential. The chief reason, however, does not seem to have occurred to the Minister's mind, at least he does not mention it. The loss of faith and trust in God as a Father in heaven, and of a belief in a future life, is no doubt the main cause of practices which have had such disastrous results, but which had for their object the amelioration of the life in this world, that being the only thing that counts with unbelievers. And so for the remedies proposed by the Minister; they may be pallatives, but the revival of religious faith will alone afford the effective remedy: and that is not within the power of the State.

Another evil with which France is afflicted is the propagation among soldiers, by a League which is called the "Sou du Soldat," of the duty to revolt and to desert from the ranks. It is said that there are at present some seventy thousand deserters. This propaganda has been going on for some time, and has revived lately. Nineteen members of the League have just been sent to prison. The Socialists have been holding many meetings to express their horror of war; with this, of course, no one can find fault, being, as it is, a legitimate means to influence public opinion for a very desirable end.

With other countries France remains on the best of relations. For the first time, however, for many years, there has been, on the part of leading journals, such as the *Temps*, somewhat severe criticism of the other party to the Entente Cordiale—Great Britain. Sir Edward Grey was condemned for what was thought to be the dilatoriness of his action in bringing pressure to bear on Turkey before the war broke out. The criticisms passed on him excited a certain degree of feeling in Great Britain. But there is no reason to think that any alienation is indicated.

The Treaty with Spain regulating their mutual relations in Morocco, which was signed some time ago, has now been published. A year and a half has been spent in the negotiations. The boundaries of the respective spheres have now been drawn, and nothing remains to be done except to settle the terms of the internationalization of Tangier. Both in the north of Morocco

and in the South, Spain has lost a considerable slice of territory. The religious privileges at present enjoyed by the Spanish clergy in the parts conceded to France will cease to exist. The Spanish missions will retain their property, but the Spanish offers no objection to their being staffed by French missionaries. Any new religious establishment that may be founded will be in French hands. The question of the railway from Tangier to Fez is settled by a Protocol annexed to the Treaty. That a settlement has at length been made is, of course, in the highest degree satisfactory; for on two occasions Europe was on the verge of war on account of the conflict between France and Germany with reference to Morocco. Although no serious fear of war between France and Spain arose, yet for a time there was a certain degree of tension. The good result is said to be largely due to the late Señor Canalejas. Certain representations have been made by Germany as to her rights, said to be affected by the new agreement. No doubt is felt, however, that the question will be settled without any difficulty.

Germany.

The Ministers of Prussia, as well as of the Empire, affect to be independent of the Diet and Reichstag respectively, but in practice have to depend upon some group or groups of the manifold parties of which their Parliaments are made up in order to pass into law the bills introduced by them. Of late it is upon the support of the Conservatives and of the Centre that they have relied. On two points recently the Centre has refused to give the government its wonted support. In 1908, by the Prussian Diet, a law was passed expropriating Polish owners of land for the benefit of German would-be purchasers. This proposal met with great opposition at the time, and, although carried into law, has not until a short time ago been put into force. A recent attempt to do this on a small scale caused a rather stormy debate in the Diet. The Catholic Centre Party criticized as bitterly as ever the high-handed proceedings of the government in its dealings with their Catholic fellow-subjects.

The other ground of disagreement between the government and the Centre is the policy adopted by the former towards the Bavarian relaxation of the law passed in 1872 against certain religious orders. Last year the Bavarian government issued a Rescript interpreting this law in a more lenient sense. This Rescript caused considerable political excitement, and its lawfulness was referred to the Federal Council. This Council has given a

decision adverse to the Bavarian government. The leader in the Reichstag of the Catholic Centre criticized the law of exclusion as being a violation of freedom of conscience and of the rights of the Catholics in the German Empire. They ought to be able, he maintained, to choose for themselves such priests as they wish for the administration of the Sacraments. For this reason the Catholic leader declared that his party had lost the confidence hitherto felt in the Imperial Chancellor and in the Federal Council, that the requirements of Catholics would find just treatment at their hands. He intimated that the support, hitherto given to the government, might be withdrawn. It is possible that the Social Democrats may ally themselves to the Catholic Centre, inasmuch as they dislike the law of 1872 for somewhat similar reasons—as a restriction of freedom. Then instead of the Blue-Black combination supporting the government, there would be a Red-Black combination in opposition to it. The Chancellor replied strongly, deprecating the making of this question the corner-stone of the Centre's action. The forty millions of Protestants in Germany had rights superior to those of the twenty-four millions of Catholics. He would support them in their determination to protect themselves from an activity which threatened to revive the religious hatred of the past. The Chancellor showed himself very much in dread of the *furor Protestanticus* which is so easily aroused in Germany. It is not thought that the situation will develop rapidly, or that the Centre Party will vote against the Estimates, or go into opposition on national questions or foreign affairs.

The Emperor has many times given expression to his desire to preserve the religious belief of his people. In a speech at the unveiling of the memorial of Coligny, which has recently been erected at Wilhelmshaven, he disclosed the reason for this so frequent insistence. It would be better to say: a reason, for it cannot be thought that he has no other. Citing the example of his martyr-ancestor, who was true unto death for loyalty's sake, the Emperor called upon each of his hearers "to remain loyal, body and soul, to his king, and to remember that he will do that only if he remains loyal to his Heavenly King."

The relations of Germany with foreign powers have undergone no material change. A statement has appeared that the Triple Alliance has been renewed on precisely the same terms as before. What foundation there is for this statement is not clear. With reference to the Balkan War, Germany has taken no very conspicuous action. It has worked together with the other Powers

for the maintenance and the restoration of peace; and for the localization of the conflict. The Chancellor gave a clear intimation that in the event of her allies being attacked by a third party, she would fight by their side, not in their interests only, but to defend her own place in Europe and her safety as a nation. With Great Britain there seems to be indubitable signs of something like a *rapprochement*. The new Ambassador has lost no time in manifesting his good will and his desire for complete harmony. "Never," said he in a speech delivered at the Anniversary Dinner of the Royal Society, "between England and Germany have there been more intimate and more sincere relations than at present." "Of all bonds that connect nations, none are stronger than intellectual sympathy," and between Germany and England these bonds were very close. These statements of the Ambassador were confirmed in the Reichstag by the Foreign Secretary, Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter.

By the death of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, Germany has lost a ruler who was not only loved and venerated by his own subjects, but honored by all Germans as one of the chief instruments in the formation of the Empire, and of its most loyal supporters since its formation. He has been taken away just at the time that Bavaria is taking a more prominent part than ever before in the Imperial concerns.

The chief event of purely internal interest in Austria-Hungary is the birth of an heir to the throne in succession to the Heir-apparent, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. The latter having contracted a morganatic marriage with Countess Chotek, now Duchess of Hohenberg, made a declaration, which has the force of a statute, that neither his wife, nor their issue, should ever be entitled to claim succession to the throne. The heirship thereupon passed to his brother, the Archduke Otto. Upon his death, his son, the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, became the next heir. It is to him that a son has been born. He is the great-great-nephew of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

All other questions have, of course, been overshadowed by the deep interest that has been taken in the War of the Balkan States with Turkey, and the consequent partition of the territory which has been released from the bondage of so many centuries. In this release Austria, in recent years, has had a share, inasmuch as Bosnia and Herzegovina have been added to her own dominions.

The inhabitants of Macedonia, however, have had little reason to be grateful. In fact, Austrian action has rather tended to the perpetuation of their miserable condition. And now that, by its own valor, Serbia has secured the freedom of the Christians under the Turkish yoke, Austria has threatened to step in to prevent Serbia from securing the reward due to her victory.

It must be admitted that Austria is placed in a very difficult position. On the one hand, the majority of the various nationalities of which the Dual Monarchy consists (some seventeen in number) are Slavs in race and sympathy, and in the event of a war with Serbia, their loyal support to Austrian efforts would be more than doubtful. On the other hand, if Serbia secures the increase of territory, and the outlet to the Adriatic which she is seeking, and to which she is entitled, there is every prospect that she will become the rallying point for the aspirations of the Slavs in every part of the Austro-Hungarian dominions, and in this way lead to the dissolution of the Empire.

The German element in that Empire have held a dominant position, although it is in the minority. The Slav element has long chafed in the subordinate position to which it has been relegated, and has desired an opportunity to reverse the situation. Serbia's aggrandizement may favor such an opportunity—an opportunity likely to be all the more eagerly embraced, as the Slavs supremely dislike the Germans. Hence for the Austrian government there seems to be a choice of evils, and this has led to the hesitation and vacillation that have of late been so marked. The enormous expense that has been involved in the policy of activity since the advent to power of the Count Aehrenthal is an additional reason for hoping, or even expecting, that no attempt will be made by force of arms to deprive the small neighbor, of whom she is so jealous, of the road to the sea which is necessary for her commerce.

Portugal.

The Third Session of the Portuguese Parliament under the Republic began a short time ago, and friends and enemies alike of the new form of government are beginning to look for the fruits of the change. Its friends have frankly to admit their disappointment. So bad, indeed, is the state of affairs that every effort is made to suppress the truth. Officials, of course, as is their wont, are more than content—at least so they say. Independent observers, however, testify that the politics of Portugal are no sounder than they were before the Revolution, while its material condition is

worse. The abuses which existed under the monarchy have not been brought to an end. While it is true that these abuses were many and deeply rooted, and that the efforts of the Royalists since the establishment to overthrow the government have diverted its attention from practical reforms, yet this forms no excuse for the fact that no effort has been made. The leaders in the Republican groups have been acting in the same short-sighted way as their predecessors, seeking merely their own selfish and personal interests.

The thing which shows most clearly the utter want of the remotest idea of a real love of liberty is the treatment accorded to the Royalist prisoners. To quote a telegram from Lisbon, "The majority of those still in prisons are lodged in inadequate rooms wholly devoid of hygienic conditions. Seven prisoners are kept in cells intended only for two. Section five of the prison of Limoeiro holds thirty-seven prisoners, although designed only for sixteen. In some of the rooms rain freely enters. Other of the rooms have no windows, and the only light and air are from holes in the roof. Other conspirators imprisoned in the Castle of Sao Inge are in as bad conditions, part of the living rooms being underground. The delay in the trials is very great." Months pass before the trial comes on. The defense offered by the government for these and similar abuses is that the same things took place under the monarchical *régime*, as if it was not for this very reason that its overturn was rendered necessary.

In view of the failure, more or less complete, of the efforts to secure a greater degree of self-government which have been made recently in Persia, Turkey—it is too soon to speak of China—and Portugal, the question arises whether it is not possible for peoples to be so injured by the long-continued sway of absolutist methods as to be incapable of rising to better things—whether certain powers of the mind of the normal man may not become atrophied by the methods of oppression and repression that are the characteristics of absolute rule. The triumphant success of the Servians, Bulgarians, and Greeks seems, however, to give a conclusive proof of the contrary. After a few years' enjoyment of the blessings of freedom and self-government, they have proved themselves more powerful than the so-called great Powers.

In managing the finances of the country the new Republican authorities have proved themselves as incapable as in other respects. Ever since the advent of the Republic the annual deficit has continually increased. The floating debt which stood at some eighty

millions of dollars when the Monarchy fell, now reaches nearly one hundred millions. The remedies proposed by the Minister of Finance, which include a large issue of paper money without an increase of the metallic reserves, have been coldly received by the Press and by members of Parliament. It is openly declared by the President of the former Provisional government that there is no competent financier to be found in the Ministry, that the public moneys have been improperly handled, and that considerable sums of money have been lost sight of and forgotten in a certain bank. He suggests that on account of the proved incompetence of the Portuguese financial Ministers, it might be well to import a skilled Chancellor of the Exchequer from abroad.

Russia.

Of the many recent attempts to introduce constitutional government in States accustomed to a more or less absolute *régime*, that which has been made in Russia must be looked upon as the most successful, although it is yet far from realizing the ideal of genuine government by the people. The Fourth Duma has just entered upon its work, with warm expressions of good will on the part of the Tsar. Like the other Parliaments of the European continent it is made up of groups, rather than of stable parties. These groups may be divided into three main sections, the Right, the Centre, and the Left. The final returns gave one hundred and sixty-three members to the Right, one hundred and forty-four to the Centre, and one hundred and twenty-five to the Left. The Octobrist Centre has hitherto exercised, with varying degrees of fortune, the greatest influence. In the new House it will have a much more difficult task, and will be compelled to seek alliance with the other groups as time and opportunity demand. The recent elections were greatly influenced by clerical and bureaucratic interference. The gain of one hundred and twelve seats by the Right in the provinces was achieved entirely by the vote of the parish priests, who in many cases acted under orders. The city voters were not so amenable to clerical influence. The first step taken by the new Duma was to make a protest against these proceedings.

The Government has prepared a long list of urgent reform measures, dealing with every department of the administration, notably with the extension of the principle of local government. Many important reform bills were left over by the previous Duma. If these are proceeded with, the House will remove the dissatis-

faction which exists in all classes of the community on account of the delay that has taken place in passing these measures into law.

The influence of Russia has grown greatly within the last three or four years. Its army has been strengthened, and the financial position is excellent. Consequently its weight in European affairs has been felt. There is reason to think that to this fact is due the non-interference of other Powers with the Balkan States, and especially with Servia. The Russian people have manifested their sympathy with their Slav brethren in the clearest manner, by meetings, subscriptions, and appeals to the government. The latter, even had it wished, would not have been able to show itself indifferent.

The opportunity has been taken to secure the aggrandizement of the Empire in another direction. Something like a fourth part of the Chinese Empire has been brought within its dominating influence. An agreement has been made with the Mongolian Sovereign by which the Russian government undertakes to assist Mongolia to maintain the autonomous *régime* she has established, to support her right to have a national army, and to admit neither the presence of Chinese troops on her soil, nor the colonization by the Chinese of her territory. Rights and privileges are given to Russian subjects. There is said to be, in addition to this published agreement, a secret protocol, which gives to Russia the right to supervise Mongolia's foreign relations, and to take any measures which may be necessary to maintain the independence of Mongolia, to extend Mongolian territory as far as the Great Wall of China, and to obtain international recognition of Mongolia as a new State. Should this be the case, an end has indeed been put to the integrity of the Chinese Empire. Great indignation was caused in China.

The Chinese Foreign Minister resigned, and public opinion called upon the government to send troops into the district. This it made a show of doing, but the latest news is that they have been recalled. At the present moment China is powerless, and other nations are occupied in various ways.

When this is being written, the Conference
The Balkan War. in London, with a view to settle the many questions which have arisen, has just begun its labors, an Armistice has been concluded between Turkey and the States that were at war with her, with the exception of Greece, and hopes exist that a general European war may be

averted. A full and complete account of the two months' war is beyond the scope of this chronicle. A few notes, however, may not be out of place.

The part that religion has taken is noteworthy. The war began avowedly not for increase of territory, but to secure for their fellow Christians in the Ottoman dominions the natural rights to which every man is entitled. The blessing of heaven was invoked at every step; thanksgiving was offered for every success. So marked was this feature that a cartoon appeared in a French paper representing Bulgarians kneeling before entering upon a conflict to receive the blessing of a priest. Two generals of the French army are witnesses of the scene. One of them says to the other, "What should we get, if we allowed such a thing to be done in France by soldiers under our command?" The reply of the other was, "The victory." When King Peter of Servia entered the old capital of the Servian Empire, he paid a visit to the Catholic Church in which a *Te Deum* was sung, and he was welcomed by the priest as the deliverer of the country.

On the other hand, one of the causes of the defeat of the Turks, and of the display of cowardice which was so often witnessed, was the fact that old religious beliefs have been shaken by the events of recent years. The Young Turks were imbued with rationalistic notions, and in various ways had shown their disregard of orthodox Turkish tenets. This contempt had spread more or less widely through the ranks of the soldiers. Another reason for their failure was the loss of discipline among the officers, due to the habit they had formed of mixing in politics. The Committee of Union and Progress, to whom the revolution was due, was largely made up of officers, or at least found its chief support among them. Political discussion had taken the place of military discipline. Abdul Hamid's system had also a very bad effect upon the army in the highest quarters. Never had a monarch succeeded so well as he in getting into his own hands every detail of power. He was jealous of everyone, and especially of any officer who showed signs of superior ability. He took the greatest pains to bar the way of such a one to power, in order that he might have no rival. To this is attributed the failure of the generals. We hope that yet another cause may be assigned: that the time has passed when the cause of tyranny is able to find willing instruments of its designs. "A bad thing," it is said, "never dies." Let us hope this saying may for once be proved untrue.

Before the war began the Great Powers warned the Balkan States that they would not be allowed to get, even in the unlikely event of a victory over Turkey, any increase of territory. But immediately after the startling succession of victories the Powers withdrew from this position—for nothing succeeds like success—and the Balkans for the Balkan States became an axiom. The Powers, however, or at all events Austria-Hungary, wished to give the benefit of this principle to that collection of tribes which have dwelt in Macedonia, and which, after having been the main support of Abdul Hamid, have taken no part in freeing the country from the Turk; in fact, have in some cases fought on the side of the oppressors. This was evidently unjust in itself, and especially unjust to one of the States whose only way to expansion was by the annexation of territory occupied by certain of these tribes. If the claims of Servia are to be met it can only be by including some of the Albanians within its new limits. Moreover, some of these tribes are scarcely better than savages; living in a state of constant warfare, tribe against tribe, almost man against man. Another reason against the formation of an Albanian autonomous state is the difficulty of finding a definite boundary. Albanian tribes have existed; Albania, as a definite territory, never had existence. The real reason of Austria-Hungary is only too clear. Her desire is to hem Servia in, so that she may be kept in that subordination, commercial and political, which suits the interests of the Dual Monarchy. Servia, on the other hand, decidedly, and perhaps somewhat too pugnaciously, claims not only the right of annexing the territory called Old Servia upon which Albanian tribes are living, but a port or ports on the Adriatic as necessary for the development of her commerce. No claim is made for the retention of all the territory which have been overrun by Servian armies. But for what she looks upon as necessary, she has intimated her determination to sacrifice her last man. This is one of the most difficult of the questions which the Conference now sitting in London has to settle. The fate of the Turks is comparatively easy. But when it comes to adjust the mutual claims of the Allies, unless a miracle has been wrought in the minds of age-long opponents, a period of conflict and disagreement seems all but impossible to avoid. Already at Salonika the Bulgarians and Greeks have almost come to blows. The Conference in London has a difficult task before it.

With Our Readers.

MANY self-constituted social reformers have, under the title of sex hygiene, started a so-called crusade, the extent and possible results of which they do not seem to realize. The best that may be said of their efforts is that they seem to believe that knowledge is virtue.

With a boldness that bespeaks the folly of inexperienced youth they talk publicly to children, even, at times, with the permission of our public school authorities, about matters of sex which, whether known or unknown, must ever retain an aureole of privacy if they are to retain their sanctity. And unless they be holy to each and every one of us, the race of man knows neither worth nor dignity. Many of these ill-advised reformers father public exhibitions, and these are aided by public government funds, whereto children of any and every age are admitted, where temptation brazenly masquerades under statistical charts and wax figures, and the prurient are freely fed with the food they desire.

Of course, the so-called reformers will indignantly protest that their purpose is just the contrary. But is the community going to allow them to work untold harm simply because they have good intentions? Many social "reformers" have a confirmed habit of looking at one set of facts and blinding themselves to another. Their first premises are always true and pitifully narrow. Their logic is unquestionable. They have the method and the fanaticism of lunatics. "Purge society of this evil," they cry, "at all costs." "But what if you create a greater," asks the man of experience. "Purge it at all costs," is the invariable answer. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die," is their impatient and ill-advised cry.

* * * * *

PERHAPS some of these workers, who will not listen to the words of any Catholic authority, will listen to the words of one who is far from being a Catholic or having sympathy with things Catholic. We refer to M. L. L. Klotz, Minister of Finance, in the present French Cabinet. In a recent address before the Commission appointed in France to study the question of the decreasing birth rate in that country, he reviewed the causes of such decrease. In the course of his review he said: "The voluntary limitation in the birth rate is encouraged and positively fostered by the active propaganda which aims to make public certain immoral practices under the cover and pretext of hygiene and the diffusion of scientific doctrines. The Commission will consider what penal measures are to be taken to prevent such a morbid and demoralizing propaganda."

WE strongly recommend on this matter the department called "Survey of the Field" in the *Catholic Educational Review* for December, 1912. In our October issue we spoke at some length of how this difficult and delicate question ought to be handled.

* * * * *

ONE great fact we ought always to remember. Many of the present generation are so impatient of tradition that they scorn their fathers utterly. But the wisdom of the race is cumulative: traditional, enduring. Our fathers and mothers did not neglect the problem. What sanctity, purity, and virility we have, as a race, we owe to them. We must protect and nourish innocence, as well as redeem from evil. And surely the words of the French Minister of Finance are startlingly true with regard to conditions in our own country. We need but mention one.

The propaganda to cure vice has been carried on with such vicious license that unprincipled, salacious writers, and equally unprincipled publishers, furnish weekly and monthly in popular magazines, at the price of fifteen cents, stories that stink of the filth of the sewer and bristle with the cleverness and subtlety of Satan himself.

Our President-elect said not long since that the time had come for every man to write his name down politically on either this side or that. So widespread and well-financed is the war on public morality, that every man must write himself down as for it or against it. This is not the day for compromise and consideration. It is the day for heated and incessant warfare.

GOD uses all the things of the universe to draw us to Himself. The soul belongs to God. It is His immediate possession, and the joy of joys will be our possession by Him, the entirety of which no words can express or symbol symbolize. Of old the psalmist proclaimed that the heavens declare the glory of God. The physical universe has for us a meaning only in so far as it veils or interprets our personal relations with Him. The stars in the quiet night, the sun in the clear heavens, or its softer glory as day gives way to night, the sea in its power or its peace, the rivers that may sing or warn as they go—all these are means by which the soul may be brought to think of God, Who has so blessed the chorus of creation. So also with ourselves and our fellows. The grace of God has made us lovers of one another and partakers of the Communion of Saints. Speaking only of earth, there is a natural communion or companionship whereby we are often led by the love, example, instruction of and devotion to another to reach out after better things and to serve God more faithfully. In this, the blessed shadow of the Communion that is heavenly and eternal, souls act upon souls in natural human ways that work toward goodness. Many bear witness to the life story that made them better men and women. Many

tell of the friendship that meant a turning point for them to what was upright and noble. Everyone of us, even the most simple and the most unknown, may play a part, we know not oftentimes how or when, in elevating the standard of life for our fellows. Across our path may come, by the favor of Providence, one who will give to us, either in word or example, the bread of life; one who will give to our hearts that sense of loyalty to all that is noble; that sense of honor in the following of what is best, as to open for us a new life. We may bind him to our souls with hoops of steel, and our debt to him is eternal.

Yet it is equally true that to everyone who works with or loves others, neither he nor the loved one is an end in himself. He is satisfied to be the stepping-stone. Both he himself and all whom he would ever help, would fall never to rise again were they to lose themselves in admiration for each other, and forget that which alone gives meaning to service and devotion. It must be the eternal care of the creature, obvious as the truth may seem, not to make himself God, nor to make another his God. It must be the eternal care of the creature not to bring down God to the measure of the creature nor of his love for a creature.

* * * * *

THESE may sound like very self-evident truths, requiring no repetition or emphasis. And yet there is a tendency in modern literature that is working for just this sort of thing. Long ago, in a most befitting way, St. Francis symbolized, after the manner of the songs of chivalry, his love of poverty, and called it his love of Lady Poverty. And great ones in a great and holy way have symbolized as love for a woman their soul's love of God. Their example, while always for our edification, is obviously not always for our imitation, as is true of many things in many of the lives of the saints. When we have their plentitude of grace we also may have their inspiration.

Constantly to frame the soul's love of God under the figure of a man's love for a woman—even though the woman be non-existent—is not alone inexact; it is also dangerous. The use of such a figure may be a type, an example. It should never be an interpretation. To employ it too habitually in poems or novels, or, worse still, to elevate it into something of a philosophy of life, is apt, unless there be corresponding great safeguards and unusual discipline, to lead the mind into chaos, and the soul into a bewildering symbolism that loses the real meaning of the Incarnation. For the Incarnation, while it elevates virtue, intensifies sin. It harmonizes matter and spirit: the creature and the Creator. Yet the harmony is emphasized by the remembrance of how greatly and eternally they may be separated. We cannot too familiarly bring the images of earth into our love and

service of God. Sense is more powerful in this world than spirit. And more than once sense has led the spirit captive. The spirit that thought it was above sense will, as the slave of its own pride, be made its slave.

We must in that individual, inner life of principle be ultimately independent of others. The world and our fellows are a means: even our Lord in His humanity is the "Way." We may in the cultivation of that life of the spirit and of prayer learn freedom from images, and types, and illustrations. The soul hungering for God hungers to be free from the images of earth. This is the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. This is the work of our Holy Church, her message in the revealed Word, and the truth whereby she would guide her children that we are Christ's and Christ is God's. It is well to bear her guiding star with us as a standard of our actions and our conduct.

* * * * *

ST. BERNARD has these wise lines: "Give me a man who, before all things, loves God with all his being. . . . whose love for all things whatsoever is regulated by his love for God; who despises the earth and looks up to the heavens; who uses this world as not abusing it, and knows how to distinguish by a certain inward faculty of soul between things which are to be chosen and loved and those to be merely used, so that things transitory are made use of as they pass for temporary need, and as long as the need requires, while things eternally enduring, are embraced with lasting joy: show me, I say, a man such as this, and I will boldly pronounce him wise, since he takes things for what they truly are, and is able with truth and confidence to boast, 'He hath set in order charity in me.'"

And then St. Bernard continues in words which compel quotation: "But where is such a one to be found: and when shall it be thus with him? This I ask weeping: how long shall we perceive this fragrance without tasting it? how long look forward to our heavenly home, without attaining it, sighing for it, while beholding it from afar? O Truth, fatherland of exiled souls, and end of their exile! I descry thee, but am unable to enter in: I am detained in the flesh, I am defiled by my sins, I am not worthy to be admitted. O Wisdom, whose powerful guidance extended from the beginning to the end of things, establishing and controlling them, who disposest all with admirable gentleness: ordering, blessing, and gladdening all affections, direct our actions according as our temporal necessities require, and dispose our affections as Thy Eternal Truth demands; so that each of us may be able securely to glory in Thee, and say 'He has set in order charity in me.' For Thou art the Power of God, and the Wisdom of God, Jesus Christ our Lord, the Bridegroom of the Church, God above all, blessed forever. Amen."

THE *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, by Alfred Noyes, now running in *Blackwood's Magazine*, show not only the gift of high poetry, but also a healthy moral sense which it is refreshing nowadays to find. To Christian truth must English poetry look for its reinvigoration. Thus the poet writes of the providential purposes of joy and sorrow:

Silence and sound,
Darkness and light, mourning and mirth,—no tale,
No painting, and no music, nay, no world,
If God should cut their fruitful marriage knot.

Mr. Noyes thus answers those who would deny the truth of hell; and those who would make this earth the "be-all and the end-all:"

A shallow sort to-day would fain deny
A hell, sirs, to this boundless universe.
To such I say "no hell, no Paradise."
Others would fain deny the topless towers
Of heaven, and make this earth a hell indeed.
To such I say, the unplumbed gulfs of grief
Are only theirs for whom the blissful chimes
Ring from those unseen heights.

The poet continues, championing the eternal meaning of our human actions and the overruling harmony of God's law:

Every note distinct, round as a pearl,
And perfect in its place, a chime of law
Whose pure and boundless mere arithmetic
Climbs with my soul to God.

* * * * *

The fairy tales
Are wiser than they know, sirs. All our woes
Lead on to those celestial marriage bells
The world's a-wooing; and the pure City of God
Peals for the wedding of our joy and pain!

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Road Beyond the Town, and Other Little Verses. By Michael Earls, S.J. \$1.25. *Up in Ardmuirland.* By Rev. Michael Barrett, O.S.B. \$1.25 net. *Spiritual Progress.* From the French. 90 cents net. *The Consolations of Purgatory.* By Rev. Father H. Faure, S.M. 90 cents net. *The Westminster Hymnal.* Edited by Richard R. Terry, F.R.C.O. \$1.25 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

In St. Dominic's Country. By C. M. Antony. \$1.60 net. *The Three Sisters of Lord Russell of Killowen and Their Convent Life.* By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. \$2.00 net. *William George Ward and the Catholic Revival.* By Wilfrid Ward. \$2.40 net. *History of the Roman Breviary.* By Monsignor Pierre Batifol, Litt.D. Translated by A. M. Y. Baylay, M.A. \$3.00 net.

- AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York:
The Swallow Book. By Dr. Giuseppe Pitre. Translated by Ada W. Camehl. 35 cents. *Hannah of Kentucky.* By James Otis. 35 cents. *Physical Laboratory Guide.* By F. C. Reeve, E.E. 60 cents. *Seth of Colorado.* By James Otis. 35 cents.
- THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
Socialism from the Christian Standpoint. By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. \$1.50 net.
- ROBERT APPLETON Co., New York:
The Catholic Encyclopedia. Volume XV.
- PRESENTATION CONVENT, New York:
What Dora Dreamt. By A Member of the Presentation Order. Musical Drama. \$1.00.
- FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York:
Marriage and the Sex Problem. By Dr. F. W. Foerster.
- HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
The Home Book of Verse, American and English, 1580-1912. Selected by Burton Egbert Stevenson. \$7.50.
- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
The Peace Movement of America. By Julius Moritzen. \$3.00 net. *Immigration and Labor.* By Isaac A. Hourwich, Ph.D. \$2.50 net.
- THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS, New York:
The Nativity. By John Bunker.
- JOSEPH F. WAGNER, New York:
Sermon Plans for All the Sundays of the Year. From the French of Abbé H. Lesêtre. \$1.00 net. *Lantern Slides and Lectures.* Pamphlet. *Pictorial Church History for Use with the Stereopticon.* Pamphlet. 40 cents net.
- JOHN FOSTER CARR, New York:
Guide to the United States for the Jewish Emigrant. By John Foster Carr. 15 cents.
- LEO KELLY, New York:
Religion in New Netherland. By J. Zwierlein, D.Sc.M.H. \$2.00 net; \$2.15 prepaid.
- D. C. HEATH & Co., New York:
Handbook of Composition. By Edwin C. Woolley, Ph.D.
- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
Penal Philosophy. By Gabriel Tarde. Translated from the French by Rapelje Howell, Esq. \$5.00 net.
- WHITCOMB & BARROWS, Boston:
The Making of a Trade School. By Mary Scherick Woolman. 50 cents net.
- H. L. KILNER & Co., Philadelphia:
The Adventures of Four Young Americans. By Henriette E. Delamare. 60 cents. *Nellie Kelly, or the Mother of Five.* By Henriette E. Delamare. 60 cents. *Amelie in France.* By Maurice F. Egan. 70 cents.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
Steamship Conquest of the Sea. By Frederick A. Talbot. \$1.50 net.
- B. HERDER, St Louis:
The Communion of Saints. By Rev. Chas. F. McGinnis, Ph.D. \$1.50. *Spiritual Exercises for the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive Ways.* By J. Michael of Coutances. \$1.35. *Crowns and Palms.* From the German of Monsignor A. de Waal. Pamphlet. 25 cents. *The Church of Christ.* By Rev. B. J. Otten, S.J. 15 cents. *The Holy Way of the Cross.* Pamphlet. 5 cents.
- M. A. DONOHUE & Co., Chicago:
Bi-sexual Man. By Buzzacott and Wymore. *Memory and the Executive Mind.* By A. R. Robinson. \$1.50 net.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:
Facts and Theories. By Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, LL.D. *Twelve Catholic Men of Science.* By Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, LL.D. *Catholicism and Socialism.*
- SANDS & Co., London:
The Tragedy of Fotheringay. By Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. 3 s. 6 d.
- PIERRE TEQUI, Paris:
Le Salut Assuré par la Dévotion a Marie. *Le Révérend Père A. De Ponlevoy S.J.* Par P. Alexandre de Gabriac. 4 frs. *Au delà du Tombeau.* Par R. P. Ad. Hamon, S.J. 3 frs. *La Bonté et les Affections Naturelles chez les Saints.* Par Marquis de Ségur. 6 frs. *Jeunesse et Idéal.* Par Abbé Henri Morice 2 frs. *Saint Antoine de Padone.* Par Mgr. Ant. Ricard. 3 frs. 50. *Sentiment de Napoléon Ier sur le Christianisme.* Par Bathild Bouniol. *Le Mystère de la Très Ste Trinité.* Par R. P. Edouard Hugon. 3 frs. 50. *Le Petit Journal Des Saints ou Abrégé de Leur Vie.* Par Deux Missionnaires. 1 fr. 25. *La Vérité aux Gens du Monde.* Par Joseph Tissier. 3 frs. 50. *Les Fondements de La Foi.* Par R. P. Mario Laplana, S.J. *Vers la Vie pleine.* Par Ad Goutay. 3 frs. 50. *Allocutions pour les Jeunes Gens.* Par Paul Lallemant. 3 frs. *Mizraïm; Souvenirs D'Égypte.* Par Godefroid Kurth.

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MINIMUM WAGE LEGISLATION.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, S.T.D.



THE proposal to establish a lowest legal limit of wages has, even in the United States, got beyond the confines of academic discussion. It has found a place in the statutes of Massachusetts, been introduced in the legislatures of two other States, been inserted in the national platform of a great political party, been authorized in the new constitution of Ohio, and it will be among the bills discussed in the legislatures of several States this winter. Perhaps the most conclusive evidence that it has become a live and general question is to be found in the fact that it will be the topic of discussion at one session of the American Economic Association at its annual meeting this month.

Obviously a legislative innovation of this sort ought not to be seriously urged unless the need therefor is grave. Is this condition verified in the matter of a legal minimum wage? Undoubtedly it is. Whether we consider the industrial situation from the side of the individual or from that of society, we cannot escape the conclusion that the State ought not to permit any considerable section of its citizens to live below the level of efficient, normal, and reasonable life. Yet we are to-day confronted with just such a condition.

Every one of the investigations into the cost of living that has been conducted in recent years justifies the assertion that the lowest amount on which a man and wife and three children can

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maintain physical, mental, and moral health, in any city of the United States, is somewhere between seven hundred and fifty and nine hundred dollars per year, and that a decent living for a woman wage earner is somewhere between eight and ten dollars per week.* Yet the most comprehensive, and at the same time specific study of wage rates ever made in this country, showed that in 1904 about fifty-eight per cent of the adult males in the manufacturing industries were getting less than six hundred dollars annually, while about one-half of the female workers failed to receive more than six dollars a week.†

According to Professor Nearing of the University of Pennsylvania, who has published the latest and most complete estimates of wages on the basis of all the available statistics, three-fourths of the male adult workers get less than seven hundred and fifty dollars yearly, and three-fifths of the adult females are paid a weekly wage of less than eight dollars. This estimate makes no allowance for idle time during the year, which Professor Nearing places at twenty per cent.‡ The Twelfth Biennial Report of the Minnesota Labor Bureau shows that about three-quarters of the male wage earners in the principal occupations of the State received under seven hundred and fifty dollars per year, and that twenty-five per cent of the female workers got less than six dollars per week, and seventy-one per cent less than nine dollars per week.

If the remuneration of these underpaid multitudes could be raised by other means to normal and decent levels within one or two generations, the case for legislative intervention would not be overwhelmingly strong. But all competent authorities know that this is not merely improbable, but, humanly speaking, impossible. In the general rise in wages which has taken place during the last fifteen years, the pay of the unskilled, who comprise the greater part of the underpaid workers, has not kept pace with that of the men and women who possess skill.

In fact, the real wages of this submerged class have not risen at all. Neither through organization, for the great majority cannot become effectively organized; nor through the automatic action of economic forces, for, as Walker long ago pointed out, these tend to degrade further, rather than to uplift, the oppressed sections of

*See Chapin, *The Standard of Living in Workingmen's Families*; Streightoff, *The Industrial People of the United States*, and Report of the Massachusetts Commission on Minimum Wage Boards.

†See Bulletin No. 93 of the Census Bureau of Manufactures.

‡*Wages in the United States*.

the working people; nor through the benevolence of employers, for they either cannot or will not achieve the desired end, can the remuneration of the underpaid be made adequate to decent and reasonable living. There remains, then, the single and sufficient method of legislation.

The establishment of a minimum wage is quite as much a proper function of the State as the safeguarding of life, limb, or property. All these are goods which are of immediate necessity for the individual, and which indirectly promote the social welfare. To protect the health, morals, and mind of the citizen against the injury resulting from an insufficient livelihood, is quite as important, both individually and socially, as to protect his life against the assassin, his body against the bully, or his money against the thief.

When the State neglects any of these functions, it fails in its primary duty of protecting natural rights, and promoting the common good. The notion, so common throughout America, that, whatever else the State may do for the regulation of industry, it may not touch the wage contract, has neither political, moral, nor logical foundation. It is the last surviving remnant of the shallow and discredited doctrine of *laissez-faire*. If the believers in this notion were logical, they would condemn State regulation of child labor; of the hours of labor of women and young persons; of safety and sanitation in factories, and of workmen's compensation for industrial injuries. All these legislative provisions are justified because they are designed for the protection of classes that cannot protect themselves against economic exploitation. Precisely the same may be said of a minimum wage law.

The establishment of living wages by law has no other economic consequences than those which attend upon their establishment by a labor union, or by voluntary agreement among employers. In all three cases a minimum is fixed below which no employer is permitted to pay wages. If the enforcement of that minimum by a labor union, or by a trade agreement conference, would not inflict excessive hardship upon the less efficient workers, nor unduly raise prices to the consumer, there is no reason why these evils would follow when the minimum is maintained by law. The essential fact is the setting up of the minimum; the means through which it is set up is of no importance whatever economically. In view of this obtrusively obvious fact, it is somewhat difficult to retain one's respect for the intelligence of those well-meaning

persons who would like to see all underpaid workers so effectively organized as to command living wages, and yet, on economic grounds, shrink from attaining the same end by legislation.

That there are certain economic difficulties confronting the establishment of decent minimum wages, whether by law or otherwise, no intelligent advocate of the proposal will deny. Nevertheless the obstacles are neither so serious nor so probable as they are thought to be by opponents. If the enforced payment of universal living wages would drive any employer or any industry out of existence, the contingency should be welcomed; for it is more desirable on every account that the masses of underpaid workers should have the means of living like human beings than that certain soulless trades should survive, or certain inefficient employers continue to function as captains of industry.

Moreover, there is no sufficient reason to expect that these results would happen to more than an insignificant fraction of industries or of employers. The fear that slow and infirm workers would be unable to find employment is likewise without any solid foundation. Provision could be made in the law for the employment at less than the legal minimum of all those persons who were not up to the average in speed or efficiency. Evasions of this article could be prevented, as is done in the Victoria statute, by the proviso that not more than a certain definite fraction, say, one-fifth, of the employees in any establishment should be permitted to work for less than the general minimum. In this way the relatively inefficient workers would be better provided for than they are at present in occupations which maintain the union scale.

There is, however, one objection to a universal minimum wage, which has in it some elements of validity. At least, it will stand the test of examination. It consists in the possibility that the increased wages would be followed by increased prices, and, therefore, by diminished production and diminished employment. Nevertheless this contention has been unsuccessfully urged against every legislative enactment which apparently tends to increase the cost of production, such as eight-hour laws, child labor laws, industrial safety laws, accident compensation laws, and every other legal regulation which restricts in any way freedom of contract or freedom of industrial management. Since the objection has not been permitted to prevail against these worthy and necessary measures, it should not stand in the way of minimum wage legislation. To be sure, if the wages of all the underpaid workers in America

were raised to decent and living levels by one sudden stroke of legal enactment, the evil results that we are now discussing would probably be verified.

Such able and uncompromising advocates of the minimum wage as Sidney and Beatrice Webb make this admission. Consequently the advance in wages effected by the law should be gradual and continuous, not quick and final. In this way the rise in prices would be confined to the products of a very few industries; for the greater part of the increased wages would probably come out of the increased efficiency of the workers, and the diminished profits of monopolistic establishments and sweating establishments. All authorities admit that better food, clothing, and housing for submerged workers would enable them to turn out a larger product.

The Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission found that in one candy factory in that State twenty-four per cent of the girls received less than four dollars a week, while in another only one per cent fell below that wage; that in a third establishment twenty-two per cent were paid between six and eight dollars, while in a fourth seventy-eight per cent were in that class of wage rates; and that, if a minimum wage of six dollars per week were established, Jones would be compelled to add ten dollars to his payroll for every ten women employed, but the increased wage outlay by Jenkins would be only three dollars. Undoubtedly Jones would suffer a considerable reduction in profits. He might even be forced out of business; but this would be a good thing, not only for his exploited employees, but for the whole candy industry.

Even a considerable rise in prices would be a smaller evil than the existence of large masses of underpaid human beings. If people want goods they should pay a sufficient price for them to provide living wages for the producers. If the higher prices caused a lessened demand, and a smaller volume of employment in some industries, the displaced workers could probably all find occupation in those trades in which an increased product would be needed to meet the increased purchasing power of those wage earners who had formerly been underpaid.

To put this phase of the matter in a single sentence: a rise in wages which, on the one hand, compelled the comfortable classes to expend a larger proportion of their incomes for the products of labor, and which, on the other hand, increased the efficiency of the producers, could not possibly be detrimental to the laboring population as a whole. Indeed, if the argument against a minimum

wage, based on the assumption of a consequent rise in prices, is valid, it condemns every attempt to raise the remuneration of any group of workers by any method whatever. It is not merely a counsel of despair, but a resurrection of the crude and discarded wage fund theory.

Finally, we come to the constitutional difficulty. Twenty years ago those provisions of our State and Federal constitutions which protect every person against deprivation of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, would probably have been interpreted by almost all our higher courts as fatal to minimum wage legislation. Since that date the situation has been greatly improved. In the Oregon ten-hour case (*Mueller vs. Oregon*) the United States Supreme Court decided that the liberty to work more than ten hours a day in certain occupations could legally be taken away from women wage earners in the interest of their health, morals, and general welfare. The Supreme Court of Illinois rendered the same decision in a similar case on substantially the same grounds (*Ritchie & Co. vs. Wayman*). In several other States the courts of final resort have made like pronouncements regarding ten-, nine-, and eight-hour laws for women workers.

The reasoning employed in all these cases would compel these courts to sustain the constitutionality of laws requiring that women be paid minimum rates of wages. Counsel for the State would merely be required to show that insufficient wages are detrimental to the health, morals, and welfare of women employees, and therefore of the community; and this could be even more impressively demonstrated than in the matter of excessive hours of labor. It could easily be proved that a woman's freedom to work for less than living wages is a fit subject for restriction under the police power.

Even if a minimum wage law should include not merely women and children but adult males as well, there is some probability that it would be sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States. In the case of *Holden vs. Hardy*, the Court declared that employees engaged in dangerous and unhealthful occupations, such as underground mining, are not on an equality with their employers, but are practically constrained to obey the rules laid down by the latter, and that in such cases the legislature may interpose its authority on behalf of the workers. Hence it sustained the law reducing the hours of labor to eight per day. Similarly in the cases of *Allgeyer vs. Louisiana*, *Lochner vs. New York*, and the *Knoxville Iron Co.*

vs. Harbison the same Court laid down the doctrine that police power may be exercised not only on behalf of the general health, welfare, safety, and morals, but in the interest of any particular class of employees who are in a position of economic disadvantage as compared with their employers. Surely this is the plight of the great mass of underpaid men.

The latest and most sweeping pronouncement of the United States Supreme Court on this question is found in its decision concerning the case of *Noble State Bank vs. Haskell*. "It may be said in a general way that the police power extends to all the great public needs. It may be put forth in aid of what is sanctioned by usage as held by the prevailing morality or strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare." Under this interpretation a minimum wage law applying to men as well as women would probably be held constitutional, once it had got through a State legislature; for it would then be regarded as "greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare."

Not all the State courts of last resort would take such a broad and enlightened view of the police power. In the case of *Ives vs. South Buffalo Railway Co.*, the New York Court of Appeals expressly repudiated that interpretation. In all the States thus afflicted, the obvious and fairly easy remedy is to amend the State constitution. This has already been accomplished in Ohio through the following provision: "Laws may be passed fixing and regulating the hours of labor, establishing a minimum wage, and providing for the comfort, health, safety, and general welfare of all employees; and no other provision of the constitution shall impair or limit this power." It will be observed that this article applies to male as well as female employees. A similar enabling act can be got into the organic law of any State in which the subject is of great practical importance, and in which public opinion has become sufficiently aroused and enlightened to support corresponding statutory legislation.

So much for the theoretical side of the situation. What is the verdict of experience? Throughout the mediæval period wages were for the most part fixed by law, or by custom which had all the force of law. The most notable example of formally legal regulation is, of course, the long series of English Statutes of Laborers from 1349 till the days of Elizabeth. In the early years of the nineteenth century the weavers of Lancashire, and the more

efficient employers in that trade, petitioned Parliament to reinforce the Elizabethan statute for the regulation of wages by the justices of the peace, in order to raise the starvation levels of wages then prevailing. Owing to the extraordinary influence of the political economists, however, the British Parliament not only rejected the petition, but formally repealed the statute. It followed the advice of doctrinaires who condemned legal regulation, not merely of wages, but of hours, age, sanitation, and safety.

So far as the present writer knows, the first modern enactment of the minimum wage principle was made in one of the communes of Belgium in 1887. It provided that the employees of firms doing certain work by contract for the commune should be paid a minimum wage, respectively, of thirty-five and twenty-five centimes per hour. Since then the requirement that contractors on public work, and the makers of supplies for public purposes, should pay certain minimum rates of remuneration has been extended throughout the entire kingdom. Herein we have a suggestion that is of value for our own municipal, state, and national governments. If laws may be, as they have been, passed requiring that the eight-hour day be observed on work done by private contractors for the government, it would seem that a minimum wage clause in all such contracts ought to be feasible.

The first minimum wage law applying to purely private employments was enacted in the year 1896 in Victoria, Australia. The method of determining the rates of remuneration was that of boards, composed of employers and employees in equal numbers, and a third group of members representing the public. Applying at first to some half dozen trades, the law has been steadily extended, until it now embraces the great majority of the industrial employees in the State of Victoria. While sweating has not been entirely abolished, the lowest levels of wages have been considerably raised, industrial peace has been greatly promoted, and the scheme has given more general satisfaction than any other measure of equal importance ever enacted. Neither the cost of production nor the price of products has advanced. Some of the most beneficial effects of the law are not pecuniary at all, but intellectual and moral.

The wage boards have tended to cultivate a disposition among employers to act more justly towards their employees The workers' interest has been aroused, and they are moved out of that apathy which prevented them from making

any attempt to better themselves. Their moral and intellectual status is steadily improving. Initiative is fostered, hopes and aspirations are aroused. The workers' whole outlook upon life is changing as they gradually awake from the slough of despondency and indifference induced by the depressing and demoralizing influence of evil conditions and hopeless drudgery. The power of the sweater is broken, and the worker has cast off that fatalistic servitude and degradation which blighted his whole existence.*

The success of the Victorian legislation has influenced the neighboring States of New South Wales and South Australia to enact similar measures within the last ten years.

At the beginning of the year 1910 minimum wage boards, or trade boards, were established in four of the most depressed industries carried on by the female home workers of England. Parliament adopted this device as the only remedy that held out the slightest promise of success. Writing in the *American Economic Review* for March, 1912, Mr. E. F. Wise of Toynbee Hall, London, says: "It would be safe to say that the measure of progress in the two short years that have elapsed has exceeded the hopes of the warmest supporters of the act, and there is every indication that at last a weapon has been forged that will greatly diminish if it does not destroy one of the worst evils of our industrial system." At the very moment that this sentence was published, the British Parliament was engaged in extending the minimum wage legislation to all the coal mines of the country. This was primarily to bring to an end a disastrous strike which had defied all other methods of settlement. The faith of the workers in the measure was sufficiently indicated in the fact that they called off the strike as soon as the law was enacted.

Within the last three or four years minimum wage projects have been seriously entertained in the national legislatures of France, Germany, and Austria. Like the first English legislation, these proposals would apply only to certain classes of women workers, and would operate by means of trade boards.

The first enactment of this sort in the United States is the minimum wage boards act of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1912. It applies only to women and minors, and the wages to be fixed under it will have only moral not legal sanction. The names of those employers who refuse to pay the rates of wages determined

**Sweated Labor and the Trade Boards Act*, p. 44.

by a board must be published in four newspapers of the county in which the establishments are located. While the law is in this respect vitally defective, it does recognize the principle of a minimum wage, and it may well become a powerful means of educating public opinion to demand a genuinely compulsory statute.

Practically all the foregoing laws and projects of law provide for the establishment of the minimum by the device of wage boards. These are more democratic, more elastic, and more apt to win the assent of employers than the more direct method of wage fixing by the legislature or by a State commission. Far from being radical or revolutionary, wage boards are moderate in conception, and likely to move very gradually in their task of raising existing rates of wages. Inasmuch as they represent the employer and the general public as well as the employees, they could not easily be or do otherwise. They are very much akin to boards of arbitration. The direct method was embodied in the bill brought before the Wisconsin Legislature in 1911, and is likewise exemplified in the bill to be introduced into the Legislature of Oregon this winter. In the former project the State industrial commission was authorized to fix minimum rates of wages in all employments which were paying wages, whether to males or females, insufficient to provide "the necessary comforts of life." The Oregon bill would, if enacted into law, operate at first even more directly; for it would specifically fix the minimum wages of women at nine dollars and seven dollars and eighty cents a week in counties containing, respectively, more and less than one hundred thousand inhabitants. While the direct method, as exemplified by either of these projects, is simpler and more easily applied than the board method, it seems, for the present at least, to be less likely to be successful.

The ideal arrangement would comprehend both methods: a general minimum applying at once to all trades in the State, but so low that it would prohibit only a few of the lowest actual rates of wages; and boards in each trade which would raise the general minimum whenever such action was justified by particular conditions. Thus, the legislative minimum would give formal sanction to the minimum wage principle, and also do away with the most extreme forms of underpay, without, however, putting an unfair burden upon any industry; the board's minimum would go beyond this wherever possible, and accomplish it through a method that gave all parties a voice in its decisions.

CELIA'S LOVER.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

CHAPTER I.



EVERYTHING at Earlsmere is traditional. And that, to my mind, is its special and rare attraction. As soon as you step out of the fly that has brought you from Severton, half a dozen miles away, you feel that you are enjoying life in the time of your grandmother, with the advantage of being able to drive back again, for seven-and-sixpence, into the twentieth century whenever your business or inclination may call you there.

The old inhabitants assure you that there have been lamentable changes, but you really cannot believe in them.

There is a delightful sensation of fixity about the Earlsmere folk: for one thing they are always to be found in the same houses.

That Lord Earlsmere should still inhabit Earls Thorpe, as his noble progenitors did before him, is of course satisfactory, but does not affect the imagination. Nor is it worthy of remark that Sir Amos Dene should reside at Dene Abbey as all the Denes have done for three hundred and forty years; though by the way there are countries where the spectacle is not uncommon of family seats occupied at present by alien invaders, of unfamiliar name and bewildering wealthiness.

But at Earlsmere it is not the great folks alone who inhabit traditional homes. Doctor Hart's father was Doctor Hart before him, and lived where he does in the cosy white house with green venetians, opposite the church gates. And that former Doctor Hart was son of old Mr. Daniel Hart, the apothecary, who moved into that house after he had retired on a "modest competence."

(Almost everybody at Earlsmere enjoys a "modest competence," and that again is very comfortable.)

The Misses Spicers still keep school in The Firs, where their aunts, the original Misses Spicers, had their establishment for young ladies soon after Queen Victoria's accession. And, as we all know, those primal Misses Spicers inherited the school from their mother, who had purchased it (on becoming a widow) from the last surviving Miss Crabbe, under whose auspices she herself and all the neigh-

borhood had received their education in the time of the Prince Regent.

Lawyer Quill is the perennial rival of Lawyer Vellem, as his father before him was the rival of old Attorney Vellem, the present man's uncle: and Greenbank is still the abode of the Quills as it was forty years ago, while Thorn Lodge is still the stronghold of the Vellem interest.

Nor is this pleasing fixity of habitation confined to our upper classes. Where we now buy our tea and sugar, our grandpapas and grandmamas also purchased theirs from the grandparents of our purveyors. If we require a new smoothing iron, or a packet of nails, we get them from Steele Brothers in High Street, where the nails were probably purchased that held together the framework of the triumphal arches on the occasion of the Waterloo celebrations, and the rejoicings over The Peace. Our post office has been in the Stampett family for four generations—Andrew Stampett the second having been cut off prematurely in the very flower of his sixties—and in its present house for more than thirty years, but we still call it the new post office. The fact is, we were much offended at its removal from Church Street, a change effected by Her Majesty's Postmaster-General, in spite of vehement petitions on a merely utilitarian pretext, the Market Square being, as he alleged, more central than Church Street. The hollowness of this pretense was very apparent to us, for (as Miss Granger observed) the Market Place might be more exactly in the centre of the town, but Church Street was quite as near the middle of the parish; and it was hard, as she very justly remarked, if ladies who had lived in Church Street all their lives were to be expected to shift their residence for the sake of being near the new post office.

Miss Granger was the daughter of the late rector, and grand-niece of the last rector but one, and was an authority on all local topics, the unwritten laws that guided us being conserved by her with special rigor of fidelity.

"For my part," said Miss Granger, "I shall be surprised if any good comes of such changes. You may still dispatch letters on a Tuesday, if you will, but for my part I shall be careful to do no such thing."

Tuesday is our market day, and it is not Earlsmere etiquette for our ladies to be seen in the Market Square on that day—a regulation founded on a tradition of a drunken drover having endeavored to salute the great grandaunt of Miss Granger's god-mother, Lady Dene, on such an occasion.

"In a case of necessity," said Miss Lavender, "I suppose one would have to send an important letter by one's maid-servant; and one would certainly prefer to see it in the box oneself."

"I am one of those," cried Miss Granger, "that would never feel myself justified in exposing others to a risk I would shun for myself."

I could not help commending Miss Granger in this, for the "risk" in the case of her pretty maid was certainly quite as worthy of consideration as in her own.

"As for the box," she continued, "it is very different from the old one. It is made of iron, and the mouth goes up instead of down: one never knows where one's letter goes to. In the old one you could see it go down."

Miss Granger spoke gloomily, and it was felt that her suspicions were but too well founded. I do not think that the Postmaster-General has ever been regarded since as a very reliable Minister in Earlsmere.

Miss Lavender lived in Paragon House, and with her resided her sister, whom we all spoke of as "Miss Celia," but whether correctly or no this story will unfold to you.

CHAPTER II.

Paragon House is the last in the town, at our end, of course, and its garden is bounded by the park palings of Dene Abbey. The house is rather large, and stands well apart from Doctor Hart's, which is the nearest to it. It has a gateway of wrought-iron facing its wide front door, and among the scrolls and dragon heads of the design the Lavender crest—a Cornish chough—is frequently apparent. The same crest is repeated in stone on the gate-posts at each side, and the whole shield of arms is carved in crumbling stone on the classic pediment. The house is of warm red brick, mellowed by a hundred and fifty winters; but the pilasters along the front—one between each pair of windows—and the pediment are of gray stone.

This house was once the Dower House of the Lavenders of Lavender Hill, four miles away on the Severton Road, and in those days the Lavenders were big people: but a hundred years ago Squire Lavender was a gambling, drinking, cock-fighting spendthrift, and when he died—which he deferred doing unconscionably—it was found that the estate was all at sixes and sevens,

and most of it had to be sold. With what was left his widow and her children retired to Paragon House, and there the Lavenders had been ever since, growing no richer, and not much poorer.

And the Garbuts flourished wealthily at Lavender Hill; but nobody forgot that it "was really the seat of the Lavenders." In no other instance has any other estate in our neighborhood changed hands within the last century. At the time of which I write, Paragon House was inhabited by two ladies, sisters, who both—as has been said—went commonly by the style and title of "Miss Lavender."

There had been a brother, whose story, if you allow me, may hereafter be told; but concerning whom it is enough to say here that he had long been or supposed to be dead. At all events the two sisters had for many years, ever since their mother's death, been all alone in the world. Miss Lavender—Grace, her sister called her—was by some years the elder, and was dark-eyed, and with a great deal of soft, dark-brown hair; while Miss Celia was very fair, with wide blue eyes, that had a beautiful but somewhat melancholy moistness, and she was much shorter than her sister. As a girl she had been rather plump; but that was the case no longer. Nor was she merry now, as everyone declared that she used to be in her sunny days of youth.

Indeed, neither of the Misses Lavender were much given to laughter, and in Earlsmere they were considered terribly silent. But this silence and gentle sadness was generally forgiven them, for we knew their history.

The late Mrs. Lavender had been sister to the Reverend Rupert Granger, the Rector, and as her husband had left no brothers or sisters of his own, the clergyman was appointed guardian to the children. What came of that guardianship in the case of the lad there is no occasion to detail here.

At the time of their mother's death, the elder Miss Lavender was nearly thirty years of age; Miss Celia being about one-and-twenty. Their uncle's guardianship was therefore become rather a matter of interest and protection than of direction and regulation. He was desirous that his nieces should look out for a tenant for their house, which was indeed vastly too big for them, and come to live at the Rectory. But this neither of them would hear of. The elder Miss Lavender had a feeling for her uncle—ever since the affair of her brother—that would have become repulsion had she given way to it.

CHAPTER III.

When Mrs. Lavender died, the Miss Granger whom we have heard speaking on the subject of the new post office, was still a young woman, and was still residing with her father at the Rectory. She, too, had a brother, but he was seldom at home; he being a "major in the army," as we used to say with almost superfluous particularity, if one considers the comparative rarity of majors in the navy.

This brother, however, came home one winter on furlough, and with him there came a younger officer, one Captain Brand, whom we all devoted to the hand of Miss Granger.

As it turned out, he discovered no admiration for that young woman, but did specially betray a marked attraction for the younger of her cousins, Miss Celia Lavender.

Whether Miss Granger had shared our ideas in reference to this visitor or not I cannot say; but she certainly seemed little pleased with his attentions to her kinswoman. And she took so little pains to conceal her feelings that everybody noticed it; the more rough spoken remarked that Miss Granger was jealous, but most of us were content to shake our heads and commit ourselves to no opinion about that.

But there seemed no doubt that Miss Granger had remonstrated with her cousin for "gliding so easily into a flirtation with a man who was a stranger to them all, of whom no one knew anything, and whom Celia herself had not met five weeks before." And it was equally certain that Miss Celia had not taken this remonstrance in good part, whereupon her cousin betook herself to the Rector. Apparently the clergyman, when his attention had been drawn to the matter, agreed with his daughter, for he spoke strongly to his niece, and failing to produce much effect on her by his words of wisdom, abruptly asked the young man his intentions.

Report now declared that Captain Brand had been a good deal taken aback by this vigorous course on the part of the Rector; that he had objected to being hurried, but had not denied having serious intentions in regard to Miss Celia Lavender.

At all events an engagement between them was speedily announced, and all preparations for a wedding were put forward.

Of course the Rectory did not like to stand aloof, but it was easy to see that the Rectory took no great delight out of the marriage. The Rector, indeed, was not silent as to the necessity of stricter inquiries into the antecedents of the bridegroom; but

to all such suggestions Miss Lavender—to whom they were generally made—replied that Captain Brand was no friend of her sister's finding: that she had met him at the Rectory, that he had been introduced to her as her cousin's friend and her uncle's guest, and it was now too late to draw back and declare that he was a mere acquaintance. If Major Granger had any grounds for distrusting him, why had the major brought him among them? If he had none, why was he now seeking to belittle his friend?

Miss Lavender had never loved her uncle since the loss of her brother, a loss which she laid, justly or unjustly, at that uncle's door; and now Miss Celia went over to her side with a fuller completeness, and there were no close amities between the Rectory and Paragon House.

Nevertheless the wedding was performed by the Rector, assisted by the Reverend Matthew Primm, the Curate, and Miss Granger was bridesmaid with the elder Miss Lavender.

That wedding was never forgotten in Earlsmere. Weddings among the Church Street circles were not of frequent occurrence, and Paragon House was, in a way, more distinguished even than Church Street.

And Miss Celia was a lovely bride. I do not know myself that wedding garments are invariably becoming, or that young brides always look their best in them; but Miss Celia had never looked so well in all her life as on that bright, sunny morning in January when she walked with her bridal procession from the old house, where she had passed all her life hitherto, to the old church where she had prayed since childhood, and where so many of those whose name she was about to relinquish lay in their quiet sleep, waiting for the day when the Master should call to them to stand again upon their feet clad in the fair raiment of the flesh.

It was the fashion of Earlsmere weddings to walk to church, and a very pretty kindly fashion, as I think. None of our circle lived far from the church, and we were accustomed to boast that our village street was clean enough for you to eat your dinner off. And by walking the wedding party gave the poorer throng—who also are much interested in weddings and funerals—a far better opportunity of enjoying the smart clothes and flowers than if those who were adorned with them had been shut up in coaches.

Many were the blessings and good wishes rained upon Miss Celia as she walked between the respectful lines of spectators that bright winter's morning; and not always silent were the admiring criticisms of the handsome bridegroom. The poor people

love a pretty bride, and a bride is twice as interesting when you remember her mother's wedding "as if it was yesterday."

And it was not forgotten that Miss Celia came of the "old Lavenders of Lavender Hill," and that her grandmother and the present Lord Earlsmere's grandmother had been first cousins. Among our townfolk there is nearly as much reverence for good blood as among ourselves, and it was not felt to be any great favor on the part of the present proprietors of Lavender Hill that they had sent over their grand Scotch gardener with a whole cartload of exotic plants to decorate the chancel for Miss Celia's weddings. That was a very simple attention, and it would have been more remarkable in its omission than it was in its fulfillment.

CHAPTER IV.

One little *contretemps* occurred that might have seriously marred the cheerfulness of everybody, but fortunately it occurred a minute or two too soon to have any unlucky result. A triumphal arch had been erected over the churchyard gate into Church Street, as was our custom on these occasions, and this one was rather more than commonly magnificent. It had, in fact, been so loaded with decorations as to have become rather top-heavy; and just as Miss Celia, leaning on Major Granger's arm, was about to step under it on to the red carpet that reached from the gate to the church, a large portion of the upper part came crashing down. There was quite a confusion of greenery, white paper pairs of gloves, true-love knots, and three-fourths of the word "luck" lying on the ground; but Miss Celia had stepped back lightly, and had not received so much as a scratch. No harm had been done to anyone, and the delay necessary to remove what had fallen was not five minutes.

It was declared afterwards that Miss Celia had grown very pale, as if the slight occurrence had jarred upon her with some foreboding of ill-omen. But brides are apt to look pale, and it is certain that she laughed cheerily enough while the bystanders were congratulating her on her escape.

"It would have been horrid," she said, "to have been married in a broken nose."

Without any tears, though in a low voice, did the young bride take God to witness how she plighted all her troth to the

man whom she loved, and with louder, more virile decision did he declare his intention of endless fidelity to the girl whom he had chosen.

Then the little gold fetter bound them together, and up overhead the old bells rang out their clanging assent and gratulation.

“Ding-dong! For he—has ta—ken her—
To be—ding-dong—his wed—ded wife—”

“ded wife,” came the resonant echo from the hollow tower where the joy-bells swung. And bells, you know, cannot spell.

Then the registers were signed and duly witnessed; the bride was kissed; and, on her husband's arm this time, she passed down the aisle between the familiar faces, some of which were wet with tears. We mostly weep for happiness here below, as if remembering how sorrow jostles all our joy, and how swiftly one melts into the shadow of the other.

It is such a short walk from the church to Paragon House, that the wedding party were seated at breakfast within twenty minutes of the conclusion of the ceremony. The bridal cakes were duly eaten, the wedding cake—home-made by the old cook who had made the bride's mother's—was duly cut, and the bridal toasts were drunk: then the bride withdrew to don her traveling gown, and her sister bore her company, for it was the custom sixty years ago at Earlsmere for the senior bridesmaid to accompany the newly-wedded pair upon their honeymoon.

During that absence of the sisters it was remarked that the bridegroom was not talkative, and it was said afterwards that he had seemed much preoccupied by a letter that he had then opened; some said he frowned, some that he bit his lip, others averred that he had stamped impatiently; but all these statements were made at a later period. At the moment it was only observed that the “groom was eager to be off and have his wife more to himself.”

At last bride and bridesmaid did come down; there was much kissing and handshaking, and the post chaise rolled away on the road to Severton, which was to be all their journey for that day, the rest of the party being left behind to that feeling of vague melancholy that generally succeeds the excitement and elation of the morning.

It is nearly seven miles to Severton, the roads are “deep” and rutty, and the frost, following on a partial thaw of snow, had

made them very nearly impassible. It therefore took the heavy, old-fashioned post chaise, drawn by its heavy and old-fashioned post horses, a very long time to get the bridal trio from Earlsmere to the big seaport town. And the brief winter's day was done and the frosty night fallen before the journey was ended.

The warmth and bright lights of the "Benbow's Head" were very pleasant after the cramped sitting still for so long in the chilly chaise, and they were all three healthily hungry. Dinner was not very long off being ready, for they were themselves later than had been expected, and the little party of three sat down to it with a great deal of appetite and good humor. When it was finished the young wife admitted fatigue, and consented to go and rest, her husband going out for a stroll and a pipe upon the quays.

From that stroll he never returned. After an hour or so had gone by the ladies began to expect him, though without any nervousness, as it was by no means late. But at the end of two hours the bride grew anxious, and a vague, unhappy disquiet fell on her. The sisters sat over the fire and tried to turn the bridegroom's absence into a jest, but ever with less and less success. They had a shyness of making inquiries concerning his absence among the inn folk, until it had grown so late that they were really frightened.

But those inquiries led to nothing. He had been seen to light his pipe on the steps of the hotel, and to start off leisurely towards the docks and quays; but that was all the people of the place could tell. It was a bitter cold night, and through its dragging hours the two sisters sat waiting for one who never came. Sometimes Celia wept a little, but for the most part she sat in dull apathy, gazing into the sulky, smouldering fire. She would not go to bed; and in the morning, through deep snow, they were taken back to Earlsmere in the same coach and by the same driver that had brought them yesterday.

The only word morning brought was that one of the 'ostlers belonging to the inn had seen the gentleman talking to a woman down by the quays, and had walked into a house with her. There was also talk of a party of king's sailors having been ashore and impressed a number of young fellows, but who had been taken or what was their description, no one knew.

If the chill drive had seemed long yesterday, what did it appear to-day! Celia shivered as she gazed out on the dead, white world; under the pall of snow all her life lay frozen.

The sisters hardly spoke, and when they did at length reach

their home the widowed bride went straight to her room. If she could have felt thankfulness for anything then it would have been that Paragon House stands at the Severton end of the village, so that no other house would have to be passed before reaching it.

It had never seemed so cheerless; there was no fire in any sitting-room, and the blinds were drawn down, as if a dead person lay in one of the silent chambers.

CHAPTER V.

No news ever came of the bridegroom who had disappeared, and the forsaken bride withered in the midst of her youth. Not even to her sister would she ever speak of him; from no one would she receive any hint of condolence, any suspicion of sympathy. She never in any most distant way alluded to her marriage. The old servants called her "Miss Celia," as they had done all her life, and she neither remarked nor appeared to notice it. What she would have signed her name no one could tell, for she never wrote anything. Nor did any letter ever come that might give her married or her maiden name.

Some said her trouble had turned her brain, and so they excused her for never coming to church—she set no foot in it from the day she walked out of it on her husband's arm; but her sister did not think she was mad.

"She is dazed. She is like someone who cannot awaken, that is all."

Perhaps she was like the Princess in the Legend of the Briar Rose; she would never waken till her lover came to rouse her from her sleep.

She hardly ever read; I do not know that any of our young women used to be great readers in those days. While daylight lasted she would knit and sew socks and garments for the poor folk, but she herself never took them to the poor. Her sister did that. When the light failed she would sit staring into the fire, and yet she was not sullen or selfish. She would talk to her sister, and play with her at such games as two can play, only she would go out to no parties, and her sister never suggested having any there.

Everybody in Earlsmere knew Miss Celia's story, and its shadow hung like a gray sad veil over Paragon House.

There was hardly any intercourse in those days between the

Rectory and Paragon House. The major had gone away to India; the Rector was angry that his prudent counsel had not been taken, and Miss Granger had once tried to tell Celia what was now her duty. The sisters never went to the Rectory, and it was very seldom anyone from the Rectory came to them.

It is a trite saying that time is measured less by the mere tearing of leaves from the calendar than by our own bitter or sweet experiences; and the story of Celia's marriage was not really very old ere it had seemed to throw the pale shadow of age over her. She was many years junior to her sister, and yet there was more of youth's aroma still clinging round the elder woman. Everyone at Earlsmere thought of "Miss Celia" as an old maid.

Only once during the years after her bereavement was Celia left alone at Paragon House by her sister; and that was for very few weeks. Their sole remaining relation, the widow of their father's brother, living in a distant county, drew near her end, and sent word that she would take it kindly if one of her nieces would come and keep her company until the end, which she humbly said would not be long.

Celia would have gone, but Miss Lavender would not suffer it and set off, wrapped in furs and many cloaks, for it was again winter, the hardest there had been since that in whose chill course Miss Celia had been married.

People were not so much given to frequent letter writing in those days of heavy postage, but a couple of epistles did come from the elder Miss Lavender; rather stiff in style, as was natural in one not much in the habit of correspondence, and very likely not altogether free from the reproach of mistakes in spelling.

The latter of these was to announce their aunt's death, which had taken place very quietly "early on the morning of New Year's Day," and to inform Celia that what money remained in the late Mrs. Lavender's power had been bequeathed to her two nieces.

The letter ended by an assurance that the writer would be with her sister again (D. V.) "by the evening of Thursday."

Perhaps Celia had never risen from her bed since the day of her wedding with anything so like cheerful anticipation as she did on that Thursday morning. She had missed her sister, and felt more solitary in her absence than she would have thought probable; and she had grown almost afraid of the emptiness of the big old house.

There are always certain preparations to make against an arrival in houses where arrivals are not frequent, even though the

person expected be no stranger. And the making of these filled the morning with pleasanter occupation than the poor numbed heart had known for years.

As she went about her little pleasant tasks, a strange kind of excitement might have been observed in her manner, had there been anyone to watch her. She was conscious herself of it, and it deepened into a peculiar suppressed elation.

At length the old housekeeper did, in fact, notice this; and was inclined to shake her head. To her simple, superstitious mind it was like the fabled singing of the swan before its death.

Celia could not rest; all day she was up and down, filling vases, that had long stood empty, with Christmas roses and crocuses, seeing that the logs burned brightly on her sister's hearth, and making little foolish trips to the door to see if any sign of the chaise was to be seen along the road, long before any chaise could be expected.

The day was very cold; and there was a hard bitter frost, but it did not seem to freeze about that lonely heart of the desolate maid-wife, as in other winters it had done. There was a thick frosty haze, and the trees loomed large and ghostly out of the mist; but their naked fingers did not appear to her to clutch and snap at the leaden sky as was their wont. She could hardly eat her solitary meal at one o'clock, and after it was again afoot through the house, though there was really nothing left to do. For the first time in years she really looked at the things that fell within her view: the familiar, old-world rooms, the ancient furniture, every bit of which had stood in the same position in the same room ever since she had been a child; and the portraits of her people that seemed to-day to look down upon her from their frames with special kindliness.

"Old Janet," she said to the ancient woman that had been her nurse in babyhood and was now the housekeeper; "do you know what I think? I think that God is going to let me die. I feel as if the heavy weight was lifting up; as if all my sadness was near its end. I think God is going to let me die, and have done with all the sorrow of this foolish life of ours on earth."

"Nay, Miss!" cried the old woman; but she could but shake her head. She, too, thought that this strange, rapturous excitement was the forewarning of the end.

As the brief wintry afternoon closed in, the girl—for still I must so call her—grew calmer, but not less full of cheerfulness. She sat down by the fire in the warm snug parlor, and sat look-

ing into it. The curtains were not yet drawn, and presently some one looked in through the window, and watched her as she sat. One has some sense of being so watched, I think, and she moved half-uneasily in her seat.

"I will go and look along the road," she said, "and see if the chaise lights are in sight."

She went out to the front, down the paved walk leading from the door to the gate of wrought iron, and out into the road. She looked towards Severton, but there were no coach lights to be seen, nor sound of wheels to be heard. It was, in truth, too early for her sister yet. She went back into the house, closing now the big door that she had left open, and so back into the fire-lit parlor. But as she entered a little exclamation broke from her; it was neither fear, nor joy, nor surprise, but some sort of mixture of them all. In the chair from which she had so lately risen sat a gentleman, and as she moved towards him he rose to his full height, and one saw that he was tall. Then for one thrilling moment she stood still, they both silent: and then he called her by her name.

The old portraits blinked down pleasantly in the flickering light of the fire, as if they were well pleased to assist at such a meeting; and they were very discreet witnesses, making neither comments nor interruptions.

On the table were set out the tea things against Miss Lavender's return, on the hob stood the bright bronze kettle, and this began to sing comfortably to itself, though nobody paid it the least attention.

"And when are you going to want to know all?" asked Captain Brand. "When are you going to demand explanations?"

She laughed, low and happily, and told him, "When he pleased."

So then he began this tale:

"A good many years ago there was a boy—for, indeed, he was no more—who very much resembled me, and when he was twenty I was just the same age. He was not a bad boy, but he was very weak and, like many other people, very hot-headed. He fell in love with a woman much older than himself, whom he thought then very beautiful, but whom you, dear, would never have admired. This woman was much lower in station than himself, and an adventuress. How he fell more and more in love I need not now tell; but at last he offered to marry her, and she held him like a leech to

his offer, not, it must be admitted, that he had then any other desire than to keep to it.

"Well, they were married, and the boy's dream lasted a few weeks: then he found her out. She was drunken, and degraded, and selfish as only a drunkard can be. Her coarseness was now unbridled, and she sickened him to the very soul; but still he tried to be faithful to her. One day, however, he by chance discovered that she had been already married to such another as herself—a convict—at the time of her marriage with him. Then he left her with a small provision—the biggest he could make—which should have been enough to keep her in frugal comfort.

"Ten years after that discovery this boy, a man now and a soldier, was brought by a brother officer to stay in a little country town, where he met a dear and lovely maiden whom you have often seen, nay, whom you may see now if you will stand up and look there over the mantelpiece. And with her he fell in love; to her he was married. On their wedding day he met in the streets of the great seaport and garrison town, which was the first stage on their wedding trip, the woman whom he had once believed to be his wife. She had heard of his engagement, and that he was now married; and she told him she was in very truth his wife. That her former husband had died in prison a day or two before she herself had married him. And she produced evidence of what she asserted, having led him into a house for that purpose. Here she was living disgracefully. In the very midst of their talk a press-gang from a king's ship burst into the tavern, and with several others he was carried aboard the ship. Convinced of the wretched truth, he had made no effort to inform the girl whom he had wedded, and who could not be his wife, of the truth. Anything she could conjecture of his death would, he thought, be easier to bear. And so he had kept silence. In many lands he had been, and seen many peoples; but always one image only had lived within his eyes. At last tidings came of that woman's death. He had then been long free, and had hastened to verify them. It was certain that woman was dead, and now he had come back to ask for the long-delayed happiness of which he had so long dreamed."

"And, Hector," the girl whispered, "am I then your wife?"

"No, my dear," he answered, laughing, "but I hope you will still consent to be. I hope you will make no difficulty about your second marriage."

A sound of wheels came now upon the frosty air; the great

front gate creaked on its hinges, and old Janet ran in to announce the arrival of Miss Lavender.

"Well, my patience!" she cried, as she pulled up short at the doorway of the parlor. But her voice was aglow with satisfaction. "Lor' now, if it ain't the Captain, and he not a day older than when he lost himself!"

"Come," said Celia, "let us go out and welcome my sister."

PENNIES.

BY JOYCE KILMER.

A FEW long-hoarded pennies in his hand
Behold him stand;
A kilted Hedonist, perplexed and sad.
The joy that once he had,
The first delight of ownership is fled.
He bows his little head.
Ah cruel Time, to kill
That splendid thrill!

Then, in his tear-dimmed eyes,
He drops his treasured pennies on the ground,
They roll and bound
And scattered, rest.
Now with what zest
He runs to find his errant wealth again!

So unto men
Doth God, depriving that He may bestow,
Fame, health and money go,
But that they may, new found, be newly sweet.
Yea, at His feet
Sit, waiting us, to their concealment bid,
All they, our lovers, whom His Love hath hid.

Lo, comfort blooms on pain, and peace on strife,
And again on loss.
What is the Key to Everlasting Life?
A blood-stained Cross.
New lights arise.

BERGSON'S PHILOSOPHY OF CHANGE.

HIS INTUITIVE METHOD.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.



THE two most prominent ideas in the philosophy of Bergson are time and intuition. In our last essay we dealt with his conception of time. We saw that he placed the very stuff of reality in this real time which is the flow of the "now," the everlasting becoming, the perpetual change. We saw that he cast out of the realm of reality the concept of space. Space implied that bodies were side by side, that is, discontinuous, whereas real reality was continuous, an indivisible flux. We argued that such analysis of reality was fraught with metaphysical, physical, and moral absurdities.

We suggested at the end of our argument that these absurdities were the outcome of a false method of philosophizing, namely, Bergson's particular method of intuition. To substantiate that suggestion is the purpose of this essay. Bergson claims that the intellect is neither the supreme nor the only method of acquiring knowledge. Certain knowledge of the highest and most transcendental kind can only be obtained by a peculiar kind of intuition.

In order to find out the respective functions of intelligence and intuition, we must first look at the history of their evolution. Here, at the very threshold of the question, M. Bergson clashes with all previous evolutionists. Hitherto we have been asked to believe that from the primordial slime there was evolved first the lower forms of life, such as the amœba and the protocossus, then the higher forms of the invertebrates; then the vertebrates with some sort of a monkey as the highest but one, and finally man as a descendant from a simian ancestor.

M. Bergson now says that this is all wrong. The three orders of life, vegetative, instinctive, and rational, are not three successive stages of one and the same line of development, but rather three divergent directions of one life which split up as it grew. We hear nothing of natural selection as the cause of the different orders and species. It is the "original impetus" which does everything. The inert matter which it has to overcome serves

to modify it. "The animate forms that first appeared were therefore of extreme simplicity. They were probably tiny matters of scarcely differentiated protoplasm, outwardly resembling the amoeba observable to-day, but possessed of the tremendous internal push that was to raise them even to the highest forms of life. That in virtue of this push the first organisms sought to grow as much as possible, seems likely. But organized matter has a limit of expansion that is very quickly reached; beyond a certain point it divides instead of growing."*

The aptitude of matter to divide was not, however, the chief cause of the great divisions. The real causes were those which life itself bore within its bosom. We can perceive this in our own lives. We feel various incompatible tendencies all striving for expression. We choose some and abandon others. So the great initial life chooses and bifurcates. Of the many bifurcations most have become blind alleys, but two or three have become highways, one the highway of the plants, another the highway of brutes, and another the highway of man. Only in the last one, which leads through the vertebrates, has the passage been wide enough to allow free movement to the full breath of life. The chief radical difference between a vegetable and an animal is that the vegetable manufactures its own food directly from mineral substances, whilst the animal has to have the organic food ready made. These phenomena imply that the vegetable may remain stationary, whilst the animal must move about in search of food. Hence, argues M. Bergson, "the same impetus that has led the animal to give itself nerves and nerve centres must have ended, in the plant, in the chlorophyllian function."†

Again, just as one great stream of life split up into plants and animals, so the animal stream split up into the arthropods and the vertebrates. In the line of the arthropods the insect was its culmination, whilst in the line of the vertebrates the culmination was man. Now it so happens that the most highly developed instinct is found amongst the insects. Ants and bees, for instance, have instinct much more wonderful than that of cats or foxes. Hence M. Bergson infers that the evolution of the animal kingdom, with the exception of certain retrogressions towards vegetative life, is a bifurcation of ways, one leading to instinct, the other to intelligence.

At this point we have to institute a comparison between in-

**Creative Evolution*, p. 104.

†*Ibid.*, p. 120.

instinct and intelligence. In the first place they both come under the influence of the philosophy of change, inasmuch as they must be described as tendencies and not things. Just as we see plant life and animal life interpenetrating each other, so that there is no complete severance between them, so also we see instinct and intelligence interpenetrating each other. Neither lends itself to rigid definition. Nevertheless that which is instinctive in instinct is different from and opposite to that which is intelligent in intellect. What does the difference and opposition consist in?

First it may be noticed that the instruments which instinct uses are much more perfect than those which intelligence uses, but they have much less adaptability. Instinct is a faculty which uses organized implements, whereas intelligence is a faculty which uses unorganized implements. In proportion as man's implements become organized, so much the less intelligence is required in the use of them. Consider, for instance, the difference between the thought required to make a pair of shoes by hand and that to make a pair by machine. Instinct, therefore, is specialized. It uses a special instrument for a special purpose. Intelligence, however, has a much wider range. It may have clumsier tools to work with, but it can adapt them to an indefinite variety of operations. Imagine how many things a sailor can do with his pocket knife.

This difference of instruments calls forth a difference of knowledge. If intelligence has but an unorganized instrument with which to work, it must seek out ways and means of adapting the instrument to different ends. Intelligence, therefore, is a knowledge of the relations of things. It sees the connection between subject and predicate. It makes inferences. Instinct, on the other hand, being generally unable to observe the relations of things, has a direct knowledge of the things themselves. It is a sympathy. Its direction is quite the opposite of that of intelligence. It touches life directly, whilst intelligence has only to do with inert matter. When bees are born they know their business immediately and directly. Their knowledge is perfect from the first, and independent of experience. It is this power of direct insight into life which makes instinct so much like intuition. And it is by observing the operations of instinct that we are able to put ourselves in the way of seeing things by intuition.

Before passing to the consideration of intuition itself, it will be well to give some account of the function of the intellect, for the sphere of the operations of the intellect is more familiar

to us, and therefore having written this off, we shall better be able to discern the range of intuition.

The best illustration of what Bergson believes the intellect to be like is the cinematograph. The intellect does not deal with reality directly; does not touch that unceasing flow of time. It only takes snapshot views of it, and does this so constantly and readily that the snapshot views may be regarded as succeeding each other on a long cinematographical film. The intellect is only a part of the mind. It is to the mind what the eye is to the body. The body formed the eye because it needed it. So, too, the mind formed the intellect, because it wanted it for a special purpose. This purpose is to establish relations. The operation of the intellect is called forth by the needs of action.

The intellect aims, first of all, at constructing. For this purpose it uses only inert matter, and if by any chance it uses organized matter it treats it as inert. The intellect can deal only with the solid, for all else escapes it by reason of fluidity. Now for the practical purposes of life we have to take snapshots of the living flux; deal with them as having spatial quality; regard them as *provisionally final* and as so many units. It is as if we had actually taken a kodak picture of a man vaulting over a bar. We know quite well that he does not remain in mid-air, but for the practical purpose of showing our friends at home what we have seen on the athletic field, we make this static photograph. Curiously enough we are inclined to look upon the discontinuous pictures of life, which our intellect makes, as the one reality. But that is simply because such things fix our attention and rule our action. "*Of the discontinuous alone does the intellect form a clear idea.*"*

So, too, is it with regard to the objects upon which we act. We want to know whither a certain train is going, and whether it will stop at our station. Its rate of progress is quite a secondary matter. This shows that we fix our minds on the end or meaning of the movement. We like to have a design of it as a whole. It is so much easier for us to plan our journey if we have a map as well as a time table. The intellect, therefore, is not meant to put itself into the midst of reality for the thrill of feeling the movement of the train; not for pure philosophy and metaphysics, but simply for the practical purposes of life, to show us how quickly we can get to the city, make a fair pile of money, and come home

and gaze during the calm evening upon clean vital becoming. The intellect deals with the static and unchangeable simply because it is made that way. "*Of immobility alone does the intellect form a clear idea.*"*

By manipulating unorganized, inert, discontinuous, and immobile solids the intellect is able to fabricate things. Indeed this is its chief characteristic, that it has an unlimited power of decomposing according to any law, and of recomposing into any system.

Then, too, it has learnt the use of words. These, too, are mobile. They can be used first of one concrete thing, then of another, and also of ideas. Through means of language the intelligence can penetrate the inwardness of its own work. Nay, when it once sees that it can create ideas, there is no object concerning which it does not wish to have an idea. Thus it seeks to employ itself outside practical action. "There are things that intelligence alone is able to seek, but which, by itself, it will never find. These things instinct alone could find; but it will never seek them."† Intellect tries, indeed, to embrace life and thought, but it fails in its endeavor, because of its nature it seeks to have things distinct and clear, that is discontinuous; and this it cannot have because life is continuous. The "intelligible world" which the intellect makes for itself resembles the world of solids, but it is more diaphanous. The concepts are easier to deal with than images of concrete things; yet somehow they are not the perception itself of things, but the representation of the act by which the intellect is fixed on them. They are symbols not images.

Hence logic is purely symbolic, and triumphs most in that science which deals with solid bodies, namely, geometry. Whenever logic works outside this science, so liable is it to go wrong and miss life that it needs to be constantly corrected by common sense. So natural is it for intellect to look outside life, and fix itself on inert matter, that it is sheerly an unnatural process for it to look inward upon life and to think that continuous real mobility, that creative evolution which is life. *The chief negative character of the intellect is its natural inability to comprehend life.*

Seeing, then, that intellect gives us but a distorted view of life, how shall we get a real direct vision of life? The nature and the functioning of instinct suggest that it must be by something analogous to this.

**Creative Evolution*, p. 164.

†*Ibid.*, p. 159.

Instinct is sympathy. If this sympathy could extend its object and also reflect upon itself, it would give us the key to vital operations—just as intelligence, developed and disciplined, guides us into matter. For—we cannot too often repeat it—intelligence and instinct are turned in opposite directions, the former towards inert matter, the latter towards life. Intelligence, by means of science, which is its work, will deliver up to us more and more completely the secret of physical operations; of life it brings us, and, moreover, only claims to bring us, a translation in terms of inertia. It goes all round life, taking from outside the greatest possible number of views of it, drawing it into itself instead of entering into it. But it is to the very inwardness of life that *intuition* leads us—by intuition I mean instinct that has become disinterested, self-conscious, capable of reflecting upon its object and of enlarging it indefinitely.*

I will here make confession, and say that it took me some considerable time to see what M. Bergson meant by this new method of observing reality. I had been so accustomed to regard the intelligence as the only faculty for acquiring real knowledge, that I began to have a sinister foreboding that this new method of knowing things might have something to do with the stomach.

"Consciousness of living is the intuition of life. It is reality." I read these words over and over again, yet unable to fathom their profundity. Then the light came to me in this wise: One night as I was in the train coming from Maldon, a man whose heart was glad with wine (or something else) turned to me and said: "I am glad I am alive, sir, aren't you?" I hesitated a moment, and then I put my hand on his shoulder and said: "You have got it." In a moment of exalted confusion he had seen the central truth of the new philosophical method.

Consciousness of living is the intuition of life. It is a psychological phenomenon which all philosophies have recognized, and which every man may observe for himself. M. Bergson's alleged discovery is not the fact itself, but the supposed enormous significance of the fact. He asks us to make a wider use of this faculty of gazing directly at life. Like the man in the Maldon train, we are too liable to be content with the first glimpse of it, to turn our backs upon it, and to seek our satisfaction in discursive reasoning. We need to wake up and see in this intuitive vision the

philosophical instrument *par excellence*. By this method we can lay hold on reality itself. Kant thought that we could not touch the thing in itself because space and imaginary time were in the way. But Bergson having discarded space and the images of time, and having made real time the one reality, is able to see it by direct vision. Thus at last we have a real metaphysic, a knowledge of the *Ding-an-sich*, moving about with no *Erscheinung* to veil it from our view.

At first it might seem that this direct vision of life might give us nothing more than the elementary idea of the eternal flow of things. But that is because we have not yet made any serious effort. What, however, gives us hope is an analogous process in the world of æsthetics. The layman in art sees only the features of the objects which strike his eye. But the artist sees the intention of life, the simple movement that runs through them, binds them together, and gives them significance. "This intention is just what the artist tries to regain, in placing himself back within the object by a kind of sympathy, in breaking down by an effort of intuition the barrier that space puts between him and his model."* A sonata by Beethoven does not consist of vibrations, or melodies, or chords, nor yet in the technique of the pianist who plays, but in one undivided and indivisible whole which the composer saw at one glance by intuition, and which the performers, if they are to execute it properly, must see in like manner.

So also, it is suggested, must we try to see the problems of life. The intuitions of art never get further than the individual, but the intuitions of philosophy may conceivably get to universals of very rich content. But let us not expect too much. Intuition will never have so wide a range as science, nor yet will its knowledge be so definite and clear. Why? Because "intelligence remains the luminous nucleus around which instinct, even enlarged and purified into intuition, forms only a vague nebulosity." Let us take particular note of this sentence, for it explains so very much of the hazy thought of the day, and also why so many people are turning to Catholicism for something intellectual, solid, and fundamental.

Thus we have arrived at the conclusion which Bergson promised us in the beginning: Before we can have a theory of knowledge, we must first have a theory of life. The theory of life was that an initial impulse was thrust out from some centre, and that

**Creative Evolution*, p. 186.

this impulse was identical with life, consciousness, time, and reality. The life thus continually flowing bifurcated, forming itself into special streams for special needs and special purposes.

In man the stream had two distinct functions to perform, namely, to deal with the objective world and with the subjective world. For these purposes it created respectively the faculties of intelligence and intuition. From these two faculties taken together, as being elements of the one consciousness, we derive our theory of knowledge. Intelligence needs the service of intuition, whilst intuition needs the service of intelligence.

On the one hand, indeed, if intelligence is charged with matter, and instinct with life, we must squeeze them both in order to get the double essence from them; metaphysics [he means knowledge gained by intuition] is, therefore, dependent on theory of knowledge. But, on the other hand, if consciousness has thus split up into intuition and intelligence, it is because of the need it had to apply itself to matter at the same time as it had to follow the stream of life. The double form of consciousness is then due to the double form of the real, and theory of knowledge must be dependent upon metaphysics. In fact, each of these two lines of thought leads to the other; they form a circle, and there can be no other centre to the circle but the empirical study of evolution.*

We are deeply grateful to M. Bergson for this last word, for it gives us the key to the criticism we are about to make of his theory. In the formation of his theory he has depended very largely on the biological science. We have followed with fascination his long disquisitions on the wonders of plant and animal life.

But the selective principle in the choice of his examples has undoubtedly been the determination to demonstrate a continuous evolution due to intrinsic impulse. Hence such a thoroughgoing evolution as that of Herbert Spencer is cast aside, because it is not continuous enough. His evolution was merely an intellectual reconstruction of evolution. "Such, however, is Spencer's illusion. He takes reality in its present form; he breaks it to pieces; he scatters it in fragments which he throws to the winds; then he 'integrates' these fragments and 'dissipates their movement.' Having *imitated* the whole by a work of mosaic, he imagines he has retraced the design of it, and made the genesis."† Spencer had started off to remount and redescend the course of the universal

**Creative Evolution*, p. 188.

†*Ibid.*, p. 385.

becoming, but no sooner had he started than he turned off short and gave us a picture of mosaic dispensation, formal parts side by side with formal parts, a picture whose veriest characteristic was discontinuity.

Now it so happens that the biological science has, in these latter days, given a very rude shock to all evolution which professes to be continuous.

The discoveries of Gregor Johann Mendel have come as a bolt from the blue. Their whole tendency is to show that whatever else may be said of evolution, it cannot be said to be continuous. The example first used in experimentation by Mendel himself shall serve to illustrate what we mean. This example is the ordinary edible pea, *Pisum sativum*. Taking two varieties of this, the tall and the dwarf, he cross-fertilized them. The first generation of hybrids turned out to be all tall. Then these hybrids in turn were sown, and the result was that both tall and dwarf plants grew up. Moreover, these tall and dwarf grandchildren appeared in definite proportion, three tall specimens for every one dwarf.

Mendel experimented on 1,064 plants, out of which 787 appeared as tall and 277 as dwarfs, that is three to one approximately. To the character which remained during the three generations, namely, tall, Mendel gave the name of dominant, whilst to that which disappeared or rather remained latent in the middle generation he gave the name of recessive.

From these experiments two laws are deduced. The first is that when two races possessing two antagonistic peculiarities are crossed, the hybrid exhibits only one, and as regards this character the hybrid is indistinguishable from its parent. The second is that in the formation of pollen or egg-cell, the two antagonistic peculiarities are segregated, so that each ripe germ-cell carries either the one or the other of these peculiarities, but not both. Thus the laws positively exclude any intermediate conditions. Discontinuity, therefore, is of their very essence. Further, what is true of inheritance is also true of variation. Professor Bateson, the apostle of Mendelism in England, does speak of continuous and discontinuous variation. But of the continuous variations he says that they are very slight, in fact almost insensible, differences of size, color, etc., in a series of individuals having the same parent. But these fluctuate about a given mean. They never shade off into other forms. Thus where continuity does appear, it would seem only to accentuate the fact of discontinuity. And when the dis-

continuity affects both inheritance and variation, there is a double reason for doubting a continuous evolution.

We are quite aware that Mendel's laws are not universally accepted in the scientific world. Nor have they, owing to the complexity of interfering circumstances, been widely verified in the qualities of the human species. But they have assumed an importance so great in the scientific world, and have received such marvelous confirmation by the experiments of De Vries, Bateson, and Biffen, as to throw the gravest possible doubt on that theory of life from which M. Bergson develops his theory of knowledge. The chief note of Bergson is continuity, whereas the chief note of Mendel is discontinuity. I have searched in vain through the works of M. Bergson for some reference to the theory of Mendel.

What is made doubtful by a study of biology is made more than doubtful by a study of psychology. With regard to this theory of life, which M. Bergson takes as his foundation, we may ask what does he mean by life? He tells us: "Existence in time is life." Once again he changes the current coinage. It is quite true that we now speak of the life of a motor-car, and when a medical practitioner is calculating whether motor-cars or horses are the more economical, he considers their lives on the Bergsonian principle of existence in time. Which will last the longer and which will cost the less? But, according to the current use of words and ideas, the life of a motor-car is but metaphorical life when compared with the life of a horse. The chauffeur needs no whip because the motor-car has no feelings and no consciousness. Such a kind of life then can be no prerequisite for a theory of knowledge. On the contrary there is required a theory of knowledge before the motor-car can have any life at all, metaphorical or otherwise. The construction of a motor-car is wholly the outcome of mechanical science.

Next we must eliminate from the question the life of plants. We may readily grant that there are borderland specimens of plants showing signs of sensation. But taking the whole vast order of the vegetable world, we have to say of it that it has no sensation and no consciousness. An oak tree does not squeak or kick if you stick pins into it. That stream of life, therefore, which is purely vegetable has no exigency and tendency to concentrate for itself a nucleus of intelligence. The vegetable life is no prerequisite for a theory of knowledge.

The question is thus narrowed down to one of feeling and

intelligence. But here M. Bergson unfortunately uses words of double or vague meaning. For instance, he uses the word "mind" as including instinct and intelligence, whereas hitherto mind has always been taken to exclude instinct or feeling. So also he speaks of intuition as instinct that has become self-conscious and capable of reflecting on its object, whereas at other times he speaks of it as the power of direct vision.

Now a faculty cannot be sense and intelligence at the same time, because these two faculties, whether we regard them as things or as tendencies, are essentially distinct. Neither can a faculty act directly and reflexly at the same time. If, however, M. Bergson means that intuition can act first directly and then reflexly, then so far he is intelligible. We understand, but do not agree with him.

As we have already remarked, the most ardent students of M. Bergson complain of his obscurity concerning the borderland of intelligence and intuition.

We must try, therefore, to disentangle the matter for him. And the first step in this process of disentanglement will be to recognize that there is an essential distinction between intellect and sense. Imagination is sense, and instinct is sense, because both pertain directly to an organic faculty. The intellect undoubtedly depends upon sense for its material wherewith to think. Each thought indeed is accompanied with an organic phantasm. Their mutual interpenetration is subtle and complex. Accidentally they are united, but essentially they are distinct. Instead of drawing out long *a priori* proofs of this, we shall propose a simple experiment by which every reader may test it for himself.

Let him first picture to himself in his imagination a square. Then let him likewise form a pentagon. After that let him imagine a hexagon. Now let him pass respectively to a regular polygon of 3,751 sides and to one of 3,752 sides. As far as imagination goes (*i. e.*, the faculty of sense), both of the polygons are identical. They are as circles in his imagination. But his intelligence tells him that they are as much different from each other as a square is from a circle. Sense, therefore, even in its highest form, namely, that of the imagination, is different in kind, and not merely in degree, from intellect.

With this distinction we may examine M. Bergson's picture of consciousness: "Intelligence is the luminous nucleus around which instinct, even enlarged and purified into intuition, forms only

a vague nebulousity." That part of consciousness, therefore, which is not intelligence is instinct or intuition. Instinct and intuition, therefore, must be sensation. And this is what M. Bergson repeats over and over again. We are to set our intelligence aside, because that deals only with solids and the representations of reality, and we are to put ourselves into the eternal flux and *feel* the reality of it. That consciousness of living, therefore, which is the dawning of a new philosophy, according to M. Bergson, has been rightly named in the scholastic system as the *sensus intimus*, and rightly defined as the faculty by which we recognize as our own the various modifications of our senses.

This was the sense which had just functioned in the man in the Maldon train. Then his intellect reflected upon it, and the reflection caused him the joy which he so ardently wished to share with me. Moreover, this explanation of intuition as a feeling is the one which has been generally taken by those who have tried to put M. Bergson's doctrine to a practical application.

When asked for reasons for certain views, they reply that they have arrived at their conclusions by another way than that of reason. They have seen the truth intuitively. They *feel* that it must be true, and therefore it *is* true. And this is just where the danger of M. Bergson's doctrine comes in.

Naturally such an exaggeration of feeling would require a corresponding debasement of reason. This, therefore, shall be our next point, to examine the various limits which have been set to reason by M. Bergson.

Our first objection is to the statement that it is of the discontinuous alone that the intellect forms a clear idea. There is a fallacy here which is due to the confusing of imagination with intelligence. When we try to imagine an object in motion, especially if the motion be rapid, the phantasm appears to us as somewhat blurred. The internal sense of the imagination is very similar to the external sense of eyesight. The eye requires time to adjust itself to rapid motion, and if this time is not allowed, the moving object appears as fogged. If I tie a piece of wood to the end of a string and whiz it round, the wood will appear as a circle.

The Futurist painters* made exactly the same fallacy when they tried to express movement through means of paint on canvas. Thus if they wanted to paint a man in the act of swimming they painted two men and smudged one into the other. Pictorial representation, whether on a photographic film or on a painter's canvas,

*See article in the *Dublin Review*, July, 1912.

or on the retinue of the eye, or on the substance of the brain, requires time and space, requires to be discontinuous, if it is to be clear. But not so with intellectual representation.

The intellect, whilst using time and space as its handmaids, is able to transcend them. I can conceive of local motion even apart from the object which is moving. I can conceive of life even apart from the animal which lives. And this essential distinction can be demonstrated by the experiment with the regular polygon already described. The fallacy which is here committed by M. Bergson is that known as the illicit transit from the ontological to the logical order. He mixes up sensitive phantasy with intellectual thought.

So also is it with the statement, that of immobility alone does the intellect form a clear idea. This statement is connected with the previous one by the doctrine that motion is continuous and indivisible, a doctrine which we disproved in our first article. Without, however, referring to that doctrine or its refutation, we can say directly that the intellect can get a clear idea of mobility. I can compare, for instance, mobility with immobility, and I can recognize precisely, distinctly, and clearly that there is as much difference between them as there is between chalk and cheese. It is the imagination that renders the immobile clearly and the mobile confusedly. The intellect can have clear conceptions of both. Once again, M. Bergson has been the victim of the illicit transit, mistaking that which is spiritual for that which is material.

With what M. Bergson says of the intellect's unlimited power of decomposing ideas according to any law and of recomposing them into any system, we cordially agree. In our language we call it division and composition. Here we come to the point where intellect meets intuition.

We object to the statement that the chief negative character of the intellect is its natural inability to comprehend life.

First, M. Bergson misrepresents the power of the intellect when he says that its concepts are not the perception itself of things. He wonders still farther from the truth when he says that these concepts are something less than images, and are, in fact, merely symbols. He falls into an error somewhat similar to that of Kant. Kant said that the intellect could know nothing of the things in themselves, but only of their appearances. Bergson says that intuition alone sees the things in themselves. The intellect does not. The intellect sees only symbols of the things, and symbols, moreover, which are not images. That means that our intellectual concepts have so little correspondence with the things they represent

that they are not even natural symbols of them, but merely conventional symbols.

The refutation of this doctrine is the same as the refutation of that of Kant. It is an appeal to common sense and to the universal judgment of mankind. When I put my teeth into a rosy apple, can I be quite sure that it really is an apple, and that it is not possibly a cricket ball, which is the conventional symbol for an apple? When I am talking to President-elect Wilson can I be quite sure that it really is Mr. Wilson, and not possibly Mrs. Eddy, who may be the conventional symbol for Mr. Wilson.

No, we decline to be moved from that mediæval scholastic intuition which is the common sense of all nations, always and everywhere, the *semper, ubique et ab omnibus* all taken together, namely, that things are normally what they appear to be, and not merely conventional symbols of the same.

Hence although we do not go so far as to say that the intellect is naturally able to comprehend life, yet we do go so far as to say that it is as naturally able to comprehend life as it is to comprehend the solid objects of the external world or anything else at all. The intellect does not comprehend things in the sense that it knows everything that can possibly be known about them. But it does comprehend them in the sense that it knows their essence, namely, that by which they are what they are. And to this kind of comprehension life is no exception.

The intellect has no difficulty whatever in formulating its definition of life—the activity by which a being moves itself. And when asked for further explanation it has no difficulty in saying that the word “move” includes all forms of change or alteration, and includes the energies of feeling, intelligence, and will, as well as local motion; and that the word “activity” is understood as having an immanent character as opposed to transient, that is, beginning and ending as an internal principle.

All this belittling of intelligence, however, is but the natural result of M. Bergson's theory of life. In trying to make intuition a continuation of instinct he got on to the wrong line. Intuition is a mental faculty, whereas he tried to make it a sensitive faculty. He did not recognize that there are organic internal senses as well as organic external senses. And being on the line of organic internal sense, he came to that operation of it by which it feels the present state of the body, the flow of the now, and thereupon called it intuition. Then, instead of regarding this organic sense as ministrant to intellect, he dragged in the reflections which the

intellect made upon it, and called those reflections the reflections of the intuitive faculty.

Bergson is quite clear on the point. "But it is to the very inwardness of life that intuition leads us."* So far he has observed the operation of the organic sense. Then he continues: "By intuition I mean instinct that has become disinterested, self-conscious, capable of reflecting upon its object and enlarging it indefinitely."† There he adds on to the sensation the reflective function of the intelligence, but retains all under the same name of intuition. He observes that the primary sensation has a natural tendency to lend itself to the intellect to be reflected upon. But he asks us to resist this natural tendency and drive on this so-called intuition to explore the deeper experiences of life. Instead of using his intelligence to abstract essences from life, man must plunge into the stream and *feel* life.

Unfortunately there is one great obstacle to this method, and that is the great fact of space. Therefore, according to Bergson, space must be annihilated. Thus we have arrived at the conclusion which we proposed at the end of our last article. The discarding of space and the placing of reality in the flow of time was due to this exaggerated subjectivism which substitutes feeling for intelligence, and which under the false title of mental intuition sets up sensation as the philosophical faculty.

But it may be asked: is it not true that artists have visions of great conceptions? Is it not true that great politicians conceive vast policies *intuitively*? Is it not true that great generals seize upon great strategies *instinctively*? Is it not true that great Saints and Doctors of the Church have a tremendous grasp of huge fields of doctrine, and see many truths so swiftly that it can hardly be ascribed to discursive reasoning? It is.

But the insight is not due to that organic sensation which announces to us our subjective feelings at the present passing moment. Nor is it due to that stultification of the intellect which confines its powers to the limits of space and imaginary time. Nor yet again is it due to an aimless guessing at conclusions merely because we would like them to be true or feel them to be true. No there is a sane doctrine of intuition and a sane doctrine of mental instinct.

We propose to sketch this in our next essay, which will take the form of a comparison between Bergson, Newman, and Aquinas.

**Creative Evolution*, p. 186.

†*Ibid.*, p. 186.

AT THE GATEWAY OF ITALY.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.



It is afternoon in the June time; and over on the other side of that mile of blue water is Italy. Slowly, very slowly, the steamer is passing Posilipo; and so softly it moves that you scarcely feel the gentle stirring as you stand by the rail in silent watching. Closer and closer you are nearing the haven, and a thousand voices coming over the hill are bidding you welcome home. For no one ever sails in through those summer seas but feels he is come to the home of his hopes and longings and dreams.

For days the spell of Italy has little by little been creeping out to you. Long before you sighted Isoia dei Cavoli you felt the beguiling of the Tyrrhenian Sea. And when Cape Carbonara is lost in the distance, and the blue begins to deepen in the sky, and the waters of the ocean are all but tranquil, the enchantment steadily strengthens. And at last as you enter the Bocca Grande, with Ischia near enough to touch, and Capri over there in the offing, and the tiny Procida beckoning you in, the charm is done.

There is Naples, rising in all her loveliness on the bay of unruffled water that sweeps for thirty miles from Pozzuoli to far Sorrento; a hillside city that follows the lines of the crescent bay, with red-roofed houses rising tier upon tier, gleaming in cream and brown, and churches with towers, and castles with turrets resplendent in the glow of the western sun. To the left, on the garden slopes of Posilipo, is the flashing of white villas; on the right is Vesuvius, the one shadow in all Campania. Little barks are flitting about as butterflies in gay festa; singers are winning your heart with the notes of "Santa Lucia;" flower-boys are freshening the air with the scent of roses; and the hum of life, the joyous life of the Old World, calls to you from over the water. Verily you have reached the land of the soul's desiring.

One day in the long ago, before the muse of history had emerged from the cloud of fable, a siren maid, Parthenope, slept in unceasing slumber on the shores before you. She had sought death

in the wave that oftentimes had mingled its foam with her soft voice. Never a dream was hers that whither the ocean carried her should be given her name, but so it was that those who found the maiden would not let us forget. From Parthenope's strand to the Naples of now is a long path to travel. Greek and Roman, Goth and Norman and Spaniard, mingle in the film that gives you Naples' history, and her twenty-five hundred years have watched many a conqueror and many a captive pass over her hills.

Every nation in Europe has had its warriors at her gates. Until conquered by the Romans in the fourth century before Christ, Naples remained, in art, in letters, in atmosphere, a Grecian city. When Rome crumbled before the downpouring of the barbarians, Naples, too, felt the inroad of the mighty victors. In the middle of the sixth century the city fell under Byzantine supremacy, but soon after gained her liberty. For five centuries she maintained her freedom, with all the lights and shadows of an iron age falling upon her stage. But in 1130 her independence dissolved before the embattled hosts of Roger of Normandy. In 1194 the Hohenstaufen secured the fair city as a marriage portion. Seventy years later Charles of Anjou obtained the prize, but his line fell, too, when in 1442 Alphonso of Aragon rode through the streets at the head of a conquering army. For three hundred years Spain had her viceroys living in the beautiful city. Hapsburg then won the cast in 1713, and the Bourbon shortly after. And even in days more near there was still the constant shifting of the battle tide, ever the restless surging of the waves of war.

Not all this motley throng of plumed knights and crested kings cross your imagination in thickened confusion as you look upon the brilliant Posilipo or the gigantic Vesuvius, or the amphitheatre of hill-set houses that smile a welcome to you over the bay. But tomorrow you will begin to see them, and you will see them the day after, and for many a day to come. For history a-plenty has been made along the busy Via Roma, and through the length and breadth of the lanes that intersect it at every turn. Down by the Piazza del Municipio, the Castel Nuovo, with six and one-half centuries of time recorded on its chronicles, speaks to you of Charles of Anjou, who built it and passed it on to a line of kingly followers. But the pennons of Aragon were also to float from these battlements when the time should be ripe for Angevin defeat. Frenchman and Spaniard now fight their battles over again on the bronze gates of the triumphal arch. To-day Italy's cavalry is quartered at the

Castel, but when the world is hushed in the silence of the night Anjou and Aragon are tilting for the title, and many a battle is lost and won by the pale riders of a day that is gone to its setting.

As you walk away from the Castel Nuovo the thoughts of olden tumults die, and you only remember that thirteenth of December in the year 1294. On that day in the Sala di San Luigi took place an event unparalleled in ecclesiastical history—*il gran rifiuto*. Five months before the Cardinals had climbed Monte Marone in the wilderness of the Abruzzi, and had acquainted a gentle old man with the news that the conclave in session at Perugia had selected him as the new Pope. Tearfully was the word received. Why had they come to him, Pietro di Murone, was the bewildered appeal, to him who knew nothing of affairs of State, and unworthy utterly to be vicegerent of Christ on earth? They prevailed; and on the twenty-ninth of August he was consecrated, taking the name of Celestine the Fifth. But he was not happy. More and more as the days went by was he convinced that he was not fitted for the responsibilities of the Papacy, that he was only working mischief to the Church. Finally, his soul weary almost unto death, he resolved to abdicate. The clergy and the people implored him to continue as their Father, but in vain. And on that mid-December day he summoned the Cardinals to the great hall of the Castel Nuovo, and announced to them that he was to be their Pope no longer. Taking off the triple tiara and the ring of the Fisherman and the white cassock of lamb's wool, he resumed his poor habit, and hastened away to the happiness of his cell in far Sulmona. The centuries have woven many memories into the mellow tapestry of the Castel; but the one of purest sheen is the memory of the kindly San Celestino, who believed that he was not fitted to be the leader of Christianity, but that he should serve God in solitude and prayer, in cloistered silence amid the hills.

If the Angevin dynasty appeals to your love of the past, you will go some day to the old church of Santa Chiara. With splendid façade and beautiful campanile, it is well worthy of the six centuries of service that it has to its crediting. Founded by Robert the Wise, it was the royal chapel. Many a worshipper of high degree has the old edifice counted; it has sung the requiem over many a house of kings fallen to dusty death. Up by the high altar is the monument of its founder, a princely figure, robed in the Franciscan habit, resting in all the quiet dignity of marble life. Here among the Gothic tombs of Anjou it is interesting to read the epitaphs that

Petrarch and his fellows once wrote to tell the story of knightly men and virtuous women.

Naples is indeed redolent of memories. Poetry breathes its message to you from the tomb of Virgil; and the wayside grasses whisper to you the tale of Arcady-land that they told to the gentle Mantuan centuries and centuries ago. Posilipo has its memories of Lucullus and his wondrous gardens; and treasures, too, proud recollections of the days when Augustus came to its cooling breezes wearing the sceptre of the world. Naples was vigorous in the Middle Ages, and enjoyed her share in the pageant and pomp of the Renaissance. For in those days the Tuscan artists and scholars and poets came to the city on the bay and lingered long. Naples displays her churches and castles, and shows what Giotto did, and Simone Martini, and many an architect and sculptor. She points out to you the place where Sannazaro used to watch the fishermen to get inspiration for his idylls; Sannazaro, chosen by the Pope as the poetical champion of Christendom. She tells you where Petrarch prayed, where Tasso sang his song. For the poet of Avignon had no uncertain connection with the southern city, as history writes the incident. Robert the Wise was a child of the early Renaissance, and was a scholar as well as a king. And one day Petrarch came to the king and received from his hands a diploma setting forth his qualifications for the laurel. When the poet went to Rome for the crowning, he bore with him the parchment signed by a royal hand. And Tasso, the flower of the Catholic cinquecento, not infrequently tarried for a season in the city of the siren. Here in the monastery of Monte Oliveto, while wooing back the smiles of health after a severe illness, he wrote part of the *Gerusalemme*. Here, also, interrupting for a time his work on the great epic, he composed a poem in honor of the congregation whose careful nursing was restoring him to better days.

A morning will come when you will wish to visit the convent of San Domenico. Alphonso the First and all his court went there six centuries ago, and were held spellbound by the gifted tongue of a Dominican monk. For Thomas Aquinas came to Naples, too, and gave her to wonder at his flashing intellect. The lecture hall where once he taught still remains, but you will prefer to linger in the humble cell of the Saint, where he used to kneel before his crucifix, from which, as he declared, he had won all his wisdom. You partake a little of his humility as you think of that greatest genius of the schools kneeling before the figure of the Infinite

Truth, and asking God in heaven that His lowly servant might speak a portion of that Truth in no fashion unworthy, while the multitude of students in eager assembly waited in the hall.

The great church of Naples is the Cathedral of San Gennaro. Begun in 1272 by order of Charles of Anjou, and completed in 1316, the Gothic edifice is one of the most imposing cathedrals in south Italy. Its Chapel of San Gennaro is, perhaps, the richest chapel in the world. Perfect in point of architecture, it is filled with silver lamps, golden candelabra, purest of marble altars, and chalices studded with diamonds and rubies, the gifts of princes and peers from every nation on earth. It is commonly known as the Cappella del Tesoro. But its chief wealth, surpassing any gems of gold, is the vials of blood and the head of Saint Januarius.

Saint Januarius, the Bishop of Benevento, beheaded near the Solfatara in the early fourth century, is the Patron Saint of the city. And great is the devotion to him. It is in this chapel that the liquefaction occurs in May and September, when the cathedral is crowded to its very portals. When the wonder is manifested, the voices of thousands join in a mighty *Te Deum*; the bells of the city's churches ring forth their joyful acclaim; the booming cannon echoes out over the waiting waters to carry the message to the sailors on the ships; and the Neapolitan fears no more for another year the frowning mountain of Vesuvius. Rejected by men unwilling to accept the evidence of their eyes, the miracle of the liquefaction has baffled scientists for ages. But it is pleasing for the people of Naples to remember that Voltaire lost his skepticism in its presence, and to count him as a valiant defender of their faith.

Over in the Palazzo Reale, the palace with the statues of eight Neapolitan rulers adorning its attractive front, blossoms a memory which had its birth in the capital city on the Seine. Up in the distressed city of Paris the revolutionists, maddened with their new-found liberty, were seeking victims to sate their insane fury. And a gentle queen one day rode through the city of sorrows to lay down her life, a ransom to their thirst for blood, the most pitiable martyr of the old régime. Down to sunny Naples the news was borne. To-day they will show you at the Palazzo the chapel in which Maria Carolina, the wife of Ferdinand the Fourth, knelt in prayer for the soul of her sister, Marie Antoinette. Her five daughters were beside her, and their mingled orisons rose to heaven, and sincere and sorrowful petition at the throne of the King; a

fervent asking that she who was never more queenly than in death might rest in everlasting peace.

The sojourner in Naples will feel no affection for the giant that castles in Vesuvius. Still more keenly will he cherish resentment when he visits the Museo Nazionale and beholds the pitiful relics of that old-time campaign of destruction. Mural paintings and bronze statuettes and silver goblets plead the cause of the once fair and laughing cities whose graves he will look upon in sadness on some to-morrow. Along the corridors of this fine museum one will also feel the thrill of early Greek art, the repose and beauty of many a god and nymph; and will remember Roman glory in the august assemblage of heroes that live in these marble halls.

This kind of joy Naples offers you; the keen delight of delving into the bypaths of her past and the lanes that ask you to follow to the end. Your day wanderings open up vistas of thought through which you never looked before; aisles of dream peopled not with the conjured figures of your fancying, but with the ghosts of men and women once ruddy in the flush of life. And at the close of many a full day you go up to your balcony window overhanging the splendid Corso Vittorio Emanuele and live it all over again.

The golden sun has gone to sleep behind the restful hills of Posilipo, the cool of the day has come, and the southern twilight is just creeping over the world. The calm and serenity of uncounted centuries are closing in on the gray-blue Mediterranean, the beautiful sea that carries deep in its bosom memories of Hannibal and Augustus and Saint Paul. The rose-tints pale in the west, and over lovely Sorrento the lamp of night is beginning to glimmer. And with the rising of the moon you open your arms to Naples as she has done to you, and beg her to take you as her own.

Expanding before you is the vast panorama of the wonderful bay, aglow with the lanterns of a hundred ships. A great pale sheet of silver it seems, bathed in the white radiance of the full-orbed moon. The huge Vesuvius looms distinct in the distance, a grim and gray spectre of the night. Below you in curving lines, in harmony with the bowl of the bay, and rising in fairy tiers, are the lights of the hillside city, twinkling and gleaming like thousands of torches carred in elfin hands. It seems as if Naples has attired herself in her loveliest robe to gladden you, but every night she wears the same soft mantle and the same brilliant jewels to tell the world that there is only one Naples.

The scene from this balcony window you will never forget.

It is almost too much to endure, all this marvelous beauty, all this exquisite perfection. Words fail you as you look out over the satin shimmer of the water; with silence alone can you pay the homage of your soul. And in silence you feel that you have come a little closer to the heart throbs of the great king who sang the psalms of praising in the holy city centuries and centuries ago. Quite soon, as you are beginning to slip away into the magic courts of the dream world, you hear the song of the passing troubadour, the plaintive melody of *O sole mio* floating up to you from the terrace below. It is the last touch of Italy for the night, the gentlest bidding to slumber. So you close your eyes on the glory of the fair earth and the moon-swept water, and seek the golden palaces over sapphire seas of sleep.

In saddening contrast to the glad, care-free life in Naples is the awful silence of the dead city that lies to the southeast. Under the shadow of their conqueror, Vesuvius, the quietened walls of Pompeii rest, a grave for the dead yesterday that once lived in the throbbing pulsation of youth. Pompeii once sang her songs in all the gayety of pagan joy, but now as you walk through her streets, no strains of merriment rise on the winds from the bay, all the songs are lost chords that perished with the fallen city. You go out to Pompeii on the train from Naples, passing on the way through a fair plain covered with grapevines, with here and there a solitary flat-topped pine standing in soldierly guard. The road to Pompeii is within a short distance of the sea, and at intervals you catch sight of the blue water gently washing the sands on the shore.

Half-way to your destination lies the city of Herculaneum, the companion of the larger city in mutual sorrow. A little nearer, perhaps, to the mountain of destruction in the long centuries ago, it, too, was soon buried beneath the sea of lava. On your left, as the train takes you toward Pompeii, rises the Vesuvian hill. You have seen it from the steamer's deck on the bay, you have looked upon it from your balcony window at night, and now there is nothing novel in its closer presence. There it stands, a relentless, titanic, elemental force of nature, holding within its breast memories of war, of a day when its fiery breath withered the cities of the plain. As it rests firm and steadfast on its broad base, holding its head high and undismayed, it waits the hour when once more it will send down its message that it is not dead nor sleeping.

A certain majesty it has in its sphinx-like silence, but not a

lovely sight is Mount Vesuvius. Yet you cannot help thinking, as you look upon it, that once its lofty summits were fair and green, and its steep slopes covered with purple blossoms and white. From its hilltops many a son of Pompeii had looked upon the sea, and had little believed that one day the sweet and verdant earth would change to a fiery volcano and destroy him and those he loved. The smile of the hill was a lure to the unwary, the music of its breezes a call to bitter death. The vineyards are now in ashes beneath many a layer of lava; and the once-happy mountain height is now the dull-gray, jagged mouth of an ever-active volcano.

When first you enter the gate of Pompeii you do not wonder, or feel in a strange land. Everything seems entirely normal, quite as it should be. How else should a city look that had been buried for eighteen hundred years? But as you penetrate the interior and walk farther through the streets, you lose the sense of time, and the centuries that have slowly drawn their curtain across Pompeii's living day disappear and float away into the nothingness. You are for the moment back in those days when Christ had been dead about half a century, a victim to the cowardice of the great Rome in whose dominions Pompeii was a proud city. The streets are still here, and the houses, and the forum, and the baths, and the great amphitheatre. They are all here, indeed, but desolate and deserted. No chariot swings through the stone avenue with prætor or ædile, no children make holiday along the Greek collonades, no votary offers incense at the marble altars of Isis. Silence is queen in the city, death is the only guest.

As you walk along the streets and visit the houses of former magnificence or humbleness, it seems but yesterday or the day before since the city was teeming with the life of its thirty-thousand inhabitants. Everything recalls the business of living. The wine shop stands by the roadside, with the frames for the wine jars still ready for use; a bakehouse with its brick oven seems to be waiting the coming of its owner. The silent arenas are willing to re-echo to the chorus of applauding voices; the empty streets are looking for the return of their citizens. But they wait in vain. The people will not return from their long absence-leave; they will never come back to the days they lived and loved in the little city by the blue bay.

If you mount a staircase leading to the top of one of the houses, it is possible for you to view the entire city. Dwelling after dwelling, and street after street in bewildering network, stretch out

before the eye, with the lines broken here and there by the large spaces of a bath or a theatre or a forum. Surveying the old city you wonder where the crowds were thickest on that fateful day in the year 79, and you think of the panic that must have swept the populace when they saw the destroyer coming; some hiding in fancied security in underground chambers, others madly endeavoring to reach the sea.

Pompeii never dreamed on that ill-omened morning that Vesuvius was in deadly earnest. There had been an earthquake several years before, but she had forgotten it. She sang her songs, and the flowers of youth and beauty blossomed, and the sun beamed kindly down upon her; but the dark mountain, angry at her joy, and hating her happiness, flung down upon her the fiery lava and silenced her forever. It is a sorrowful story that Pliny relates, a terrible page of history that Dion Cassius bids us read; and their simplicity of language only intensifies the awfulness of that day of dreadful doom.

There is a Street of Tombs in Pompeii, where the citizens used to inter their dead. But there is small reason, it might seem, for so naming it, when the entire city is a sepulchre, inclosing the dust of an era that has passed away. Many a spirit must wander unseen through the pathways about the tombs, or hold sweet converse along porticoes still clinging to old-time grandeur. Only they can hear the soft splashing of the fountains that used to build and unbuild their rainbow castles in the impluvium, only they can enjoy the grateful odor of the flowers that once blossomed in the lovely courtyards. And perhaps some perfumed night, when the million stars hold carnival in the sky and dance in glad delight about the silver chair of the huntress, old Pompeii raises her head for an hour and entertains the pale visitors with the smile she wore in the years of her young gayety. Gentle music floats once more down the marble columns, and men and maidens plight their loves amid the murmuring of bubbling waters. But long before the dawning of the east the ghosts troop back to the still places of the dark, and the city once more falls back into her long sleep. Slumber and rest, little city, the daytime melody and joy from Naples down the bay will never disturb thee.

Not far from the Porta Marina is a museum, a miniature of the great Museo of Naples. Plaster casts in pathetic realism, bits of burnt cloth, loaves of blackened bread, and fragments of broken pottery in their own unhappy language whisper their grief to you.

But you soon will have commingled long enough with the memories that gather here, and will wish to turn down the long lane that leads to the outer gate, and leave Pompeii behind, the symbol of far-off, almost forgotten things, the lingering voice of a day that is dead.

Looking back toward the hot forum with the broken columns and the ruined temples and the lizards running along the desolate walls, if that destruction had not come, one feels what might have been. There in the *Strada Stabiana* might be the gray, battle-scarred *Palazzo della Signoria* with traditions of doges, wealthy and powerful. Over the lesser buildings would be gleaming the golden dome of the majestic cathedral, and close beside a tall campanile in full flower. There would be a flower-booth near yonder *Casa del Citarista*, with heaped-up masses of camellias and carnations and white lilies drenching the air with their fragrance. At the corner, amid playing children, a grizzled soldier might sit drowsing, lost in dreams of the long ago, when as a zouave he tried to defend *Papa Nono*. From some hidden portico would come the lilt of a madrigal attuned to the faint pulsing of an old guitar. Over on the *Vicolo di Mercurio* would extend the long arcades where the silversmiths would have their shops, and where you could find the cameos and the tortoise shell and the most delicate of pink corals. The white stucco houses would be climbing the slopes of the mountain, and round about them would lie the built-up terraces of vineyards and yellow corn. And on the summit would rise the long monastery with its garden of orange trees, where the monks would gather in the evening when vespers and compline had been sung, and gaze over toward *San Martino* and the fellowship. But, ah! the difference of it all.

We have passed out through the gates of the Silent City. Above it *Vesuvius* is towering, sullen, grisly, with no sign of remorse, but watching and waiting. And then we think of that sister city, to the westward, beside her bay of sunlit blue, with never a care to trouble and never a fear to chill, and right fervent is our prayer that the good *San Gennaro* guard her eternally in surest protection, that her sunshine never be darkened and her songs never be stilled. For the joy of heart that *Parthenope* possesses in happy heritage is too rare a gift, in a world of weariness, to pass away.

A GREAT CATHOLIC SCIENTIST.

PIERRE JOSEPH VAN BENEDEN (1809-1894).

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S., K.S.G.



IT sometimes happens that a father and his son become highly distinguished in the same walk of life; so highly distinguished and in studies so very similar that it is difficult even for the expert to distinguish the discoveries which have been made by the one from those which are due to the other.

Such is the case with the two van Benedens, father and son, Pierre Joseph, the elder, who is the subject of this paper, and Edouard, his son, still happily with us, the very distinguished Professor of Zoölogy at Liège, a man whose name and fame is in the mouth of every zoölogist. It was indeed as far back as 1877 that Ray Lankester said that one of the most important services that the father had rendered to science was that of having perpetuated his name and his genius in the person of his illustrious son.

It is of the father that I am now to write, and, if I mention the son, it is with the object of making it quite clear to those unacquainted with the facts that when they read, as they may even in the public press, of such and such a discovery having been made by van Beneden, they must remember that there are two van Benedens.

Pierre Joseph van Beneden was born in Malines on the 19th of December, 1809, and pursued his early studies at the college in that archiepiscopal city. As far as is known, nothing special marked this part of his career, nor was his next step in life one which gave any special promise of future opportunities for distinction. He became an apprentice to a pharmacist, with the intention of following that walk of life. Here, however, the choice of a principal had everything to say in determining the young chemist's future, for M. Stoffels, to whom he was apprenticed, was by no means an ordinary chemist nor an ordinary man. A Dutchman by extraction, he had inherited that ardor for collecting curiosities of all kinds which infected so many of his countrymen during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But beyond

all this he was a serious student of science. He corresponded with many scientific men in different parts of Europe, and was the centre of what was then a very active scientific society in Malines. This was the master chosen by young van Beneden or by his parents, and such a man was not likely to mistake the character of the pupil who was placed in his charge.

A university course was not necessary for one desiring to pursue the business of pharmacy, nor had van Beneden's parents any intention of giving one to their son. Stoffels, however, induced them to do so, and, in so doing, placed the young man's feet on the first rung of the ladder of distinction on which he was to climb so high. In later years van Beneden expressed publicly his great indebtedness to Stoffels.

It was at this period of his life that van Beneden had actual experience of war. The revolution broke out in 1830, and van Beneden, like Stensen, another celebrated Catholic naturalist, took arms in defense of his country. But the ruling passion was not to be extinguished even by martial ardor, and van Beneden gives us a characteristic picture of himself standing under the walls of Antwerp, a city whose fortifications were afterwards to be associated with some of his most striking and best-known discoveries, with a cartridge in one hand and a fossil shell, which he had come across in his march, in the other. Science won, and van Beneden went to Louvain to follow a course of medicine.

This ancient seat of learning was founded by a Bull of Martin V. in 1425, and continued in existence until 1797, when it was suppressed. After an interval the Dutch government established in 1815 a State institution, at which van Beneden was a student. It was not long-lived as a State university, and in 1834, with the sanction of Gregory XVI., the Bishops of Belgium decided to open the university which is to-day well known, a university with which van Beneden's long life was to be almost entirely associated.

But before settling down he was anxious to extend his experience, and went to Paris, which at that time was the scientific centre of the world, in order to pursue advanced studies. During this time he made a number of visits to the shores of the Channel, and of the Mediterranean, for the purpose of collecting specimens, forming then the taste for marine zoölogy which he was to pursue later with such fruitful results. At this time, also, he gained the reputation of being one of the most skillful dissectors of his day.

In the period after the Belgian revolution, as must naturally

have been the case, vast reconstructions of the country's institutions were in progress, and amongst other things the university system was in the melting-pot. The government decided to found two State Universities, one in Ghent, the other in Liège, and at one or other of these van Beneden fully expected to be made Professor of Zoölogy. But, while he was in Paris, other influences, it would seem, were brought to bear upon those responsible for the appointments, for when he hurriedly returned, at the advice of his friends, from Paris, it was only to discover that both positions had been filled. It may be added, incidentally, that neither occupant made a tithe of the impression on the scientific world that was made by the rejected candidate.

One can well understand what a blow this must have been to the young man of science. University chairs are not things which grow on every bush, and even the most ardent lover of science must live by some means or another. If he has no private income, as was the case with van Beneden, and no chair by which he can live, he must needs turn his face away from science and towards some other avocation by which it may be possible for him to earn his daily bread. It must have seemed to van Beneden that, with all his love for science and his remarkable aptitude for pursuing purely scientific studies, he would have to turn away from them and devote himself to medical practice.

But another door was to open for him. As we have seen, whilst the State was engaged in founding two State Universities, the Catholic hierarchy of Belgium had set themselves the task of creating a free Catholic University in the ancient university city of Louvain. The Rector of this new institution was Monsignor Ram. This far-seeing principal at once named van Beneden to the chair of Zoölogy, and thus established him in 1835 in a position which he was destined to occupy for the remainder of his life.

Of Monsignor Ram no more will have to be said here; yet, before passing from him entirely, we wish to mention that the University of Louvain and the whole scientific world are indebted to him, not merely for providing van Beneden with the opportunity of which he made such splendid use, but also for finding a position for an equally celebrated man, Theodor Schwann, who, among other notable achievements, practically established the cell-theory in his work, the *Structure of Plants and Animals*, translated into English in 1847.

Cavillers will note that for some extraordinary reason the

Catholic organization, so far as Louvain was concerned, was not engaged in what those cavillers believe to be its most cherished occupation, namely, the stifling of science, at least at the time when van Beneden and Schwann were appointed to chairs, nor, it may be added, can it be accused of similar proceedings in the same university when that institution was assisting Carnoy to make his great researches on the cell.

But to return to van Beneden. As already mentioned, he was destined to spend the remainder of his life in the university to which he was first appointed, and, so far as the great world was concerned, that life was spent without incidents more exciting than those associated with some new and startling discovery, or the attendance at some great gathering of men of science. In 1886 the jubilee of his professoriate was celebrated with great pomp and rejoicing, and in 1894 (on the 8th of January) he died in Louvain.

The scientific world had not stinted honors during his lifetime. He was elected a Foreign Member of the Royal Society (one of the distinctions most coveted by men of science not belonging to the British Empire) in 1875. Needless to say he received numerous honorary degrees. He was a Foreign Member of the Linnæan, Zoölogical and Geological Societies of London, and of many other learned institutions. In his own country he was not without honor, for he was President of the Royal Belgian Academy in 1881, and was a Grand Officer of the Order of Leopold. He left a considerable family behind him, the most distinguished member of which, his son, Edouard, is, as has already been mentioned, Professor of Zoölogy in the University of Liège.

We may now turn to the consideration of his work and his character. With regard to the former it may, at the outset, be remarked that it is most unusual for any man to secure eminence of the highest kind in two distinct lines of observation. Readers of O. W. Holmes' *Poet at the Breakfast-Table* will remember the fellow-guest who was known as "the Scarabee," who was not "quite so ambitious" as to claim to be an entomologist, nor imagined that he had a "right to so comprehensive a name" as that of Coleopterist. He is the type, even if he is the caricature, of the minutely specialized scientific man of the present day, a widely different person from the naturalist of former days, with a narrower horizon, and one who is too often disposed "to think his little burgh the world."

It was not so with van Beneden, as the following pages will show. From his early studies on the seashore, and from his lifelong proximity to the coast at Ostend, it is not wonderful that he should have been led to the study of marine zoölogy, and his researches in that line of study must first be described. For years it was his custom to spend his holidays at some seaside resort, where he could devote himself to his favorite studies.

The shores of the Mediterranean at first particularly attracted him, and those of Sicily especially, whose rich marine fauna and clear waters were a constant source of joy to him. He used to say that the waters at Cette were so clear that, whilst standing on the quay, he could see the molluscs slowly making their way along the bottom of the sea. In these researches van Beneden was a real pioneer, and that in two directions. In the first place he insisted upon studying his objects of investigation in a fresh condition, and not, as most observers were then either obliged or content to do, after long exposure to the spirit which had been used for their preservation. And, as a corollary to this, he was the first to construct a marine biological laboratory, in which it was possible to carry out observations leisurely and undisturbedly, observations which for obvious reasons it would be utterly impossible to carry out on the creatures in their own native waters.

In order to achieve this purpose, van Beneden set up at Ostend the first marine zoölogical laboratory, a foundation which has had many successors in all countries. To his honor, be it said, he set it up entirely at his own expense. The University of Louvain had (I believe has) no subvention from the State. Its resources were limited, and so, one may feel sure, were the incomes of its professors, and at any rate it is clear that there was little money to be spared for scientific research. Even at Louvain van Beneden's equipment was of the smallest, as was indeed the case at that time with most scientific departments at most universities, and no assistance was forthcoming for his seaside laboratory.

Indeed there is one amusing incident of his life narrated which shows how little sympathy or assistance he received from the State. One day whilst searching along the shore, after a severe gale, for the spoils cast up by the sea, he discovered a tortoise's shell covered with all sorts of zoöphytes. With this he was returning to his laboratory in triumph, when a customs officer stopped him and took possession of his trophy as jetsam belonging to the State.

The line of studies carried on in this laboratory and on the

seashore led van Beneden in 1845 to determine to publish a complete account of the littoral fauna of Belgium, a work to which he devoted an immense amount of time, and many hundreds of pages of his voluminous writings. But it was not only to himself that his marine laboratory was of service. There were no other such institutions then in existence, as there now are, and men of science anxious to work out some point for themselves had no place to which they could resort where they could be sure to find the apparatus and reagents necessary for their study. To many such van Beneden permitted the use of his private laboratory, provided, it may be remembered, at his own private expense. Of those who availed themselves of the opportunities which he extended may especially be mentioned Johannes Müller, Max Schultze, Quatrefages, Liebig, R. Greef, and Lacaze-Duthiers. In later years, when his son Edouard was professor at Liège, the laboratory was always available to his pupils for the carrying out of their researches.

In connection with the visits of these men of science, an interesting incident may be mentioned, in which that giant of biological science, Johannes Müller (also by the way a practical Catholic man of science) was paying a visit to van Beneden. Calling on van Beneden at Louvain, on his way to Ostend, Müller remarked that the two most important zoölogical points then requiring elucidation were—the character and position of two very puzzling genera, whose names would convey no information to the general reader, and may be omitted. What is of real importance is that van Beneden was able to show to his confrère an article just published clearing up the difficulty in the one case, and a series of observations, still unpublished, doing the same for the other; the two great desiderata of science for the moment, according to Müller, thus being no longer desiderata but settled points.

Van Beneden was, as we have seen, like so many other scientific men, educated for the profession of medicine; yet later he devoted himself to pure science. It was probably owing to this dual attitude that he was led to write and publish his *Medical Zoölogy*. Like many another enlightened man, van Beneden was alarmed lest the education of the medical student should become too specialized, and his horizon narrowed by too rigid a pursuance of purely professional studies. He desired that he should have a competent knowledge of the sciences, ancillary to medicine, and particularly of what has since become known as "biology," and he wrote this book

of zoölogy with a special eye to the needs of the medical student and the medical practitioner. This was in 1858, when the medical profession, as a self-governing profession, was, in these islands in which I write, only in the making. It was many years later that biology became, as it now is, a compulsory study for all students of medicine. The advance of science has rendered van Beneden's *Medical Zoölogy* out of date, but his services in respect of medical education ought never to be forgotten. This, however, is not the only service which he rendered to medical studies.

In his researches on marine zoölogy, he had been led to make numerous observations on the strange subject of parasitism. Indeed one of the two observations, mentioned above, which had converted desiderata of science into established facts, had dealt with an instance of this kind which related to a group of parasitic and, as is commonly the case, also incomplete cestoid worms, which passed part of their career in bony fishes and part in selachians.

His observations on the subject of parasitism, after having originally appeared in various scientific publications, were eventually gathered together into one volume under the title of *Animal Parasites and Messmates* in the well-known *International Scientific Series*, which began its career a great many years ago by the publication of Tyndall's *Forms of Water*, and is still continuing to produce works on all kinds of scientific topics. Much has been learnt since van Beneden's day as to the problems with which this book deals. We now know much that was then unknown as to the diseases which tiny parasites of all kinds, internal and external, are capable of carrying or of causing. His book, like all books on science after a certain period, must clearly become incomplete and out of date, but it remains, and will always remain, one of the classics, an imperishable monument of unsparing and illuminating research on a subject which, from the point of view of health, seems destined to become second to none in importance.

In his early youth we have seen van Beneden, in military uniform, pursuing his researches around the fortifications of Antwerp, whilst at the same time ready to receive his enemy with far more lethal weapons than the fossil which temporarily distracted his attention. At a later date these same fortifications were to afford him a further opportunity of extending his scientific knowledge and fame. The question of completing and strengthening the fortifications of this city having assumed great importance, and

the carrying of them out having been opposed by some, a strong supporter of the project was found in van Beneden. It is probable that it was his early military experience which taught him the importance of the projected fortifications, but the insinuation was made, perhaps more than half in kindly jest, that van Beneden was really anxious for the fossils which would naturally be exposed by the necessary excavations. Be that as it may, the fact remains that immense numbers of fossil remains of cetaceans were turned up in the course of the very extensive works, the results of which are to be seen by all who visit that beautiful and far-famed city, and that their discoveries did actually lead van Beneden into a new and fertile field of research, in which he gained still further laurels.

With characteristic completeness van Beneden not merely made a study of the fossil remains which came under his observation in the way I have mentioned, but he also set himself to study the cetacea (which, it may be explained for the benefit of the non-scientific reader, include the whales) as they exist at the present day, as well as their predecessors in fossil periods. At the time the subject was but little worked over, and the characters of these creatures but little known. In collaboration with Paul Gervais, van Beneden brought out between the years 1868-80 his *Ostéographie des Cétacés vivants et fossiles*, which is still and must long remain the standard work on the subject in question.

It will be seen, then, that van Beneden acquired the highest fame in three distinct lines of research. He was a pioneer in marine zoölogy, and the acknowledged authority on marine fauna whilst he lived. But he was no less an authority, if possible even a greater authority, in the region of parasitology, and, as we have just seen, in the region of the cetaceans.

It will also be remarked by scientific men, and should be impressed on the non-scientific reader as a most significant fact, that his triumphs were achieved in both the invertebrate and the vertebrate branches of zoölogy, a really remarkable achievement but seldom paralleled since science became, perhaps necessarily but certainly in many ways most unfortunately, so minutely parcelled out into tiny areas of specialization as is now the case. If we are to decide in which of these realms van Beneden's greatest triumphs really lie, the palm should I think be given to his researches in parasitology. It was for these that he was awarded in 1858 the *grand prix des sciences physiques* of the Institute of France, and it will be

probably by these that he will be longest remembered, except by specialists who must continue to take note of his other original memoirs as long as natural science is cultivated in this world.

From this sketch of van Beneden's scientific achievements we must now turn for a short space to another side of his character.

The sympathetic writer of his memoir in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, evidently the late Sir William Flower, Director of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, says of him that "though he remained to the end a devoted son of the Church in which he had been brought up, he always showed the widest toleration for the views of others," not an unusual characteristic, I submit, of Catholic men of science. "He believed firmly in the preconceived order of nature," says Dr. Kemna, his biographer, to whose work I have to express my indebtedness for many of the points mentioned in this paper; "the expressions God, the All-Powerful, the Creator, the Divine Artist" fall frequently from his pen. The memoir of 1858 on the intestinal worms, which obtained the *grand prix* of the Institute of France, bore, as its motto, these words of a bishop, "The laws of nature are the constant application of the eternal ideas of the Divine Wisdom for the preservation of the beings which It has created." In the discourse *Sur l'homme et la perpétuation des espèces dans les rangs inférieurs du règne animal*, we read: "The breath of life, once breathed upon the earth by the generosity of the Creator, is never extinguished; it is a force impressed on the first couple whose power renews itself without cessation. Life does not commence with each new individual, it continues; it has only commenced once for each species."

When Darwin's work first appeared, and the whole world, scientific and non-scientific, was convulsed with this new and powerful re-statement of the theory of Transformism, a theory which, though of secular antiquity and discussed up to a point allowed by Fathers of the Church, had dropped almost entirely out of consideration until the issue of *The Origin of Species*, van Beneden was at least at first inclined to differ with the views put forward. Nor does it appear that he ever made any specific pronouncement in favor of a transformistic theory, but what is clear is that, to some extent at least, perhaps even to a large extent, he modified his views as to the fixity of species, and claimed a direct descent for various forms from the fossil forms which had preceded them.

As he wrote, so far as I am aware, no work directly express-

ing his opinions on these points, it must suffice to say that he would appear, whilst not denying the theory of descent, to have held the moderate view, now held by so many, that whilst Darwin's factor of Natural Selection was a factor, it was insufficient to account for the results which it purported to explain. He regarded the facts of nature from a Catholic standpoint, which, indeed, when properly understood, is also the standpoint of plain common sense, and refused to believe that the picture of nature around us, whether of to-day or of the remote past, is at all explicable without the existence of a Divine Creator and Designer.

In the brief memoir, already quoted from, the late Sir William Flower says that "any notice of van Beneden would be incomplete without reference to his high character and remarkably courteous and agreeable manners. He was gentle, modest, kind, and considerate to others, and was much beloved by all who knew him intimately, as the writer of this notice had many opportunities of observing both in his own family circle at Louvain and on many visits which he paid to England, during which he was always a most welcome guest."

That he was beloved by his students is shown by the appreciative notice of Dr. Kemna, and by the enthusiasm manifested when he celebrated that very unusual occurrence in academic institutions, the jubilee of his tenure of the same chair in the same University.

THE WOOING OF GUESCA.

BY "OLIVER."



YOU have not yet given Guesca away in marriage," I reminded Peol one day when a mizzling, disheartening rain kept us house-bound—or rather tent-bound. "She has already refused, to my certain knowledge, several handsome offers. In fact, men have died for love of her: her grandfather, old Nadoga, the sorcerer, for instance, in his anxiety to save her from the attentions of the Huron chiefs; the Hurons themselves on their way to lay siege to her heart; nay, the very Mengwe who attempted to kidnap her went straight to their deaths in the attempt. There is something fateful about the girl. Still I trust she did not die an old maid. A girl of her spirit could not have been without lovers, and in the end must have fallen to the lot of some enterprising chief or warrior—who was he? Intrepid lover no doubt he was, who would not brook refusal, and who was ready to use—and mayhap did use—a club to gather in his bride."

Somehow those ancient Abenaki strike me as having been not many removes from the cave-man in their methods of wife-getting. I awaited Peol's reply with interest.

"Women are queer critters," he answered in his quaint vernacular, shaking his head knowingly. "One never knows what to expect of them; much like the water out there, easily moved in the shallows, but harder to measure where it is deep. Guesca was no ordinary maid, but one who wanted her own way in the choice of a husband; and yet, in the end, she married a man because she did not know what else to do with him."

Peol paused and looked hard at me; no doubt to see how I would take this paradox.

"Married him to get rid of him, I suppose," I replied quickly. "Girls are still said to do that sort of thing."

"He was hers by fair hunting," he continued, ignoring my pertness, "and yet she did not go hunting for him. That he happened to be the son of a chief in his own country helped the matter some; still Guesca won her husband by chance; and

the manner of his winning made him ever afterwards a sorcerer, when he would rather have been a warrior. He was not a cave-man—although she got him in a cave; nor yet a Quoddy nor a Micmac nor a Malicete, but a Mengwe, and closely connected with many of those whom she guided to the fateful chasm.”

Again Peol regarded me with one of his inscrutable looks—a look of inquiry, if I interpreted aright—as if he would take in the full extent of my mystification. It was certainly puzzling. She got him by hunting, and yet she did not hunt for him; she took him then to husband because she could not put him to other use; she captured him in circumstances which forced him ever afterwards to be a stay-at-home, which was far from Guesca’s ambitions; she accepted him although he was not of her own tribe nor of the tribes of the allies of her tribe—surely here was a puzzlement. Well might Peol prepare my mind with a descant on the inconsistencies of woman.

The expression of his countenance now showed me that he was gratified with my mystification. He dearly loved paradoxes and surprises of this kind, for the dramatic instinct was strong in him. In turn I was crafty enough to cultivate this whimsicality, knowing that no better way could be followed if I wished to secure a story heartily and willingly told. I made, therefore, every show of bewilderment. In fact, the utmost I could advance was that she took him prisoner in war—for truly I could put nothing that was dangerous or unusual beyond the prowess of the girl.

“No; she did not capture him in war,” Peol stolidly replied, “and he was not a prisoner brought in by the warriors, as you might imagine. She caught him herself when she was not looking for him; and he fainted at the sight of her—”

“Hold on there, old man,” I cried in exasperation. “You’re piling up the mysteries too fast. Let me get this thing right. He—fainted—at the sight of her. I thought Guesca was a presentable girl?”

“She was as straight as a stripling elm,” Peol proudly answered, raising himself up, his eyes sparkling, “and the brown of her cheeks was the tint of young spruce buds in springtime.” Here his English failed him, or he felt its inadequacy to express his meaning, so that he turned to his own speech. “Her eyes browned and smiled like the water of a brook in its course, or darkened into the depths of a silent pool, according to her humor;

her lips were more red than the berry of the rowan tree when the frost first mellows it; her teeth were white and small; and the tiptoe of her foot was like the spring of a young ash."

What more could he say? Peol always waxed enthusiastic when he spoke of this ancient glory of his race. Quickly reverting to his whimsical desire to continue my puzzlement, he added in English, "So it was not her ill looks which made him faint—he took her for a spirit or goddess."

"And well he might," I heartily admitted. "A goddess in human form she must have been, and compact of all good qualities."

Peol at once relented. My unstinted praise of Guesca won him from all further thought of befogging me. Seating himself beneath the shelter of the projecting fly, while he scanned with unvarying vision the broad expanse of the lake at our doors, he at once addressed himself to the tale of the girl's marriage. Now and then he chuckled, doubtless at the thought of his ingenuity in puzzling me.

Again I must be permitted to translate into serviceable English his quaint and untutored dialect. It was at all times sufficiently intelligible to me, when he used what he called a foreign tongue—although he did cruelly mistreat some of his pronouns; the flow and softness and abundance of flowery metaphor particularly appealed to me when he employed his own agglutinative speech. In this case there was a certain directness and unsophistication of thought, which somehow reminded me of our archaic English. All this I will endeavor to the best of my ability to eschew; still if, now and then, I suffer a fleeting glimpse of this trim naturalness to show itself, I pray that I may be forgiven.

"Guesca had many lovers, as you know," Peol began; "the first of whom in a regular and official way was a great Micmac chief from the mouth of the Ouigoudi, Cacagous by name. He was well advanced in life when he came a-wooing amongst us; so that our young men, who resented quietly his coming, predicted that his courting would be directed rather to Guesca's parents than to herself. And so it was, for he made a great show of his escort and importance, and was profuse with his presents. He labored, besides, under the disadvantage of having no less than eight wives at home on the Ouigoudi. Nobody, therefore, was surprised when Guesca dismissed him incontinently with the curt advice to go back to his wives; as for her, she had no desire to be exhibited as a curiosity in a string of curiosities—for old

Cacagous was wont to line up his wives and show them to every stranger who visited him.

“The old chief, nothing daunted—knowing, as he said, the innumerable whims of womankind—reconciled himself to his disappointment by immediately marrying another girl.

“Next in point of importance, in this matter of Guesca’s wooers, was the suit made to her by a warrior and minor chief of our tribe named Hidaha. He was actually a well favored man, industrious, a great hunter, and—which was of greater value and recommendation to him—he was a close friend of Malpooga’s. Guesca was civil to him always, and even allowed him to win a game of checkers from her, which was a favorable omen for his suit. But Hidaha had a brother, who was very much in love with the girl, and yet could not get her to regard him at all favorably. So Hidaha, wishing to oblige his brother, had undertaken to make love to Guesca in his place, without her knowing, trusting to succeed in getting her to elope with him, as was often the custom, and then when it should be too late for her to back out, he could acquaint her with his vicarious purpose in courting her, and offer his brother in his stead. It was not a nice thing to do, and I cannot blame Guesca for breaking the checkerboard on his head, when—through a hint from Malpooga—she learned Hidaha’s real intentions. But, then, that was before the great event at the falls, when Guesca’s mettle was not yet fully tried or known. Afterwards, no one dared think of employing such a ruse in connection with her. As it was, Hidaha fell into permanent disfavor with the tribe.

“Things were in this condition, Guesca being still heart-whole, when, after the battle at Saco under the great Micmac chief, Membertou—in which, if you will recollect, Malpooga rescued his bride from the lodges of the Abenaki—the young men of the three allied tribes formed a league or society. They called it Of The Strong Hearts, and decided to make a trip of exploration and pleasure through the lands of the Abenaki and Pequods—who were now submissive after their supreme defeat—to the great lake on the edge of the hunting grounds of the Saranacs. The Micmacs feared no men alive, now that the French had armed them with powder and ball; and while our tribe, together with the Malicetes, were not so well dressed with arms, still the French had also supplied us with iron hatchets and scalping knives of surpassing sharpness. Some of our greater chiefs carried firearms

likewise. So that the young men who were members of this joint confraternity of the Strong Hearts planned their excursion without a worry as to the dangers of the route. This is why those amongst them who had wives unencumbered, yet with children, carried them along with them, together with sisters and other grown young folk who might enjoy the trip. It was a holiday party, young, healthy, and vigorous, with here and there an older chief as a balance against the known rashness of youth.

"Guesca accompanied her brother Malpooga and his newly wedded wife. It was in the days after the destruction of the Mengwe, when the young people would entertain no project to which Guesca did not give her assent: they claimed she was lucky.

"It is not to my purpose to dwell upon the events of this foray into strange hunting grounds. I will deal only with those incidents which were immediately connected with Guesca's marriage—for I might as well admit to you at once it was there she found her husband, under circumstances most unusual and surprising, as I will now relate.

"The party had reached the long lake—since called Champlain—which borders the mountainous country of the Adirondacks. Within that region of defiles and snowy cliffs there dwelt in those days a tribe of people called by some the Andastes, because they were said to worship a goddess or female spirit, to whom they sacrificed all strangers or invaders who had the rashness to penetrate into their recesses; by the Mohawks they were called Saranacs, which name still clings to their hunting ground. The entire region was, therefore, a land of mystery and danger, for which reason it unaccountably appealed to the imaginations of the young warriors of the Strong Hearts, especially to our allies the Micmacs. They were quietly itching for an opportunity to try the efficacy of powder and ball on those mysterious Andastes. Yet, by promise, they were held from all outward aggression against peaceable tribes on their route. Hence the presence among them of chiefs of years and wisdom.

"They had now built a sort of temporary camp, such a one as they could comfortably tarry in for an indefinite period in summer, when the nights are warm. For the site of this encampment they chose a gently rolling declivity, between hills; these in turn screened the position from distant view; while a noisy brook ran past their doors and supplied them with water for domestic use. The camp lay nearly a mile from the lake, on its western

shore, with but a line of lower hills separating it from the adventurous land of the Saranacs. The forest, bright and lively in the summer sun, surrounded them on all sides, serving as a mask and protection, especially against interruption from the lake. For, since the tragedy of the falls—although it was undeniably certain that no survivor had escaped—it was an act of discretion at least not to court too openly reprisal from the Mengwe. As to the Andastes, no one feared them.

“ Having thus established a camp in a comforting position—to the satisfaction of the older chiefs—the Strong Hearts planned an expedition into the alluring country of the Andastes. Two hundred in number, they set out through the hills, having left an adequate guard of warriors to watch the camp; moreover, as was the custom, the party as it progressed left lookouts—usually on the hill tops—behind it to give warning should danger suddenly arise in the rear. Most of the older chiefs, with some stripling warriors, remained to safeguard the women.

“ Thus it happened that Guesca, having wearied of her sister’s perpetual praise of Malpooga, wandered alone away from the camp one sunny afternoon. For the lack of other purpose on she followed the babbling of the busy brook in the direction of its source. For the moment she had not in mind the hazy legend of the origin of the brook in a great pool and falls, somewhere within the shadows of the pine-clad hills. Strange and no doubt exaggerated descriptions were given of the wonderful cavern, into which the brook, descending by leaps and jumps from the mountain, cast its waters, which in their final descent spread out into a fleecy cloud of silvery spray. The assurance that she was heading directly for this mysterious locality came to her now only after she had pursued her journey for some time. Behind her the sights and sounds of life in the encampment had long since died away; the inevitable brook dazed and babbled still, inviting her onward; a resentful kingfisher screamed at her in his metallic notes, and yet kept intrusively within sight as he flew from point to point, from stub to stub, leading her no doubt away from the neighborhood of his young.

“ Guesca took no thought of danger. Somewhere behind the rampart of funereal pines, which screened the hills in front, the invincible band of her friends, the Strong Hearts, were in possession—no doubt from his outlook on some tall tree a friendly watchman had already sighted her, and wondered at her purpose. Nor was she unarmed. In the single and particular instance of

the distribution of the precious firearms by the French she had the extraordinary fortune of acquiring a neat rifle, light and easily managed, with an accompanying gift of powder and lead. She had practiced sufficiently with the untoward thing to lose all fear of it; she knew the explosive quality of powder; and could load and fire with readiness. She had her gun with her now, and in a pretty bronzed horn—duly ornamented, and coquettishly balanced against her breast—she carried her precious supply of powder. Altogether she felt reasonably sure of her own safety, even if attacked by a wild beast.

“The reputation of the cavern towards which her steps were tending now gradually supplanted more personal thoughts. In some indistinct way she knew it to be associated with the singular religious ritual of those mysterious folk who lived within this secluded area; it was—she had sometime heard—the favorite dwelling place of the goddess or spirit whom they worshipped with such inhuman ceremonies. There amid the thunder of falling waters, this goddess was famed to dwell; and there, if report spoke aright, human victims were sacrificed. The courageous spirit of the girl arose at the thought of penetrating to such a mystic recess; perhaps she might be rewarded with a glimpse of the deity of the place. And then, as she bent over a friendly pool in which her own smiling face was reflected, she did not restrain the thought that comely and trim must even the goddess of the dell be who could surpass her own attractions. By this time she was carrying her beaded moccasins in her hand, while, bare-footed, she stepped from rock to rock or waded through the shallows. The day was already long past its meridian, and the quiet of evening was settling down over the forest scene.

“The sudden bunching together of the young beeches and elms which lined the brook—making, for all the world, an opening like a doorway across the stream—brought her to a halt. Within she could perceive that the shadows deepened and darkened; the edging trees interlocked overhead; stepping stones gave way to boulders, slimed over with dripping mosses; quiet pools edged with golden sands succeeded one another; while behind all was the noise of falling water, and the darkness of semicircling pines, illuminated by the penetrative shafts of the western sun.

“Now was the time to turn back; so whispered wise discretion. But when did woman ever yet abide the whispers of discretion when her fancy or her curiosity urged her on? Guesca

pushed boldly into the shadows, content only to unlace her rifle from her side where she carried it. Her moccasins she left hanging upon a shrub—should search be made for her they would direct it. Then, gathering her dress about her, she wound around boulders, splashed through pools, steadied herself by friendly trees, and strove valiantly forward, unintimidated by the ghostly fashion of the place. The stream, suddenly freed from the restraint of boulders, ran clear and deep, dark and uninviting, in strange contrast with the soft playful sand of either bank.

“The lure of this warm softness under foot led the girl willingly to penetrate further into the shadows of the place—and then the trees, with their overhanging foliage of deep and darkened green, were the same trees which she knew at home; where they were she might well be; she had known them from childhood, and never to her hurt. A few turns more of the brook—now a little river—and she came to the edge of a wide, dark pool, from which the stream flowed, outletting itself with great vigor of volume. On the side opposite to where she stood, the upholding mountain let down a rushing cascade, which after a leap of several feet struck the pool in its centre with a sound between the thud of an inert body and the lively crash of water welcoming water. To the left, in the background, the mountain receded enough to allow the slanting rays of the declining sun to reach the pool, through the soft greenery of pines, with a golden glare so pure and ethereal that Guesca could see the motes playing in the sunbeams. To complete the beauty of the scene, a pair of rainbows—concentric, but slowly merging into one—spanned the splash of the waters. Surely here was fitting habitation for the most exacting goddess.

“The girl, still restless and curious, circled around the spread of water until she stood where she could get a good view of the darkened space behind the cascade. Here, instead of a smooth wall of rock, which she expected to find, a wide opening presented itself, not unlike a cave; a cleft or cavern evidently, but just how deep or extensive she could not at first make out. Her venturesome spirit at once forced her to investigate. Picking her steps carefully across the tops of level boulders, she soon reached a smooth platform of rock, which projected beyond the face of the wall and led to the cavern. Following this narrow pathway, while the water splashed overhead and outward—a thin mist, the refinement of the spray, alone reaching her—she quickly found herself in a

good-sized room hollowed out of the face of the rock. In front the falling water spread as it fell, forming an effective cover and concealment. The sun's rays, glinting through the crystalline spray, lighted up the interior. The floor and side walls were level and even, as if made so by the hand of man; the rear wall alone retained its natural roughness and inconsistency. At a distance much higher than the girl could reach, it was broken by a projecting shelf which ran back into a secondary cleft in the rock. Here appeared to be a smaller room overlooking the larger one on the ground floor. Just what it was like the girl could not at once tell, as the opening was ragged and irregular, but it did look inviting and cool.

"Guesca had walked far in the hot sun; there was a sleepy lull to the waters, even in their worried splashing; the cave was cool, the day not yet spent: she would have ample time to rest herself before retracing her way home. A short but vigorous climb landed her within the upper gallery or cave; she was pleased to discover that here she could stretch herself, while the unevenness and bosses of the projecting shelf of rock would effectually conceal her from below. Here she reclined at her ease, having laid her gun carefully by her side. For a while she watched the imperturbable waters as they fell, and thought of the cascades and rapids of her own home rivers, and lived over again that awful night when the Mengwe took her prisoner. Gradually—being young and healthy—her head sank, and she fell asleep.

"How long she slept, she could never tell. She was awakened by a sudden consciousness of the presence of others near her, and by the acrid fumes of some burning matter. Luckily her instincts taught her to be noiseless in her movements. She bent over, under cover of the irregularities of the rock, and peered at the scene below. It was sufficiently unusual to satisfy her taste for adventure. Below, on the smooth floor of the cave, a small fire blazed and burned, from which curling strings of blackish smoke arose and spread the aroma of cherries—a peculiarly pungent odor—which she at once recognized, because old Nadoga in some of his incantations was wont to use it. It was particularly agreeable to the spirits. Bending over the flame and feeding it with fresh fuel, stood the strangest and queerest figure that Guesca, in all her experience, had ever set eyes on. At first, in fact, she was only dimly aware of the presence of this extraordinary personage, so rapt and motionless, and withal so attenuated and ghostly was he. An

aged man he was—again her experience told he was a priest or sorcerer engaged in some mystic rite. The burden of many years had bent him almost double, and his long gray locks fell over his neck and shoulders. On his head he carried a sacrificial cap of birch bark, strengthened with bands of deerskin, and ending in a narrow point much like the mouthpiece of a moose horn. Here and there, on its surface, the yellow-brown cone flower appeared, bending and titillating with every movement of his head. From this striking headpiece the girl's attention was next drawn to the scarcely less remarkable footgear in which this odd figure stood. His feet were encased in shoes, not moccasins, long boat-like things (for which Guesca never could find a name), which projected far in front of him, and ended in turned-up toes, narrowed like the bow of a canoe. The girl could not repress a smile at the incongruity of this strange old man's appearance; it was with difficulty that she restrained a laugh when he moved about in his unwieldy shoes. Moreover, the strained posture he was obliged to take in order to keep his feet out of the fire made his attitudes at times truly laughable. He was an uncanny figure, nevertheless; and the girl could not but watch his actions with lively interest. When the first start of surprise had passed off, she had time to note that evening was slowly setting in; the water of the falls had lost its quick, prismatic hues, and was slowly deadening and darkening.

"She had begun to wonder whether she had not better make her presence known to the extravagant yet harmless being below, when two figures suddenly appeared in the doorway or entrance of the cave. So far as dress went, one of these was the exact reproduction of the old man; but he was many years younger, and robust and active. The other was evidently a prisoner, for his arms were bound behind his back, and his legs were tied together, so that he had barely liberty to step a few inches at a time. He was a young man, of fine figure, erect and haughty of bearing. Despite his air of indifference, Guesca noted a certain involuntary curiosity. His eyes wandered from the fire to the old man and then to the walls and shadows of the cavern, as if he expected more than this meager show of wonder. At least so she interpreted his quick glances; and being a girl of many resources and of great whimsicality, and judging on the spur of the moment that he was casting about in vain for a sight of the famed goddess of the grotto, she quickly rose upon her knees and as quickly sank again

into the shadows. She could see a wave of astonishment pass over his countenance. Her purpose—she ever afterwards held—was to give him assurance of friendly help, but he did not so interpret it. In the after years he always claimed that he resigned himself then and there to the death that was intended for him, content to be sacrificed as a victim to such a goddess. He was taken aback so much by the sight of her, however, that he came to a sudden stop, still gazing confusedly in her direction. The younger sorcerer, mistaking his hesitation, pushed him roughly onward.

“The elder sorcerer now met them, and with hands that trembled with age drew the prisoner close to the sacred fire. They stationed him between them, his face to the falls—a position which cut him off from all further view of Guesca. To her the three men now stood with their backs turned; in the intensity of her interest she drew herself noiselessly forward on the rocky shelf, until she could have lifted without effort the pointed cap from the head of the taller of the sorcerers. They had no thought of her presence; the victim alone knew of it, but vaguely as one senses the presence of a spirit. She watched them, therefore, without thought of discovery.

“From a sheath of green water flags the younger sorcerer drew a long pointed knife of bone—itsself in shape and length not unlike the pointed stalk of the blue flag—and handed it to his senior. The latter felt its edge to make sure of its condition; and then, with an indifference that aroused all the ire of the watchful girl, he began to rub, in a doddering way, the young man’s back and neck, evidently in the spots where the knife should enter.

“At the same time he began an address to the victim. The girl readily understood the most of what he said. From this discourse she learned that the prisoner was a Mengwe; that he and his father had been hunting in the forbidden territory of the Saranacs; that they had been discovered and overtaken; and that in the running fight which ensued the young man could have made his escape had he been willing to desert his father; that his filial devotion carried him even farther than this, for, in order to save his father, he had willingly consented to become a victim to be offered to the goddess of the falls.

“All this the old sorcerer repeated in tones which the drone of the water sometimes hid from Guesca’s ears; but she heard enough to decide her on a rescue. The old man continued, the last portion of his address being evidently an invocation to the

goddess herself. 'Great goddess,' he said, 'who makest thy home amid the noise of these gentle waters, and dost at times show thyself in the beauties of the rainbow, behold we offer to thee this day this estimable victim, a gift in every way fitting thee. A good son he hath been and dutiful, as thy children do generously testify; willingly would we have preserved him for his valor and filial piety, and adopted him into our sacred tribe, but he preferred to die in his father's stead. He is thine, therefore, Sweet Goddess of the Pool'—here the old priest lifted the sacrificial knife. 'Accept him and show thyself to—'

"A sudden explosion, which filled the cave with noise and the smell of gunpowder, and in the midst of the awful flame and thunder the form of a young woman of great beauty flashed on the bewildered senses of the sacrificing priests. It did more, for it landed directly on the shoulders of the younger of the two, throwing him to the ground with great violence. Moreover, with clubbed rifle it sent the doddering old man into a heap in a far corner of the room. The fire, scattered and distributed with such violence, and being no respecter of sorcerers, accepted their sacred headdresses as suitable food for consumption. The rumble of the explosion seemed to penetrate the very bowels of the mountain, so persistent was it to return again and again. No wonder, then, that the intended victim was as astounded and terrified as were his would-be executioners, and that like them he too lost consciousness. The practical goddess, however, who had devised this distraction in his favor—having sacrificed her precious powder and horn for his sake—now shook him back to consciousness, and with her ready knife removed the bonds which bound him. Then when, staring and still stupefied, he was slow to recover his senses, she pointed imperiously to the limp bodies of the sorcerers, and thence to the falling waters and pool in front. Through his resentment against them she quickly brought him to his senses. It required but the action of a moment for him to throw the bodies into the whirlpool; so that in a shorter time than it takes to tell it the place was cleared, and they stood regarding each other at the edge of the cataract; he knelt and taking her hand—being yet uncertain that she was of real flesh and blood—he put it on his head, thus making himself her man and slave thenceforth.

"She made no effort to recognize his act, but picking up the battered remains of her pretty powder pouch, she led him out of the cave. The sun had gone down, and the twilight was doubly

dark in the arched recesses along their path, but she led him unfalteringly forward until the brighter light of the open country received them, and the brook guided them to the encampment. Not a word did either speak on the way; but when they were arrived at the boundaries of the camp, Guesca turned suddenly and asked him, 'What name did your mother call you by?'

"'Nikagahi, the faithful one,' he answered; 'but what does it henceforth matter what my mother called me? My father is back there among the Saranacs, a prisoner. I shall never see her again.'

"'Waghinethe shall you henceforth be called,' she replied 'which means the Victim of the Goddess. Never again will the spirit of the dell appear to her children of the Saranacs. Their race is run. You will return to your mother, and your father will return with you. This much I venture to prophesy, although I am no prophet; no, not even a goddess—nothing but a simple Etchemin girl; but behind me are two hundred of the bravest warriors, who for my sake and at my command will storm the deepest and farthest recess of these bald mountains to rescue your father. This much you have won this day by your filial piety. What more may come we will leave to fate.'"

I began to question in my own mind whether Peöl was absolutely correct in his estimate of Guesca's motives for marrying this noble Iroquois.

"'If you are not a goddess,' he persisted, 'you are my goddess, whom I am now sworn to serve. Your people must henceforth be my people; I live by your sufferance.'

"Guesca, not caring to pursue the matter further, did not reply, but led him forward into the light of the camp fires. She turned him over to one of the older chiefs, having first given to a small but attentive audience a brief account of her adventure.

"Waghinethe"—for so he was thenceforth known to us—"was not long in making acquaintances and friends; so that when the dawn came he had found companions to accompany him back to the chasm, where they expected to find at least one scalp still unattached. No doubt the younger sorcerer must have escaped, as the dip into the pool would naturally restore him to consciousness; but the older man—at best so feeble—could hardly have recovered from the weight of Guesca's blow and the immediate drowning. It was as they expected: the body of the aged priest

floated in the shallows, at the edge of the pool; the other, and younger man, had escaped.

"The problem of getting quickly in touch with the main body of the Strong Hearts, whom Guesca, in order to make good her promise, was anxious to reach, was unexpectedly solved by their return the next day. With them came Waghinethe's father, whom they had not so much rescued as permitted to join them. Some most unusual and untoward event had happened among the Saranacs, which for the moment had paralyzed their courage and watchfulness, thus leaving him practically unguarded. So far as he could gather, the goddess whom they worshipped appeared in a flame of fire and with unspeakable thunderings to the two sorcerers, whose duty it was to offer his son, Nikagahi, in sacrifice; the elder priest was killed in the very act of stabbing the victim; while his companion, terrified by the glimpse he got of the angry goddess as she descended, knew nothing until he found himself gasping and smothering in the waters of the pool. As to the victim, he had disappeared, having been carried away bodily by her godship.

"What the older Iroquois thought or how he felt when he learned of the rescue and safety of his son, one can well imagine. He entered heartily into the latter's view of his obligations towards Guesca, although he could not so easily reconcile himself to the prospect of having his son desert his own tribe to go live by the sea. It would be necessary, he insisted, to have the consent of the boy's mother—for, among the Iroquois, the women exercise final authority. Guesca protested that she had no thought of holding him to a vow made in a moment of grateful excitement. Waghinethe, however, protested his purpose to return and accompany our party homeward to the sea; nor could an assumed chill and coldness on Guesca's part turn him from his purpose.

"Both he and his father—to show their gratitude—urged the party to accompany them to their homes. In fact, so insistent were they that only the counsels of the older men prevented the Strong Hearts from accompanying them in a body. At a secret council it was decided not to incur the risk; for through some slip of the tongue the fate of the lost warriors of the Mengwe—whom Guesca had done away with—might be revealed. Waghinethe was, therefore, dismissed with the assurance that, while the party would now return homeward, it would tarry by the way long enough to

give him time to overtake it. With this understanding, therefore, he and his father departed.

"Again it looked as if to Guesca fell all adventure. Some complained jokingly that she must be the favorite of Wahwouni, since to her alone did he permit such exceptional experiences as had recently happened to her. The sudden arrival of messengers from the St. Croix, to warn them that the Abenaki and Pequods were likely to attack them on their way homeward, gave promise, however, of adventure and fight for all. The party, therefore, threw out scouts in front and rear, and marched with all the compactness and caution possible. At night the women were guarded by rows of warriors, many deep, no straggling was allowed, and the posts of danger were occupied by the well-armed Micmacs. The runners, remembering their instructions, were anxious to force the pace, and get through the hostile territory as quickly as possible; in fact, they pleaded for silent night marches; but the Micmacs, whose boast it ever was that they feared no warriors alive, refused to be hurried. They were well armed, and rather courted a fight.

"One night when the entire party were encamped on the Connecticut River, near where it is broken by a fall, the attack was made. There must have been an undue sense of security in the party, for the scouts had been called in or had come in of their own notion, not having seen any signs of an enemy. In the middle of the night, therefore, or in the small hours before daybreak, the Pequods having crept up close to the sleeping encampment, opened a sudden attack with a hideous yell. Our warriors, however, were not as unprepared as they seemed. Every man had gone to sleep with his arms close by him. In a moment the Strong Hearts were on their feet; a volley from the rifles of our allies restrained and daunted the onset of the enemy until the warriors of the three tribes could secure suitable positions for a favorable fight. Still the enemy were in great numbers, and our people were burdened with the defense of the women. The attack quickly developed into a serious fight, in which the Pequods had the advantage of being able to choose their own cover. Back and forth it raged, the Strong Hearts compelled by their exigencies to fight in a circle around the women. In the obscurity and darkness of the hour the rifles of the Micmacs counted for little in repulsing the onset; they fought, therefore, with clubbed muskets, or, throwing their guns away altogether, they met the enemy with knife and tomahawk. These being of iron, they soon made sad havoc among the Pequods;

but elsewhere the fight was not so successful. On the side where the Malicetes had camped, the enemy—being perhaps in greater force in that direction—forced an entrance through the line of defense; so that some women were wounded or killed, without the possibility of the victorious Micmacs being able to get round to the succor of their allies. The Etchemin, too, had their hands full, and were content to keep the enemy at bay. The position was, therefore, critical, for if the Pequods once succeeded in making a victorious entry through this weakest spot in our defense, they could massacre our women while our men were kept occupied in front.

“Only morning with its light, by which the riflemen might use their guns with certainty of effect, could offset the advantage already gained by the enemy. And morning was slow in coming. At this moment, when the Micmac chiefs were about to make a flank movement in order to relieve the awful pressure on our rear, suddenly the war cry of the Mengwe sounded from that direction. It came with the roar of many voices, and the effect was instantaneous. The Pequods, to whom that awful cry had ever been the knell of doom, took at once to flight; they threw away even their arms in their haste to get away from the terrible presence of the Iroquois. In the dim light they could be seen scattering and bounding, followed by their relentless enemies. The Strong Hearts, now fairly sobered by their recent danger and by the sight of their wounded and dead, drew their lines closer, satisfied to leave the pursuit to the Mengwe. Waghinethe had been recognized by many as being one of the leaders of the Iroquois. Once more had Guesca saved the tribes.

“Waghinethe it indeed was, together with a war party of his people who accompanied him a part of the way on his journey to the land of the sea. They had made forced marches in order to catch up with our party, and happily arrived in time to be of supreme help when it was most needed. The opportuneness and value of the service he thus rendered no doubt had weight with the maid Guesca. She received him with every sign of favor; she even chided him when he still showed symptoms of regarding her as more than human. His humility, for so promising a warrior, was a subject of comment among our tribes, with whom women had not the same standing as with the Iroquois. Guesca accepted it, however, as her due; and I make no doubt his deferential attitude towards her in the end influenced her choice of him for husband.

"In the meantime our tribes, having parted with the Iroquois (who were on the warpath against the Saranacs, and soon conquered them), returned home, and, after final feasting, separated to their respective homes. Waghinethe, of course, remained with us, and was unremitting in his service of Guesca. We built him a wigwam for his own use, in which he lived a bachelor life. He was a great hunter, and hardly ever went out without bringing something home with him. He soon learned, too, how to spear salmon and kill porpoises on the sea, and bring down gulls for their downy plumage; in all of which accomplishments he had Malpooga for teacher.

"But all the time he haunted the steps of Guesca, laid the fruits of his hunting or fishing at her door, and in ways innumerable showed his deep regard for her. Such assiduous attentions could not fail of their purpose. It was noticed that Guesca began to meet him oftener at the springs in early morning or in the evening; she played checkers with him and let him win; she even trusted him as watch and guard when she and other girls amused themselves with the strictly private game of ball playing with rackets. When finally, through a casual handling of the spirit-stone, it became evident that he was in some way favored of the spirits—since Wah-wouni in some obscure way showed him favor—Guesca consented to marry him. She enforced a condition, however, which one would hardly have expected from a girl of her spirit: he should never go out to war. He might indeed accompany a war party in his character of soothsayer, but in actual bloodshed he should take no part. The goddess who had rescued him was, unlike the goddess of the chasm, no lover of human blood; her wishes he should respect, or otherwise he might return to his Mengwe relatives. She had had all the warring and sight of blood that she wanted for one short life. Henceforth she would look for peace and time to raise a family.

"Waghinethe was obliged to acquiesce in this condition; so that through the insistence of his wife, the favor of our tribal spirits, and by reason of his extraordinary experience and renown as a victim rescued from the spirit of the falls, he became a great soothsayer and sorcerer—greater even than old Nadoga had ever been. Moreover, this gift of consulting the spirits followed his descendants—as was afterwards exemplified in the case of Madwe, our sorcerer before Ticonderoga, whose assertion that the American scout Rogers with his men were at the moment approaching the

French encampment on snowshoes, led the allied French and Indians to intercept and almost destroy that famous body of scouts.

"He was a descendant of Guesca and Waghinethe. In fact," Peol concluded in a casual voice, "I can myself call cousins with the Iroquois, for in direct descent I am a son of this same Waghinethe and Guesca, greatest of our women. But my devotion runs in a different channel, as did Guesca's, for the priests came among us, and she died a Christian. But Waghinethe remained a heathen, and practiced his incantations, but was a good husband, and always somewhat afraid of his wife."

The rain had ceased, and the sun shone warmly. From the door of the tent my eyes wandered reminiscently over the lake and spreading forest: here, close at hand, stood the giant pine, from the branches of which, in its greening and youth, the panther carried death to the first Christian maid of the Etchemin, Nantloola; here, along this curving shore, the demon Wahwouni pronounced his cryptic oracles to an abject auditory; here, too, a valiant race of aboriginal manhood made their rude homes in peace and in such comfort as was given them; this scene—but little changed, I ween—Guesca graced with her presence; and here her lineal descendant—in every way worthy of her—still lived to perpetuate her memory, and recount the valiant deeds, the loves, and the sorrows of his ancestors.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BY ADRIAN FEVEREL.

IV.

THE CULT OF THE RIDICULOUS.



OUR examination of Christian Science in preceding articles, wherein we have shown it to be immoral, unchristian, and unscientific, may be extended a bit further to prove that from a philosophical point of view it is an inconsistent and ridiculous system of thought. We propose, therefore, in this concluding article, to analyze briefly Mrs. Eddy's concept of matter.

For it is primarily in her teaching of the nothingness of matter, that the nonsensical element of her system becomes most evident. The average man understands by the word "matter" that which exists outside of oneself, and which is visible and tangible, and occupies space; in short, something which we recognize through the medium of our senses.

According to Mrs. Eddy, however, it has quite another meaning. Her own definition of it is the following:

Matter: Mythology, mortality, another name for mortal mind illusion; intelligence, substance, and life in non-intelligence and mortality.....sensation in the sensationless.....that which mortal mind sees, feels, hears, smells, tastes only in belief.*

We may sum up Mrs. Eddy's idea of matter in these words: Matter is an unreality.†

Such a theory is ridiculous on its very face, for it ultimately results in this: The material universe and all it contains is without reality, and is merely a belief of mortal mind. Everything of which we have cognizance through our corporeal senses is an unreality. It is no wonder, then, that Christian Science abounds in inconsistencies.

We have already seen how, according to its teachings, man is merely the reflection of God. Now we see how all things, even man himself, are unreal in Mrs. Eddy's scheme of creation. The

**Science and Health*, p. 591.

†*Ibid.*, pp. 285, 335, 467, etc.

"Scientist" does not really understand to what absurd lengths such premises may logically be carried, and what conclusions may be drawn from them. Mrs. Eddy might endeavor to support her position, with the "scientific statement of being,"* namely, "There is no life, truth, intelligence or substance in matter. All is infinite mind and its infinite manifestation. Spirit is the real and eternal, matter is the unreal and temporal."†

In this statement she argues that man is in no way material, that all creation is spiritual. Yet again and again throughout her book we meet with statements that flatly contradict this.

To illustrate the practical conclusions of her teaching that man is in no way material, let us apply them to our every day actions. Accepting her premises, we would at once see that we never really eat, sleep, engage in business, marry, beget children, fall sick, or die. Indeed Mrs. Eddy plainly tells us that "God rests in action."‡ Hence man's body is never tired. It needs no sleep. Why? The body is material, and things material are merely beliefs of mortal mind,§ and mortal mind is nothing.|| In this connection, the following passage from the "precious volume" is interesting in showing to what absurdities this doctrine of the nothingness of matter is carried in "Science."

You say "Toil fatigues me." But what is this me? Is it muscle or mind?.....Without mind could the muscles be tired? Matter is non-intelligent. Mortal mind does the false talking, and that which affirms weariness, first made that weariness.

You do not say that a wheel is fatigued; and yet the body is just as material as the wheel.||

Here we get a glimpse of what masquerades as reasoning. The parallel which Mrs. Eddy draws is not really a parallel at all, for the wheel is not endowed with life, while the body is. But further comment as to the practical application of Mrs. Eddy's ideas regarding the nothingness of matter, after such a self-evident absurdity, is needless.

Consider, too, how in this examination of Mrs. Eddy's teaching regarding matter, we find another inconsistency of her method of healing material ills.

We are told that there is nothing material in man. "Spirit

**Science and Health*, p. 468.

†*Ibid.*, p. 468.

‡*Ibid.*, p. 519.

§*Ibid.*, pp. 190, 475, 477, etc.

||*Ibid.*, p. 591.

¶*Ibid.*, p. 217.

is God, and man is His image and likeness, therefore man is not material, he is spiritual.”* If this be true, why should the “Scientist” endeavor to cure what seems disease? There is no death in “Science,” and though one seem to die, yet we have the word of Mrs. Eddy for it, that death, like disease, is but an illusion.† No practitioner endeavors to demonstrate over death. Why not, since death is quite as much an illusion as sickness?

To examine yet another phase of the ridiculous that enters into Christian Science through this teaching of material nothingness, let us see how Mrs. Eddy’s doctrine of the “sensationlessness” of matter works out practically. We seem to suffer pain. Yet, in reality, according to Christian Science, we cannot suffer pain. To illustrate this let us take an example of our author’s reasoning on the subject.

You say a boil is painful; but that is impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. The boil simply manifests, through inflammation and swelling, a belief in pain, and this belief is called a boil. Now administer mentally to your patient a high attenuation of truth, and it will soon cure the boil.‡

We will consider another ridiculous result of the doctrine of the unreality of matter. If the body is unreal, a mere belief of mortal mind, then the clothes in which we garb it are also unreal; the money paid for them is unreal; and the tailor who cut them is also unreal. In like manner we might show that the butcher, the baker and candlestick-maker are “nothings”—mere beliefs of mortal mind.

To follow up the matter, we will imagine ourselves beneath the spreading chestnut tree idly watching the smith, “with large and sinewy hands,” the muscles of whose “brawny arms are strong as iron bands.” Standing there and watching the play of muscle as the hammer strikes the anvil we might, did we not know that it was “unscientific” to hold such thoughts, come to the conclusion that exercise develops the muscles. But in “Science” we know better.

Because the muscles of the blacksmith’s arm are strongly developed, it does not follow that exercise has produced this result or that a less used arm must be weak. If matter were the cause of action, and if muscles, without volition of mortal mind could lift the hammer and strike the anvil, it might be

**Science and Health*, p. 468.

†*Ibid.*, p. 473, 584, etc.

‡*Ibid.*, p. 153.

thought true that hammering would enlarge the muscles. The trip-hammer is not increased in size by the exercise. Why not, since muscles are as material as wood and iron? Because nobody believes that mind is producing such a result on the hammer.*

To put the above to a practical conclusion—if we believe that exercising the trip-hammer would increase its size, as we believe that exercise increases the muscles of the arm, then indeed the hammer would increase and become, perhaps, in some measure, like Thor's mighty hammer, one of prodigious strength.

Now for one more example. Let us take Mrs. Eddy herself. Who was Mrs. Eddy? The answer is obvious; especially if we may imagine ourselves making such an inquiry of one of her followers. "The discoverer and founder of Christian Science, our beloved leader, and the author of our inspired textbook," he would answer. But examined in the light of her own teachings, Mrs. Eddy passes entirely out of existence; for Mrs. Eddy always speaks of man as a reflection of Divine Mind. Mrs. Eddy was herself, therefore, a reflection of Divine Mind.† Yet a reflection, as we have already pointed out, is not a reality, and hence we may conclude that Mrs. Eddy is non-existent because the reflection is non-existent.

By another of her teachings we will again show that Mrs. Eddy never really existed. We have seen that Mrs. Eddy regards the testimony of the corporeal senses as false.‡ Yet it was only through our corporeal senses that we ever were able to recognize her. If her contention be true, then the only evidence we have ever had of the existence of "the discoverer and founder" of Christian Science is false, and logically we must deny that such a person existed. For not only were we never able to recognize Mrs. Eddy save through the medium of our corporeal senses, and their testimony is false, but we never saw her save in her material body, and that body, as we have seen time and again, is, in Mrs. Eddy's own teachings, "unreal."§ To quote her own words upon the subject.

Divine Science shows it to be impossible that a material body, though interwoven with matter's highest stratum, misnamed mind, should be man—the genuine and perfect man, the immortal idea of being, indestructible and eternal.||

**Science and Health*, p. 190.

†*Ibid.*, p. 478, etc.

‡*Ibid.*, pp. 248, 488, 489, etc.

§*Ibid.*, pp. 190, 477, etc.

||*Ibid.*, p. 477.

This citation shows quite lucidly that we could never have seen Mrs. Eddy, since we never saw aught save her "material body."

We might think; or her followers may think, that they knew Mrs. Eddy, albeit dimly, through the medium of her writings. But, when we come to analyze this belief and try to make it harmonize with the theory that matter is unreal, we find ourselves again forced to the conclusion that there can be not only no Mrs. Eddy, but no writings of hers either. The books which we think she wrote and copyrighted cannot possibly exist, since, according to "Science," we know them only through the corporeal senses. This evidence is false; we must reject it. Again she wrote with her hand and an instrument; or she spoke with her lips, and in some material way her words were recorded; but the material body and all portions of it and all matter are "unreal," non-existent: therefore the writing must of necessity be unreal also. In fact, the book *Science and Health* is no book at all, since its elements are purely material. The paper, the printer's ink, the binding, all these have no real existence; hence the weight, the tangibility of the volume, the volume itself, are *only seeming* realities, the evidence of those false corporeal senses which we must dismiss at once as untrustworthy.

In this connection it is interesting to see how the "Scientist" might refute those critics who complain of the high prices which Mrs. Eddy's writings bring. Money is, of course, a mere belief, just as the lack of it is merely a belief, and since the books are mere beliefs also, it would not be at all difficult to show that to give something unreal, and to receive something unreal for it, is, after all, only a fair exchange.

So, we cannot understand or explain Mrs. Eddy save as a nonentity, if we endeavor to prove her existence in the light of her own teachings.

After reviewing this long list of inconsistencies and indirect contradictions, the reader may well ask how any person gifted with the faculty of reasoning can possibly profess himself a consistent follower of Mrs. Eddy.

We have already said that perhaps the sense of credulity, which seems to lie latent in mankind, the sense of superstition, as we ventured to call it, might in a large measure account for this seeming paradox.

Large numbers of the members of Mrs. Eddy's church have probably experienced some apparent benefit from her system of

mental healing. When they first began to take an interest in her theories they were, perhaps, suffering from some ailment of the flesh. In the majority of cases these ailments have been healed, or at least the patient has been helped by the practitioner. Any beginner who experiences such help will naturally look upon it as remarkable. His enthusiasm will be aroused. He will be interested. Soon he begins to talk "scientifically." He no longer says, "I am sick," but "I am not sick, this error is unreal." Gradually he finds that what seemed at first to him so obviously absurd becomes now most logical and practical. He reads *Science and Health* now with zest, and flatters himself that he is making great progress; but in reality the real meaning of the "precious volume" eludes him. He fails to see how plainly ridiculous are the extracts which we have quoted, for his uncritical sense of credulity has been stimulated by the apparent benefit he received. He forgets to reason, and accepts what his practitioner tells him with meek docility. In this connection we must not forget to allow for the hypnotic element in Christian Science. Let us recall the tragic fate of those unfortunate fanatics who died under Christian Science treatment, when proper medical attention would, in all probability, have saved their lives. The minds of these poor victims were completely controlled by this system of mental healing. They would not allow a physician even to enter the house. Those who have known by actual experience the servile regard that the average "Scientist" has for his or her practitioner, need no further proof of how widely this hypnotic element figures in Christian Science healing.

Either the intelligent members of Christian Science churches do not realize the self-evident absurdities of the system, or they are so completely lost in the vain superstition of Mrs. Eddy's doctrines that their reason lies dormant, and their credulity easily permits them to think that black may be white and white black.

SHAKESPEARE'S MAN OF ACTION.

BY EMILY HICKEY.



THREE historical plays of Shakespeare's, the two parts of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*, have a connection, each one with the other two, which is not merely historical. A great dramatist, by whom historical personages are set upon the stage, does not only show us the sequence of the events in which they have played their part, but brings them before us as men who have had to do with the shaping of those events; and, going deeper still, shows us the springs of their actions. He lets us see that, just as history is not chronicle, so an historical play is not a pageant glorious or solemn or terrible, but the presentation of the characters who have made history; the presentation of them as men who, in any position, must have been large factors in the making of environment, as well as figures of importance in their world. He shows them as men who, placed in the forefront by birth or achievement, or by the forcing upon them of honor unsought, stand out before our eyes to be known, to be for example, for warning, for delight, for thankfulness, for wonder; men, all of whom, had they been in an ordinary position, and lived lives gallant or mean in the sight of their comrades only, might have been absolutely unknown after the passing of one or two generations.

Let us try to trace something of the spiritual connection of the plays I have named, with special reference to the making of a kingly and gallant gentleman, in the person of King Henry the Fifth.

It has been thought that this king is the ideal Man of Action in Shakespeare's mind: however that be, he comes before us as a man of action, one who faces the facts of life, and meets them in the strength of an honest, singlehearted manhood, upheld and confirmed by a fine trust in God; a man who uses all experience to bear on the conduct of life public and private; a man whose youth is tainted by folly, and whose maturity can use all for the attainment of a fuller knowledge and a larger wisdom.

It has been pointed out by Professor Dowden that out of

the six* portraits of English kings which Shakespeare has drawn for us, three represented are studies of weakness and three of strength.

John is weak in wickedness, and Richard II. is weak in his absolute lack of the faculty of looking straight at facts and sentimentalizing over "situations;" weakly wicked, also, in seizing on Bolingbroke's inheritance. Henry VI., with all his piety, is as unfit to wear a crown as even the wicked John. He does not understand the responsibilities that are upon him; he seeks to keep his garments white by withdrawing from the struggle, which, as a religious, he could have left behind; but which, as a king, he was bound to face. He mistakes innocuousness for innocence, and passivity for endurance. His is not the glorious peace lying deep at the heart of things, however troubled their surface may be; but the mere quietness, the quietness which, as Cardinal Newman, aptly quoted by Professor Dowden in this connection, says is a grace, not in itself, but only when it is grafted on the stem of faith, zeal, self-abasement, and diligence.

The other three kings are studies of strength, Richard III., Henry IV., and Henry V. Strength is an absolute good, and wickedness is absolutely bad: but strength in wickedness is weakness. Strength wrongly used becomes weakness. As Milton says, "All wickedness is weakness." The Satan who says, "Evil, be thou my good," and sets his magnificent intellect to devise schemes for the hopeless rule of God's transcendent work, is infinitely weaker than the Redeemer in His agony, from Whose brow the drops of anguish fall blood-stained, and to Whom in the darkness of that hour the Angel of the Passion comes and ministers; because wrath and destruction are for ever, by their very nature, less than mercy and redemption. The Creator and Preserver is also the Destroyer; but He is the destroyer of what destroys, not of what creates and preserves.

The strength of Richard II. then really is weakness; the strength of Henry IV. is marred by the mixture of craft, and the strength of Henry V. is that of plain heroic magnitude, thoroughly sound and substantial, founded on the eternal verities.

We have to find in the career of Henry V. the working out of the punishment of the wrongful seizure of the banished Boling-

*Henry VIII. is not included. And, to be strictly accurate, neither should Henry VI. be counted in; as the plays in which these kings appear, are not entirely Shakespeare's work.

broke's goods by Richard II.; and of the punishment of the punisher, Bolingbroke; and of the atonement offered by Henry V. and his son.

The play of *Richard II.* closes with Henry Bolingbroke as king, announcing his purpose to make a voyage to the Holy Land, to wash Richard's blood from off his guilty hand: and the First Part of *Henry IV.* opens with the declaration that this purpose, whose execution has been delayed for three years, is now about to take form.

In *Richard II.* we have the punishment that comes upon wrong and injustice. Richard had wrongly taken what rightly belonged to Bolingbroke, and he had lived to prove the truth of York's warning.

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's goods,

* * * * *

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,

And prick my tender patience to those thoughts

Which honor and allegiance cannot think.

Richard, persisting in his course, had inevitably plucked a thousand dangers on his head, and, indeed, lost all. But the avenger of injustice ought to be strictly just; the rightful punisher of wrong-doing should be a right-doer. If the chastiser be so swayed by passion and self-interest that he seems to be but an instrument of chastisement, he must remember the fate of a mere instrument—to be thrown aside when no longer needed, or to be broken and destroyed. But as no man can so lose his individuality as to become nothing but an instrument; as God will never wrong one human soul by using it only to be the means of chastising another; as each man, beside his life in our common humanity, lives in himself and on his own responsibility, it was necessary that we should see the punishment of the punisher who had punished for his own ends, and not for the ends of right and truth. So in the first scene of *Henry IV.*, Part I., we find how uneasy a seat Bolingbroke has found the throne. He has had no peace from troubles and fears ever since he had taken the sceptre from Richard's hand. Retribution has come upon Henry. The "heavy weight" given from off Richard's head has pressed hard upon his own. The deposed king had said that with his own tears he had washed away his balm; with his own breath released all duty's rites,

foresworn all pomp and majesty, foregone his manors, rents, revenues, and denied his acts, decrees, and statutes. He had said,

God pardon all oaths that are broke to me.
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased that hast all achieved.
Long may'st thou live, in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit.
God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days.

But the forgiveness of the wronged, even the very assent of the wronged, can never make wrong right. Henry is shaken and wan with care, and only now after three years has frightened peace time for a moment to pant. But, at last, he thinks, a time of quiet is at hand; a time, therefore, for the fulfillment of his purpose to go on crusade. Now, at last, he will have the opportunity of leading an army to chase the pagans from the holy fields, over whose acres walked those blessed Feet nailed so long ago to the bitter cross for our advantage.

A council has just been held to decide as to the best means of granting aid for this expedition, and Henry asks the Earl of Westmoreland what has been decreed. The business of arranging for the expedition to the Holy Land had been broken off by the tidings that Mortimer had been taken captive by Glendower, with the loss of a thousand men, and that Harry Percy was engaged in uncertain conflict at Holmedon with the Scot, Douglas. Sir Walter Blunt, however, has arrived, all travel-stained, from Holmedon, bringing welcome tidings of the discomfiture of the Scots, and the captivity of the chief among them. Hotspur has been entirely victorious, and his bravery is strongly commended by the king. But there is a drawback: Hotspur has refused to surrender his prisoners to the king, with the exception of the Earl of Fife, the eldest son of the vanquished Douglas. Hotspur had indeed a right to keep these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife, whom, being a prince of the blood royal (he was nephew to King Robert II.), Henry might in justice claim. Hotspur is sent for to answer for his conduct in this matter to the king, and the "holy purpose to Jerusalem" is to be for the time neglected. This is but the prelude to the great rebellion so soon to break out. The king has

a deep cause for grief in the wildness of his son, whom he sorrowfully contrasts with the son of the Earl of Northumberland, "the theme of honor's tongue." Riot and dishonor he sees stain the brow of his young Harry, and he wishes that it could be proved that when the children lay in their cradle-clothes some night-tripping fairy had exchanged them, "and called mine Percy, his Plantagenet."

The next scene introduces us to the Prince of Wales and his comrades, the dissolute band, of whom the most prominent in every way is Sir John Falstaff.

In the play of *Richard II.*, Henry says of his son:

As dissolute as desperate; yet, through both,
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years
May happily bring forth.

This better hope remains with the king; to pass, one day, into fulfillment.

The old story of the sudden conversion of Henry V., from a wild and reckless youth, a hunter of evil places and a companion of evil associates, has been modified by Shakespeare in a special way. According to him, Henry kept before himself a steady purpose of casting the slough of the life he was choosing to lead, and of using that same old life, with its experience and its knowledge of various kinds of men, by and by to enlarge and enrich the higher life which it was his purpose to lead, with greater human sympathy and a wider understanding than one confined to the sphere of court and nobility would have been likely to gain. A risky experiment, in truth. But it is difficult to feel that the old tavern life was altogether on the lines of mere experiment. Surely the sense of fun, the breaking of bonds that fretted, the feeling of liberty, however poor a thing that liberty might be, must have had something to do with it. And with these things went the enjoyment of such a companion as that extraordinarily amusing Falstaff, that strange creature who is on a plane where morality there is none: Falstaff, not only witty, but the cause that wit is in other men. He has forgotten, he says, what the inside of a church is like; he is a coward and a bully; he is loaded with superfluous flesh; he has age without dignity, and the vices that beset youth without the radiancy and beauty of youth itself. Yet it is in him to exercise an extraordinary fascination

over people with whom he comes in contact; a fascination which it is impossible to analyze and difficult not to feel. Of what we call "heart," does he possess even an infinitesimal share? It might be supposed that he loves Harry Tudor; he says he does. But with what manner of love? It is true that, after his disappointment and banishment, it is said of him, "the king has killed his heart." But does it seem possible to believe that wounded affection, much less love, had a place in that killing of his heart? And who says it of him? The Hostess who, despite of his having cheated her and abused her, clings to him with a pertinacious affection, which bears witness to the fact that it is not always the givers of love who are the receivers of it most in full. The Hostess herself has found it impossible to get from him the money which he owed her; she is driven, after long forbearance, to bring what she calls an "exion" against him. A hundred mark, as she says, is a loss which it "is a long one for a poor like woman to bear." "I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on." Yet Falstaff can manage not only to appease her, but also to borrow ten pounds of her, which he shall have, she says, though she should pawn her gown. And she can say to him, as he goes forth, "Well, fare thee well; I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come pescod time; but an honester and truer-hearted man—well, fare thee well."

As to Falstaff's lies, it is impossible to take them seriously. What might appear the grossest falsehoods are often really the outcome of an exhaustless wit. Take, for instance, the scene where he describes his "peppering" of the rogues in buckram suits. Poin has devised a plot, into which Harry enters, which is to show up the cowardice of Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto. Certain travelers are to be robbed by these men, and the Prince and Poin are to rob the robbers. This is done, and the coward four run from the two, leaving their booty behind. Later on the story is related at the tavern how they had set upon at least sixteen men and bound them, and how six or seven had come to their rescue, and unbound them. Falstaff goes on with the story. "I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. . . . Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—"

Prince Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Falstaff. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince Henry. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Falstaff. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Falstaff. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince Henry. Prythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

* * * *

Falstaff. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

Prince Henry. So, two more already.

Falstaff. Their points being broken. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Do we not feel that Falstaff is lying in this ridiculous way, perfectly knowing what he is about? He is much too clever not to remember the numbers he has given. The lies he tells are too "gross and palpable" to be falsehoods. A lie is an intention to deceive, and Falstaff has no intention of deceiving anyone as to the number of his rogues in the buckram suits, nor is anyone deceived by him. Take his reply to the Prince, when he is asked for his reason. "What, upon compulsion? No, were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion!"

And when the Prince has told him the "plain tale," and asked him what trick, what device, what starting-hole he can now find to hide him from this open and apparent shame—when Poins chimes in with, "Come, let's hear, Jack, what trick hast thou now?" does Falstaff for a moment think that he can deceive them by telling them how he knew them all the time, but would not kill the heir apparent? Not he.

It must have been a struggle for Harry to shake off this man entirely; this fascinating personification of the lust of the flesh. Such a man as he would easily spoil a nature proof against coarser temptations, casting, as he does, a glamor over all things till there seems to be no absolute right or wrong, and the world appears as an oyster for every man to open as he will. But as

there is eternal separation between right and wrong, so there must be separation between those that choose the right and those that choose the wrong: and so the king sends away Falstaff, not, as we feel, without regret: for we remember Henry's words, spoken when he believed in his death, "I better could have spared a better man."

Old associates are not broken off without a pang. It would be a cold and incomplete man who could separate himself, from one bound to him by any tie, without feeling it; and Henry is too much of the man to forget, though he will never repent. The society of a man like Falstaff must needs one day have palled upon one who, like Henry, could at will throw aside his folly and face the realities of life. When Falstaff, as Shrewsbury, lets Henry take for his pistol a bottle of sack which he had carried in the pistol-case, Henry has neither time nor mind to joke with him, but throws the bottle at him, with the words, "What, is it a time to jest and dally now?" Falstaff had no sense of the in-season and out-of-season; he never was in earnest, and Henry was capable of earnestness very intense. There was no room for Falstaff among the realities and earnestnesses of Henry's true life. The king provides for him and his other companions of the days for ever gone by. They are banished, as Prince John says, "till their conversations appear more wise and madesat to the world." A long look ahead, indeed. Falstaff succumbs to an illness, the end of which is probably accelerated by his disappointment. The account of his death is in the never-to-be forgotten words of the Hostess, which are to be found at the beginning of the play of *Henry the Fifth*. There is a conversation between Prince Harry and Poins (*King Henry IV.*, Second Part, Act II., Scene II.) which lets us see how the Prince is conscious that this life of freedom is also that of bondage; for he dare not let his real feeling of deep grief at his father's illness be seen in the presence of those who would think him "a most princely hypocrite," should he weep, as a son might weep whose heart "bleeds inwardly" that his "father is so sick."

The relation between Harry Tudor and his father is one into which there enters much tenderness, and much belief of the one in the other, although there is a reserve which leads people to fancy that there is no great affection between them. But though the king loves Harry, he does not understand him altogether. He knows that his nature is a fine one, for he says, "Most subject is the

fattest soil to weeds." But he discloses to Warwick what he would not have told to his son John, concerning his dread of the unguided days and rotten times which are to follow on his own death: and it is Warwick who gives him the comfort of the expression of his belief that the Prince is but studying his companions, and that, by and by, he will cast them off and turn past evils to advantages. For, thank God, each of us may use his old unhappy past as a ladder by which to climb to better things.

Harry really loves his father and reverences him. This, of course, is notable in the famous crown scene; but to me his feeling for the king is shown less in the long speech he makes on that occasion, than in the delightful fact that he breaks Falstaff's head "for liking the king, his father, to a singing man of Windsor."

Harry's good humor and power of endurance, as well as power of being amused, come partly out of his enviable perfection of physical health. "It is much," says Falstaff, "that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. Oh, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet doublet ill laid up." In this capacity for laughter he contrasts with his brother, Prince John of Lancaster, "this same sober-blooded boy." Harry is full of generous appreciation of what is fine in others. See what he says to Hotspur's uncle of that same Harry Percy, whom the king had once said he wished had been his son instead of his own.

Tell your nephew

The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy; by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head.

(Hotspur's rebellion.)

I do not think a braver gentlemen,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

And when Hotspur falls by the prince's sword, he says:

This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven.

See, too, what he says to Prince John, after the battle of Shrewsbury.

By heaven, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now I do respect thee as my soul.

The conduct of Harry himself in this same war with the rebels has washed away many a stain. How gallantly he is mounted.

I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and win a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

He covets honor then, as he always is to covet it; and he gains it in full. He brings a "fair rescue" to his father, who has been nearly overpowered by Douglas in the fight, and saves his life. He shows high courtesy to his brother John by giving him the honor of sending him to Douglas, who has been taken prisoner, to "deliver him up to his pleasure, ransomless and free."

When Henry the Fifth succeeds to the throne he has to decide whether the war he thinks of undertaking is a war lawful and just. He charges the Archbishop of Canterbury fully and religiously to unfold why the Salique law should or should not bar him in his claim.

He will have no glozing; all must be straight and true.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colors with the truth.

* * * * *

May I, with right and conscience, make this claim?

And assured that he may, he makes up his mind at once; he will regain the lost heritage which he believes to be his by right. There is no room in a nature so direct, so sane as his, for

anything like scrupulosity: he will look well, then leap, and, whatever comes, never give way to regrets and wishes that he had chosen another course of action. His anger at the Dauphin's present of tennis-balls, in jibing allusion to his old days of pleasure-seeking, partly justifies his father's description of him to Thomas of Clarence as flint, being incensed, though gracious if observed.

The scene at Southampton, where he rebukes the traitors who, while believing the king to be ignorant of their treasonous plot against his life, have tried to divert his mercy from a poor wretch who has, while drunken railed against him, is a great one. It is great, not only dramatically, but as a further revelation of a great nature, a nature to which treachery is a thing absolutely intolerable, while unpremeditated wrong is a thing to be met with mercy. He is deeply wounded by Scroop's conduct, in especial—his own familiar friend, who has been on terms of high intimacy with him, and whom he has so dearly loved, and so entirely trusted: but even in his wrath he is not merely the injured man, not at all the avenger of a private wrong, but the kingly righteous judge. For ever and ever the sin of Iscariot brand is the deepest and the loathliest.

How finely Henry shows as captain and commander! It has gone hard with the English invaders; they are famine-stricken and worn and weary. The enemy gambles for them, on this eve of Agincourt, in confidence of the next day's victory. But their king goes through the ranks, and talks to his soldiers: he can tell them of their duty and their responsibility, each for his own soul, which they would fain lay upon their king; he can even indulge his old love of a jest by accepting Will Bates' gage. And, then as he stands alone, he can think with awe of his great place, and its great responsibilities and all the difficulty, pain, and trouble which those responsibilities involve; think of them in courageous piety and strong manliness. He does not forget that his inheritance has come to him stained by those indirect and crooked ways to which his father has confessed. Here is his prayer:

O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts.
Possess them not with fear! Take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
Oh, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interrèd new;

And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood,
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

He knows well that his father has sinned in compassing the crown; and he knows, too, that he, as the son of a usurper, has the shadow upon him of his father's sin, and that he must take his share in the atonement offered to God. He knows well that God is the acceptor of penitence, and the lifter up of the sinner of pardon. And surely Henry must also know that out of the wrong God can evolve good, and bring to pass great and glorious things. He is in the battle in his own soldier-kingly presence; not his to allow his followers to personate him by appearing in accoutrements exactly like his, as had been done when his father was in the field against the rebels. He takes his share; he will not fare better than his men. When the victory is won, he can ascribe it simply to Almighty help.

Take it, O God,
For it is none but Thine,

and the *Te Deum* strains go up with those of *Non Nobis, Domine*. He will have no boasting. When he comes home in triumph, he forbids the bearing before him through London of his bruised helmet and his bended sword. "Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride." He has always been a foe to braggadory, for he knows it as a thing contemptible and all unworthy.

As plain soldier Henry woos the French princess, and England and France are for the time being united in a union believed to be right and natural. Men's minds have had to change, and their eyes have had to learn to see that this was not the comely and beautiful union of hearts for nation and nation; but to Henry it was the union to be desired and accomplished.

So we leave the great Englishman who, on Shakespeare's stage, has won our love, our admiration, and our reverence as the *Man of Action*.

New Books.

THEODICY: ESSAYS ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE. By Antonio Rosmini Serbati. Translated from the Milan Edition of 1845. In Three Volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$7.00 net.

Theodicy to Rosmini's mind very properly signifies an explanation and defense of the justice of God in His mysterious providence. It is, perhaps, part of that great providence that a work of this kind should appear at this time in English. It will supply an efficient antidote to agnosticism, a product of English soil, and a disease of this age. In this generation, when the name of God is avoided in scientific quarters, it is refreshing to find a great publisher giving a wider field to this religious masterpiece of a great mind.

Rosmini candidly makes an admission of the mysteriousness, the darkness of God's providence, in a vast multitude of respects. Like the great Augustine, he is willing to say, as a last word on the subject, that the best science of God is the confession of our comparative nescience. But such a recognition gives us the grand idea of God as a dark and unfathomable abyss of wisdom and greatness. Such a thought, also, helps to silence the puny objectors to God's providence, those who presume with mysterious audacity to measure themselves with the Infinite. Having made, in regard to many things, the grand admission—I do not know—Rosmini proceeds to lift the veil from very many other things that are mysteries to lesser minds. He shows the uses of evil, even the moral evil of the world. Without evil there would be no grand fortitude; there would be no hero. Horace dreamed of the just and brave man who could look, unmoved, on the greatest evil, the absolute ruin of his frail body and all temporal things. With the martyr, Lawrence, the pagan dream became a Christian reality.

To explain the designs of God and His non-interference with evil in particular cases, Rosmini introduces from his observation of nature the great law of the least means with its many subordinate laws, as the law of celerity; the law of excluded superfluity; the law of excluded equality; the law of variety; the law of germ; the law of gradation. If God were to be constantly interfering with natural law to avoid particular evils, He would not be using the

law of the least means for attaining an end, which is the law of wisdom. To expect Him to act in this manner would be to expect the impossible, to expect Him to act foolishly.

The reader may not take all the statements of Rosmini without question. Unfortunately he comes to us with a name that is somewhat suspect. He paid the customary tribute to human fallibility. There are spots even in the bright sun of Rosmini's genius. We need not blindly accept his statement that we can have in this life no positive knowledge of God. There is also a slight trace of his false theory of the origin of ideas. But the present work contains only a faint vestige of error in subordinate connections. Our main purpose was to select some gold nuggets of truth from the mine of erudition of a genius. We have done so with the hope that the reader will go to the book itself for very many more.

TWELVE CATHOLIC MEN OF SCIENCE. Edited by Sir Bertram Windle, LL.D. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1 s. net.

This is a collection of short biographies of men who may be taken as concrete refutations of the charge that the Church is opposed to science. It is a good idea excellently realized. The editor himself contributes two of the essays, and among the other contributors are Father Gerard and Dr. Walsh.

FACTS AND THEORIES. By Sir Bertram Windle, LL.D. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1 s. net.

Readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* need no introduction to the author of this little book, nor to some of the matter contained in it. It constitutes an able defense of the Catholic position against the attacks of a certain school of biologists, and incidentally bears witness to the curious fact that some of the theories which the multitude takes as first principles of science have long since been abandoned by scientists.

SOCIALISM FROM THE CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT. By Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Six of these conferences were delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral during the Lent of 1912. The other four were combined with the Lenten addresses to make the presentation of the subject more

nearly complete. For the general reader, at any rate, this book is the most satisfactory that has yet been produced on this subject. It is especially commendable for its moderation and its winning tone. Very few assertions are made which are not susceptible of proof, and there is not a single rancorous statement in all its pages.

The topics selected for treatment are those which are usually discussed in works on Christianity and Socialism, namely, the relation of Socialism to the State, the individual, the family, religion, and private property.

In taking up such a discussion the experienced reader naturally seeks first the chapters on "Socialism and Religion," and "Socialism and Property." Precisely in his treatment of these topics the author's method appears at its best. In his discussion of the former he makes it quite clear that, when he declares Socialism to be opposed to religion, he is speaking of Socialism as a concrete, present-day movement, not as a future economic organization. With the field thus delimited, he has no difficulty in proving his point.

In the chapter on "Socialism and the Rights of Ownership," he contends that private property in capital is a right, not for some intrinsic, esoteric reason, but on the very practical ground that it is necessary for human welfare.

Man has been set upon this earth in order to develop his material, intellectual, and spiritual capacities. With the duty of developing them goes the right of developing them. Now the Catholic Church maintains, and has ever maintained, that the possession of property (including capital) is a normal condition of this development. Man not only has a deep-rooted and natural desire to own property, but, as a rule, and speaking generally, if he is to develop according to the designs of God, he must own property.

The arguments advanced in support of the last sentence are as persuasive as any that can be had in a matter that is not susceptible of anything like mathematical proof.

Throughout the volume are many admissions that the present system is greatly in need of reformation, and many expressions of sympathy with the oppressed toilers. If the author condemns Socialism, he takes pains to show that he does not do so as a "retainer of plutocracy." In the last chapter or conference, he submits a series of necessary and far-reaching reforms. While they

are not complete, they are much more nearly so than most of the attempts in this direction found in works of this kind.

One serious defect of the book is the great number of citations which are not accompanied by exact references to author, work, or page. There was a reason for this in the conditions in which the book was prepared for the printer, but that does not make the want of references less aggravating to the reader. In the next edition, which ought to be called for soon, this situation should be thoroughly corrected.

CONSUMERS AND WAGE EARNERS. The Ethics of Buying Cheap. By J. Elliot Ross, Ph.D. New York: The Devin-Adair Company.

The consumer has it in his power to abolish all the injustice and inhumanity of modern industry. Let him refuse to buy from those concerns which treat their employees unfairly, whether in the matter of age, hours, sanitation, safety, or wages, and let him patronize only those establishments which accord to their work people the best conditions of employment. As a consequence, the trend of competition will be steadily and inevitably toward higher, instead of lower, standards of labor and of living. In such a competitive struggle only the most humane employers will survive. On the new plane of competition established by the consumer, they will survive because they will be the fittest.

Such is the hypothetical aspect of the industrial situation. Potentially, at least, the consumer occupies the dominating position. Is he morally obliged to convert this potency into reality? This is the question which Dr. Ross endeavors to answer.

His main thesis is that laborers have a right to a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, and that the obligation corresponding to this right, if not discharged by the employer, falls upon the consuming class. Consumers are obliged to pay a just price for their commodities, and a just price includes a living wage for labor. This general principle is fully proved in the second chapter of the book as a general principle.

An obligation of this sort, however, is obviously conditioned upon the ability of the consumer to fulfill it without a disproportionately grave inconvenience. In the first place, the consumer must be aware that the laborer who has had something to do with the production of a given article, say, a pair of shoes, has not received fair wages, and, in the second place, he must know where

to find the article which has been produced in fair conditions. These circumstances and considerations make all the difference in the world practically. As Dr. Ross points out, they are so serious that, even with the best intentions, the individual consumer can do very little toward bettering the condition of the oppressed producer.

The great desideratum is organization in order to obtain precise information and to secure concerted effort; but the organization of consumers is perhaps more difficult than the organization of any other class. The National Consumers' League has been in existence for more than twenty years, yet it has succeeded in improving conditions in only a few establishments, mainly in New York City. Nevertheless, the problem of organization is not unreasonably difficult. As compared with other methods of reform and the results within reach, the organization of consumers is decidedly worth while. It cannot be neglected in any comprehensive scheme for the reformation of industrial conditions.

The economic and ethical considerations upon which the foregoing statements are based, find ample, though necessarily brief, discussion in Dr. Ross' book. He has answered adequately and convincingly the question so often asked to-day about the responsibility of the consumer for the inhumane treatment of the producer. His calm temper and scientific method provoke the wish that this his first effort in the field of industrial justice may be followed by many others. They are badly needed.

**SERMONS AND ADDRESSES OF HIS EMINENCE WILLIAM
CARDINAL O'CONNELL, ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON.**

Cambridge: Riverside Press. Three Volumes.

We have read with great interest the three volumes of Cardinal O'Connell's *Sermons and Addresses*. Each volume is better than its predecessor, the Cardinal, like the steward of the marriage feast, reserving the best wine for the last.

The final volume contains many masterpieces of eloquence, for example, the sermons preached on the occasion of the Boston Centennial, the Eucharistic Congress of Montreal, the death of Archbishop Williams, and the Address on *The Church's Stand* read at the meeting of the Woman's Alliance.

As a very good critic has pointed out, "what is peculiarly attractive (in these sermons) is that it is not merely a matter of music and color such as other word-artists might employ to delight

the imagination. The spontaneous exuberance and beauty of language is merely a vehicle for conveying to the mind and heart strong and solid dogmatic instruction and exhortations."

There are many good passages worthy of quotation:

The luxuries of religion we may well dispense with. Too often they have brought only harm to the Church, and have been the enemies within the gates. Magnificent buildings, splendid ceremonials, superb appurtenances are all good in their place, for the worship of Christ can never be too adequately expressed even by all that the noblest endeavor and most brilliant genius of man may bring to its expression; but if these things are to breed a selfish content and rob the Catholics of any generation of that primitive apostolic zeal which inflamed the breasts of their first teachers, then it is far better to dispense with these external embellishments, and in poverty and hardship cultivate the gift which made the first promulgators of the Faith of Christ the conquerors of the world.

The Church recognizes and takes occasion to hold up for the imitation of other peoples the noble spirit of the United States. She finds here the rarest of combinations, liberty without license, and authority without despotism. She finds here, with many dangers, great natural virtues, a conspicuous love of justice and fairness, a sympathy quick to be touched by suffering anywhere, and a generosity in the relief of distress unequalled by any other people in the world. She finds a people of wonderful ingenuity, versatility, and practical sense, with marvelous and daring schemes of material conquest, and a spirit equal to their accomplishment. And more than that, she finds a people who, despite their growing indifference to organized forms of worship, are still at heart religious, and honestly devoted to the betterment of mankind.

In addressing the Knights of Columbus, the Cardinal says:

The Church could never bless a society formed for selfish aims. Were mere social enjoyment, worldly pleasure, material gain, political ambition, or any other selfish aim the object of this society its name would have no meaning. It is because we know and realize that your aims are ideal, not material, that you desire to assist in the great work which the Church is doing among mankind, that you have her recognition. Already you have done much. The very act of bringing together into a common fraternity thousands of young men is an accomplishment which demands recognition. It (the

gift to the Catholic University) was the first great unselfish act of your body corporate, and the spark of noble charity quickened a higher life among all the members.

Oh! priests of New England, seeking no reward but God's blessing, wanting no recompense but heaven's approval, what wonders, unknown but to God and you, your enlightened priestly zeal, your high and strong courage, your true love of New England's peace and happiness have accomplished. What lessons of all that ennoble life your lips have spoken! What deeds of sweet charity your hands have wrought! What messages of peace your weary feet have carried!.....The child of the immigrant is called to fill the place which the Puritan has left. He must learn to fill it worthily and well. From the story of his father's struggle he must take to heart two salutary lessons—to keep his faith undimmed and his charity unquenched. The charity of the Puritan was for his own only; the charity of the Catholic must be for all. The Puritan failed because he planned only for himself. The Catholic must broaden his love to embrace all as Christ did. He will not fail.

Speaking on the problem of modern education he says:

There is such an attempt at futile general culture that solid training is being overlooked, with the result that instead of a compact, well-constituted organism of knowledge, moral as well as mental, there is a spreading out of a thin veneer over so large a surface that it takes but a short time and little wear to penetrate through the thickest part of it. It is principles, principles, principles, the foundation stones of life, which are needed to-day.

AMERICANS AND OTHERS. By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.10 net.

Some time ago Miss Agnes Repplier dared to tell us that "art is never didactic," which pronouncement came as a shock to the problem novelists and the problem dramatists, both domestic and made in Germany.

Theories about futurism, theories about eugenics, theories about graft, theories about hygiene, are occupying the minds of our writers to a really terrifying extent. "Scarers in print" tell us what to eat, whom to marry, whom to vote for, which books of the Bible to reject, and what reply to make to the next tramp at our back door.

But "art is never didactic," says Miss Repplier. How soothing, how holy! And with a sweet consistency she never sins against

her belief by mounting into the literary pulpit. She is strangely silent about the (of course!) quite novel notions of the futurists, the evils of graft leave her still smiling, and, as for eugenics, she seems content to let future generations worry along somehow, as well she may be, having given so much pleasure to this one.

Her new volume, under the title *Americans and Others*, gives us her usual collection of leisurely and graceful essays, ranging in subject from "Goodness and Gayety" and "The Condescension of Borrowers" to (the feline favorite again!) "The Grocer's Cat." A thoroughly delightful paper is entitled "The Customary Correspondent." In the course of it we are told of the begging letters received by the unfortunate famous, of the "young English-woman who wrote to Tennyson, requesting some verses which she might read as her own at a picnic," and of the "very imperative person who wrote to Dickens for a donkey, and who said he would call for it the next day, as though Dickens kept a herd of donkeys in Tavistock Square, and could always spare one for an emergency."

"The Girl Graduate" is particularly refreshing. It says the sane and sensible things that somehow do *not* get said, and which throws the poor college girl a word of sympathy for the mesh of statistics that seem to engulf her, "statistics dealing exhaustively with her honors, her illnesses, her somewhat nebulous achievements, and the size of her infant families."

The essay on "The Mission of Humor" is so clever that it alone is worth the price of admission. And the volume is full of the witty, pointed sayings with which Miss Repplier has really spoiled us. Thus, for example, in praise of indifference: "If we had no spiritual asbestos to protect our souls, we should be consumed to no purpose by every wanton flame." Or this other, in comment on a graceful little sentiment of Sterne's: "It has all the freshness of a principle never fagged out by practice."

FAUSTULA. By John Ayscough. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.35 net.

"No writer," says our author in his preface, "can guess beforehand whether his work will be approved or no; nor, while he is writing, does he ever try to guess. He is taken up with the new children he is begetting between brain and pen, and has no room in his mind for conjecture as to how others may like or dislike them."

There is no doubt whatever in our minds that this work will meet the hearty approval of "*those who know*." We are sure that all his readers' hearts will go out lovingly to Faustula, who appeals to them so winningly across the centuries, "with her lonely cry for pity and sympathy." We are a little doubtful, however, whether they will love her as well as Consuelo or Marotz.

Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew has ventured forth into a new field. He writes of Rome in the fourth century, when Christianity had become dominant after the victory of Constantine. The volume ends with the futile attempt of Julian the Apostate to make the dead ashes of paganism live again.

Although the writer actually falls short of his great predecessors Newman and Wiseman, in picturing the days of early Christianity, he manages to give us a series of beautiful portraits and scenes that will linger long in the memory. We are shown the effects of "the poisoned air of heathenism" on the pleasure-loving Faustulus, the cold-hearted Sabina, the selfishly corrupt Tattius, the murderous freedman Maltro, and the hypocritical Vestal Virgins; and in vivid contrast is set forth the supernatural beauty of the Christian character in the dignified Acilia, the devout Melania, the pure Domitilla, and the noble Fabian.

Faustula has been neglected by her father from the very beginning. As a very young child she is brought up among slaves on the Sabine farm of her unloving aunt. She comes in contact with Christianity for the first time while visiting the family of the widow Melania, who lives on a neighboring estate. Her father marries a second time, and, anxious to please his wife, heartlessly gets rid of his daughter by making her a Vestal Virgin.

Faustula, after ten years novitiate in the hypocrisy of a dry and empty paganism, and after ten years of longing for a "god not only not worse than men, but greater than any man," learns the true story of Christ from the lips of a Christian soldier, Fabian, the playmate of her youth. She is accused by a spy to the Virgo Vestalis Maxima of being untrue to her vow, and is condemned, according to the old pagan law, to be buried alive. The scene in the Coliseum when Fabian's brother is martyred, and Faustula declares herself a Christian, is one of the most dramatic scenes of the book. The story of her entombment, with her miraculous Holy Communion, is rendered less effective by the rather commonplace rescue by her lover.

Two other particularly good scenes are Melania's nursing of

the slave Clodia at the cost of her own life, and the murder of Faustulus on "his first errand of charity."

Faustula herself is a bit precocious for a child of so tender an age, but her peculiar upbringing might easily account for her being wiser than her years. One feels at times that, whereas the achæological setting is perfect, the characters speak frequently like men and women of the twentieth century. But the author might easily answer this by saying that much of the world outside the Church to-day is frankly pagan.

MAY IVERSON TACKLES LIFE. By Elizabeth Jordan. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25 net.

The deliciously humorous stories in which Elizabeth Jordan, the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, holds up the mirror to the school-girl heart, to borrow a phrase dear to Miss Iverson herself, have been amusing us for several years past.

The volume into which the earlier ones were collected called itself *May Iverson: Her Book*; now the more recent ones appear under the satisfactory title, *May Iverson Tackles Life*. May wrestles again, or rather still wrestles, with "the grim and terrible problem of what life really means." With her, as of yore, are Mabel Blossom, the giggler and mischief plotter; Maudie Joyce, the spiritual, who, however, has "golden instants when she forgets about her soul;" Mabel Muriel Murphy, who is still ambitious to be a lady, like Sister Edna, and who "has terrible struggles with conscience and remorse—but she never really misses anything;" and Kittie James, now too fat to look soulful, and "not intellectual, alas! like the rest of us."

May's literary ambition endures, and she narrates the achievements of her "set" in a style that Addison might envy. Sometimes she can almost feel the angels guiding her pen, she informs us, "and beautiful flowers of thought fall on the snowy pages before me, and I write so fast my hand gets covered with ink up to the wrist, and I have a dreadful time afterwards with pumice-stone." And sometimes she even wins from her adored teacher and critic, Sister Irmingarde, the verdict that several of her efforts "hold striking examples of what to do and what to avoid in fiction." Her vocabulary and her philosophy are indeed joys forever, whether she is telling us of the beauty culture which she initiated, and the tempers and friendships it wrecked, or of the Grouchometer Club and its sad fate, or of the suffrage issue that "split the convent

like West Point when the Civil War broke out," or of the noble anti-fat method by which she removed twenty of Kitty James' superfluous pounds.

It is very safe to say that May Iverson will delight all her readers. To Miss Jordan's *Tales of the Cloister* an unqualified approval certainly cannot be given, but these stories offend nowhere. The picture of life at Saint Catharine's is charming; Miss Jordan does not sacrifice sweetness to humor, and sandwiches pathos in with her cleverness. The figure of Sister Irmingerde is of a real and unusual beauty, and is revealed to us very skillfully, rather by May's indirect, unconscious touches than by her open adoration. Our only regret connected with the book is the author's statement that this is positively May's last appearance. Let us hope she will experience a change of heart, for we should gladly welcome May for as many "last appearances" as Mr. Crummles himself could recommend.

THE KISS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Anton Tchekhoff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Tolstoi is a great name, and Turgenieff is a great name, but it does not follow that we must build temples to every subject of the Tsar whose name begins with T.

As for Tchekhoff the much-vaunted, Tchekhoff the new "discovery" that bade fair to rival Peruna and the Klondike, Tchekhoff of the literary green carnations, alas for our hopes! We have him here in a book of short stories that are decadent without even a morbid interest, cheaply pessimistic, without even sincerity, and frankly futile without even a literary beauty to urge the dear old "art for art's sake" excuse. They try hard to be "fleurs du mal," but turn out poor, struggling weeds after all.

A clumsy artillery captain is kissed anonymously in a dark room, a little boy eats oysters, a wife lies to her husband, an unvisited gentleman of twenty-nine years runs away from a leap-year proposal—and this is dished up to us on a Russian menu as the food our system craves! Why should we take the trouble to import worthless stories with the "made in Russia" label, when our domestic supply never fails?

REMINISCENCES OF A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.00 net. That pleasant volume by Mrs. Hugh Fraser called *A Diplo-*

matist's Wife in Many Lands had an unusually large circle of readers, all of whom will be interested in its present successor, which appears under the title, *Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife*. In it we find the same witty and informal style, the same vivid pictures of persons and places, with never a hint of the repetitions that often mar such writings.

In addition to the expected glimpses of the writer's brother, the late Marion Crawford, we meet Mr. Henry James, and are delighted to learn of his "exquisite urbanity, unerring judgment, and amazing humility." The last five chapters of the book take us to South America, and are perhaps the most interesting of all. The story of Liberalism in Chile, of the outrages which it promptly instituted, and of the part the women took in checking it, ought, for non-Catholic readers, to throw some light upon similar struggles in France and Portugal.

VOLONTÉ ET LIBERTÉ. Par Wincenty Lutoslawski. Paris: Librairie Felix Alcan. 7 frs. 50.

Professor W. Lutoslawski, already well known to the philosophical world by his *Origin and Growth of Plato's Logic* (London, 1897), has recently published a work in French entitled *Volonté et Liberté*. The work shows throughout the dominant traits of the author's character, who may be truly termed a religious philosopher. He prides himself on being a reconverted Catholic, and in this book he attempts to put forward some of the main elements of his Polish philosophy in harmony with the faith that he professes. He treats the problems of will and liberty with the originality of genius. Though adopting much from Leibnitz, he rises far above the determinism of the great Franco-German philosopher.

One of the most interesting features of Professor Lutoslawski's work is his theory of training the will. The principle on which it is based is expressed by the law that *every effort followed by success increases the force of the will; and inversely every effort that fails, decreases will power*. As a corollary from this law, it follows that when we attempt to strengthen the will by training, we must not commence with tasks whose successful issue is at all in doubt. One must make a start with things that can certainly be accomplished, and increase the difficulty of the task by slow degrees. All rapid advance is illusory and transitory. Progress by slow degrees is alone real and permanent. The tasks that lie within

the power of all are simple muscular exercises, among which respiration seems to offer special advantages for voluntary control. Professor Lutoslawski recommends a series of exercises for slowing respiration, and is of the opinion that such exercises will not only tend to strengthen the will, but also have an indirect influence over what he terms the negative emotions, such as anger, fear, hatred. Such emotions, he says, are incompatible with a marked slowing of respiration, and can be controlled by voluntary slow breathing. Another muscular exercise which is easily controlled is that of one's handwriting. A little constant and systematic practice will make a tremendous improvement in an illegible hand. This lesson learned, confidence in one's ability to improve is established.

The will is not only perfected by muscular exercise, but also by intellectual training. This intellectual training constitutes Professor Lutoslawski's system of pedagogy. Being aimed primarily at the development of the will, its central point is the pupil's independence of his master. The system, says the author, is actually in vogue in Poland, where, owing to the oppression of Russia, it accidentally became possible to realize what in reality is the ideal system of education. If the Polish child is to learn his own language and the history of his own people, he must do so secretly, and his master imparts instruction at his peril. As a result the student cannot always have the assistance of the master, he must work independently, being tided over his difficulties from time to time by the instructor. Students are not graded into classes, but work for themselves slowly or rapidly, according to their ability. Concentration upon a few subjects takes the place of the dissipation of attention over the multitudinous branches of the common school. Such conditions make for the highest intellectual efficiency, the most complete independence of the mind and, therefore, for the power and freedom of the will.

The perfect training of the will, however, is to be sought in the communion of the soul with God. This is accomplished by prayer. The author deprecates the fact that prayer is now banished from the schools of France, and maintains that it should constitute a part of one's training from infancy to old age.

MODERN PROGRESS AND HISTORY. By James J. Walsh, M.D. New York: Fordham University Press. \$2.00 net. Those acquainted with Dr. Walsh's previous writings will

recognize here the qualities that have won him so many readers. He is on familiar ground, as the book deals largely with topics connected with the history of medicine, and the lesson is the one he likes to insist on, that even in such things as surgery and medicine the new is sometimes not new after all. The volume is erudite, interesting, and at times amusing.

IMMIGRATION AND LABOR. The Economic Aspects of European Immigration to the United States. By Isaac A. Hourwich, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

The object of this bulky volume is to refute the finding of the Immigration Commission in 1910, that European Immigration should be restricted in the interest of the American laboring class. In the pursuit of this object the author deals at considerable length with all the important arguments and phrases of the Report of the Commission. Among the leading points which he seeks to establish in opposition to the contentions of the Commission are the following: Recent immigration has not increased unemployment; nor displaced native Americans in industry; nor provoked an increase of race suicide; nor set up inferior standards of living; nor underbid the native workers; nor prevented the reduction of the work day; nor hindered labor organization; nor given us our present labor problem.

These and several other conclusions, at which the author arrives as the result of long and painstaking discussion, are contrary to the views not only of the Immigration Commission, but of perhaps most students of the subjects, to say nothing of the labor unions and the ordinary observer.

With regard to most of his contentions, the verdict of the critical reader will be that they have not been proved. He is undoubtedly right about the lack of causal relation between immigration and race suicide, and his criticisms show in general that many of the supposed evil results of abundant immigration have been considerably exaggerated.

Concerning the main contention of the Commission, that immigration has kept the unskilled labor market overstocked, and so kept down wages and increased unemployment, his attempted refutation must be set down as a failure. To assume that because unemployment varies with the seasons, it has not, therefore, been increased by immigration, is a strange misconception of the point at issue. Of course, there would be unemployment even if all immigra-

tion were prohibited; but it would be much smaller in volume and in intensity. The argument that if immigration were less in volume, the supply of unskilled labor would be too small, and some of the skilled workers would be obliged to find employment at common labor, overlooks the fact that at present the proportion of unskilled men in the industries is much too high. Hence the universal cry for industrial education, both for the proper equipment of the industries, and in order to reduce the proportion of the unskilled. To be sure, there is "a fixed proportion of skilled to unskilled laborers" (p. 35), but it is a pure assumption, and one that is contradicted by all the facts, to say that the ideal proportion exists at present. The logic of the author's argument on this point is that any rise in wages would be bad for the laboring population, owing to the assumed consequent rise in prices. This is a veritable counsel of despair.

Despite its inconclusiveness on the main thesis, the book contains an abundance of valuable material and critical observations. It ought to do good service as a corrective of the exaggerations committed by the advocates of restriction.

HOMILETIC AND CATECHETIC STUDIES. By Canon A. Meyenberg. Translated by the Very Rev. Ferdinand Brossart. New York: Frederick Pustet & Co. \$3.50 net.

A splendid addition to our sermonic literature—one that largely fills our gravest need in that field—is Father Brossart's translation of Dr. Meyenberg's *Homiletic and Catechetical Studies*. The value of this work is attested by the translator, who took on himself the arduous task of putting it into English only because he was convinced that it is unsurpassed in usefulness, and by the fact that in a very short while it has gone through seven editions in the original German, which abounds in such aids to sacred eloquence.

The book is not meant for those who want labor-saving devices, nor will it yield much help in that direction. It calls insistently for a generous expenditure of time and labor, if its lessons are to be duly learned, and its suggestions fruitfully carried out. Instead of dispensing one from study and from the careful personal preparation of sermons, it makes one feel keenly that one's best efforts are imperatively demanded in the holy work of preaching the Gospel, both because one's preaching has so much to do with the salvation of men, and because the message to be proclaimed is so sacred.

The volume is not a collection of ready-made sermons, homilies, and instructions, which need but slight alterations to fit them for use anywhere and everywhere. Neither is it a bundle of outlines and plans. It is a thorough, scholarly, scientific treatise on sacred oratory. The first, and by far the largest part of the work, is divided into seven books, which take up in turn the following subjects; the essence and foundation; the supreme laws; the sources; the means; the matter; the different kinds; the exterior form and forms of sacred eloquence. In the second part, which deals with the instruction of children, besides general hints about the duty of catechizing, the spirit in which the work should be done, and the method to be followed, there are chapters which treat in detail the ways and means that should be employed to lead children, of different ages and different degrees of mental development, to a knowledge of religious truth.

One may learn from this work not only what ought to be done, and why, but how the theories advanced may be put into practice. There are serviceable hints and suggestions everywhere. Points of view and themes are proposed and partly developed, the author going with his reader just far enough to prove that the roads he recommends are well worth traveling, and will lead to rich fields. At first sight the book may seem heavy, and little likely to prove profitable. One's maturer judgment, however, will be a deep conviction that the preacher who studies it carefully, and acts on it faithfully, will soon make himself a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly handling the word of truth."

SERMON PLANS. By Abbé H. Lesêtre. New York: Joseph F. Wagner. \$1.00 net.

Though they are brief, averaging a trifle less than two pages each, these plans from the pen of a French priest, who has been zealously at work for over thirty years, will prove helpful in many ways to priests who have little time to gather their thoughts and set them in order, and to those who, for other reasons, stand in need of suggestion as to topics, and as to the main outlines of their treatment.

POLEMIC CHAT. By Edmund M. Dunne, Bishop of Peoria. St. Louis: B. Herder. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

This little book, largely a reprint of articles which appeared in the *Peoria Cathedral Calendar*, is frankly polemic, and aims

avowedly at "the refutation of a few popular fallacies regarding religious truth." Its scope is really much wider than that, for it sets forth the doctrine and views of the Church concerning many matters about which most people outside of the Church, and not a few within, are not well informed. The dialogue form in which it is written affords excellent opportunity for a concise presentation of difficulties and objections, and an equally concise, direct, pointed rejoinder. There are no wasted words, no devious approaches towards the truth, no timid, half-hearted, apologetic attacks on error. The author's aim is excellent, and his blows are given with a hearty good will. Some might think his plain speaking injudicious; no earnest, straightforward lover of the truth—not even an enemy—will be annoyed or hurt by it, even though some of his own theories and half-formed judgments be the object of attack. For all the sharp criticism of error is accompanied by love for what is right, and true, and good, and by kindness towards those who are in error.

MY HEAVEN IN DEVON. A Volume of Eucharistic Verse.

By Olive Katharine Parr. New York: Benziger Brothers.
45 cents.

It is rare—even among volumes of devotional praise; even among mediæval songs of passionately fervid praise—to find a more absorbing mystical love of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament than permeates this little book. It contains, in thirty-three short poems, "a record of the restoration of Eucharistic worship in the pre-Reformation parish of St. Pancras," in the moors of Devon. The verses are largely reminiscent or "occasional," and are of unequal literary beauty; but for their absorption in a single divine theme, for their manifestly faithful expression of the author's self-consecration, they are deeply impressive. Many a devout soul should find in them comfort and pleasure and peace.

GINEVRA. A Play of Mediæval Florence. By Edward Doyle.
New York: Doyle & Co. \$1.00 net.

From the hand of Edward Doyle, whose *Haunted Temple* showed anew (if the lesson needed showing) how far into life might look eyes which the world deemed sightless, comes now a tragedy of old Florence. *Ginevra* tells in simple but poetic phrase a highly dramatic story: a story of family feud and forced marriage, of premature burial, and finally of the curious dénouement

brought about by the plague of 1400. To the "crimson cross" (that awesome astronomical phenomenon which flamed across the heavens of that sad year) the drama owes some passages of beautiful inspiration; and Mr. Doyle has introduced among the men and women of his play one jester, who—both for his wisdom and his folly—is well worth the knowing.

PHŒBE, ERNEST, AND CUPID. By Inez Haynes Gillmore.
New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35 net.

Inez Haynes Gillmore, who in *Phæbe and Ernest* described so cleverly the American girl and boy of high school age, publishes a new book called *Phæbe, Ernest, and Cupid*, in which she lets them grow up and be carried safely into matrimony. Their adventures and their point of view are those of our average young people, and make very pleasant reading.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S RETREAT TO HIS PRIESTS. Translated by J. M. O'Kavanagh, with a foreword by Cardinal Gibbons. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.50.

The well-known learning, zeal, and sterling virtue of the Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin are a sufficient guarantee that he gave his priests an earnest, helpful retreat, and that they went back to their work more keenly alive than before to the sublime dignity of their calling. The published retreat will do a like good work for those who will read it attentively and with zeal for self-improvement. An appendix contains in Latin and English the letter our Holy Father addressed to the clergy on the occasion of the golden sacerdotal jubilee of Cardinal Mercier.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF THE PURITAN FATHERS. By Albert C. Addison. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$2.50 net.

The extensive and vital part played by the Puritans in the history of England, and in the development of our own country, gives to everything connected with them an enduring interest, and in most instances a real value, however remote and slight a bearing it may have had on their activities or their fortunes. This new book about them is, therefore, sure of a welcome, even though it is an enthusiastic eulogy rather than a critical study. It describes the birthplace of the sect, portrays the most influential of its early leaders, sketches the conditions in which it grew strong, and narrates the details of its establishment in the new world. Those

who do not share the author's warm admiration of the Puritan character, but look on it as decidedly defective and warped, will, for all that, find this an interesting book.

FAITH AND SUGGESTION. By Edwin Lancelot Ash. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly. \$1.25 net.

This rather tiresome volume discusses the apparently miraculous recovery of an hysterical consumptive girl, Dorothy Kerin, who saw a number of wondrous visions of shining angels, beautiful lights, and a beautiful woman.

The author has really no sense of humor, or he would not dare compare the inane dreaming of this commonplace young woman with the vision of St. Paul on the road to Damascus, or the heavenly voices of Blessed Joan of Arc. The whole book seems a case of much ado about nothing. We fail to see anything miraculous or supernatural in the case from start to finish, and wonder why any man in his sober senses could give it a second thought. Why it should have attracted any attention whatever is simply beyond our comprehension. We may be unduly suspicious, but we thought we saw the reason of this plain piece of humbuggery in the message of the "Beautiful Lady who carried the beautiful annunciation lily in her right hand." For with wondrous unction she whispers gently to the neurotic Dorothy: "The Lord has brought you back to use you for a great and privileged work. Many sick will ye heal in your prayer and faith." Perhaps she will be exploited later as a money-getting faith-healer, and bring quite an income to her exploiter.

Mr. Ash assures us in his preface that "his book seeks to prove nothing." He has succeeded admirably in his endeavor. If the proofs of the unseen world of spirit depended merely on the so-called facts adduced in this celebrated case, we would not marvel a bit at the unbeliever's skepticism. The author's citations from men like Oliver Lodge, William James, Henri Bergson, and others show his absolute ignorance of a definite Christian philosophy.

BELGIUM, THE LAND OF ART. By William Elliot Griffis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

"This little book," writes the author in his preface, "is intended to give pleasure to the reader at home, and to the traveler the means of enjoying what he sees. . . . By pen and in print,

on canvas, in mural decoration, in sculpture, in monuments of bronze and marble, in fireplaces and in wood-carving, the story (of Belgium) may be read as in an illuminated missal."

Our author naturally reads his missal through colored Protestant glasses, and although he honestly endeavors to be fair, his ignorance of things Catholic breaks out frequently. Like most of his confrères in the Protestant ministry, his knowledge of the past is inaccurate, and his orthodoxy vague. It is rather strange to find a Christian holding a brief for the unbelieving, anarchist Ferrer, as if "ordered freedom of conscience" was identical with contempt and denial of the gospel of Christ. Of course, we hear of the Reformation "certainly meaning purity of morals" despite the witness of Luther himself; we are solemnly informed that Protestantism is in reality the primitive gospel; we are mildly amused at his extravagant praises of the Belgic Confession of Faith, and the wonderful doings of his over-praised Walloons; and we rather expect the old calumnies about the horrors of the mediæval era with its bigotry, fanaticism, and intolerance, and accommodating confessors; the pretences of priests and dogmas, the saintly mediators supposed to be necessary between God and man, etc., etc.

Our smile becomes a hearty laugh when we read that "port wine helped greatly the cause of American Independence." Such a statement shows the breadth of view which the Reformation frequently breeds in its sons. While praising the Liberals in Belgium, there is not the slightest praise given to the wonders wrought by the Catholic party, who, after being in office nearly thirty years, won a tremendous victory this year despite the coalition of Socialists and Liberals. The Belgians are the most prosperous people on the face of the earth, and they know their present status is due to a Catholic ministry. The appeal to bigotry and religious hatred made by the Liberals at the last election fell on deaf ears. You cannot fool the people all the time.

The title of the book is misleading. If one opens it to find a real grasp of Belgium's title to the "Land of Art" by one who has a right to speak, he will be very much disappointed. If he wants a rather meager and imperfect guide book, with some facts intermingled with a good deal of inaccurate statements, he will be perfectly content. This book is another proof that Catholic things can be appreciated at their full value only by those who know them at first hand.

FROM DANTE TO VERLAINE. By Jules Pacheu. Paris: A. Tralin. 3 frs. 50.

This is a new edition of Father Pacheu's book which was first published in 1897. He is well known to French readers from his many studies on mysticism, viz.: *An Introduction to the Psychology of the Mystics; Contemporary Religious Unrest; The Poem of Conscience—Dante and the Mystics; Mystic Experience and Sub-Conscious Activity*, etc. In the present work he gives us a history of Dante studies in France from the beginning, compares Bunyan and Spencer to the Florentine poet, and writes rather favorable notices of Verlaine and Huysmans. It is a good piece of literary criticism, although like every book made up of magazine articles, it lacks unity, and contains monographs of very unequal value.

STEAMSHIP CONQUEST OF THE SEA. Illustrated. By Frederick A. Talbot. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50 net.

One branch of the tremendous material development of recent years is graphically and convincingly set forth in this profusely illustrated volume which deals with the modern steamship. Everything connected with the subject—the planning, construction, equipment, ornamentation, launching, provisioning, management, and protection of the great liners, the routes they follow, the dangers they run, the records they have made, the care taken to chart the sea and keep the ocean clear of dangerous wreckage, together with other kindred matters—has been gone into thoroughly. A great amount of varied information is given to the reader, not in a technical, dry way, but plainly and entertainingly, with many anecdotes and excellent illustrations, that make this story of modern progress a delightful bit of instructive reading.

IF the Isle of Wight has been called the "Garden of England," the Isle of Thanet may well be called its gate, for life and death, war and peace, joy and sorrow, have often entered thereby. One of its chief glories in the days of faith was the Saint whose life we are considering. In the *Story of Saint Mildred of Thanet*, by M. Sawyer (New York: Benziger Brothers), we are introduced to this gentle Saint, whose name signifies "peaceful will" or fount of peace. Yet her peace was attained by stern combat for chastity with the rough, half-barbarian element of those days.

Quaint and beautiful is the tale which brings the royal nuns of those early days before us; their enemies bold and cruel; ours more insidious; yet there is comfort in the thought that the same virtues were defended, as the same laurels await those who combat for faith and purity. Her history gives an excellent picture of conventual life in Saxon England, as well as the darker side of untamed natures.

THE SUGAR CAMP AND AFTER, by Rev. H. S. Spalding, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 85 cents), is the newest of the author's popular stories for boys. It is a good, healthy story, with plenty of action, and a sturdy little hero who will surely appeal to readers of his own age.

THE DRAMATIC FESTIVAL, by A. T. Craig (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net), is a study of the lyrical method as a factor in elementary education, with some plays for class use. Its aim is the cultivation of the imagination by "Folk Stories, Dances, Songs, Games, and the Drama." A plea is made that time be devoted to these matters, and that the long-suffering and overcrowded school curriculum is to furnish it. Possibly when their recreations, games, and pleasures have all been brought under the directing, organizing and supervising power of the "grown-ups," there will be nothing left for the children of the future but to take refuge in games of learning the much neglected "three R's."

THE GOLDEN LADDER is the first of the "Golden Rule Series;" these consist of fairy stories, fables, and easy poems gathered from various sources, "embodying a graded system of moral instruction." *A Path, A Door, A Key, A Word, and A Deed Book* are to follow, and all are "golden." A professor, a dean, and a school superintendent are the authors, and the series is the publication of Macmillan Company. *The Golden Ladder* is neatly and prettily bound. (Price, 40 cents net.)

THE meditations published under the title of *The Litany of the Sacred Heart*, by Joseph McDonnell, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents), first appeared in *The Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. The commentaries explain the titles, and are suitable for instruction; the meditations seem more for individual

use, and lead the heart to taste and see the sweetness hid in the loving Heart of Christ for those of His servants who humbly approach the fountains of the Savior.

BY telling of the origin and aims of the "Children of Mary," in *The Story of the Sodality of Our Lady* (New York: Benziger Brothers. 30 cents net), Father Edmund Lesler, S.J., would increase our zeal to emulate the lives of the many who have gladly enrolled themselves as Sodalists. The Little Office of the Immaculate Conception and the Ritual for Reception are added.

THE WAIF OF RAINBOW COURT, by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet (St. Louis: B. Herder. 60 cents), is a story of a poor little waif, whose sweet nature led her to look upon the bright side of her life, and who, forgetting her own woes, neglected no opportunity of helping those who came in contact with her.

WE have received from the American Book Company four of its new publications. *The Training of Children*, by John Wirt Dinsmore (\$1.00), is a refreshingly sane book on the training of children. The author lays down the principle that the child is a physical, mental, and spiritual unity, and, therefore, that the cultivation of the *entire* child is essential to any perfect training. He advocates the use of whatever is good in new theories. His counsels are firm, gentle, and farseeing. He rates very highly the responsibilities of the teacher, and justly insists that she herself should be an example of the characteristics she seeks to inculcate. A book so practical and earnest as is this one, cannot fail to help any young teacher who has at heart the real good of the youthful charges. No one need look in it for hazy discussions on psychology, heredity, etc., such as are the fashion in most books on pedagogy nowadays. The author has something to say, and says it, to the point, simply and straightforwardly.

Plane and Solid Geometry, by C. A. Hart (each book 80 cents; together, \$1.25), allows the pupil to take nothing for granted, but requires him to prove each step. As an aid to this task the figures in Book I. set an excellent model of clearness. Altogether, we think, the book well establishes the claim made for it, that it is "the combined product of experience, class-room test, and abundant criticism." It is surely up-to-date, since it contains a problem on the foundation of the Woolworth Building.

English Grammar, by Lillian Kimball (60 cents), is another addition to the endless texts on English grammar. It claims, however, "to simplify and rob" that study of all unnecessary and minor "technicalities."

Fifty Famous People, by James Baldwin (35 cents), is a supplementary reader consisting of short and not very well-chosen stories. Save that many of them concern royalist worthies, one might suspect the book of being a translation of some modern French school text, so completely is God excluded from its contents. Even Cædmon and his wonderful song of Creation is discussed, but no mention is made of the Creator!

THE EUCHARIST AND CHRISTIAN PERFECTION (New York: The Sentinel Press. 50 cents) is the fourth and last of the series of collected works of the Venerable Père Eymard's works. The volume before us contains three retreats preached respectively to the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, to his own religious, and to the Servants of the Most Blessed Sacrament (nuns). It need not be said that he makes the Holy Eucharist the means, the end, the whole spirit of these retreats, and continually reminds his spiritual children of their dedication, their glory, their riches in the possession of Jesus Christ under the Sacramental Veil.

FROM the American Press comes a reprint (with additional matter) of Father Husslein's articles on Socialism, under the title of *The Church and Social Problems*. The writer first shows, in the words of its own advocates, what Socialism is, and then contrasts with it the social teaching of Christianity. Grouped in a book one feels the chapters are more telling than in the pages of a periodical. For one thing they make perfectly clear that there can no more be concord between the Church and Socialism than between Christ and Belial. Price, \$1.00.

BENZIGER BROTHERS publish a handy volume, entitled *Spiritual Progress* (90 cents net), which treats of the progressive Use of Confession and of Lukewarmness. The volume considers the matters quite thoroughly, but we take exception to one of its recommendations. Spiritual progress is not greatly to be helped by keeping a table of our advance or of our falls. The volume is tastefully presented. The same house publishes also in handy form an excellent volume that will give much instruction,

and also much comfort to souls. It is entitled *The Consolations of Purgatory*, from the French of Father Faure, S.M. The translation by W. Humphrey Page is well done.

IN *Charles Louis Philippe*, by André Gide, we have a favorable appreciation of the author whose name gives title to the volume, Another French work from the same house of Eugène Figuière et Cie (Paris), by Paul Vulliaud, gives a sketchy, superficial account of the Renaissance in Italy in the fifteenth century.

AMONG French publications, which will be of interest to those of our readers who are acquainted with French, are two volumes from the press of P. Lethielleux of Paris entitled: *The Elements of Dogmatic Theology*. Pierre Téqui of Paris publish a *Life of St. Anthony of Padua* by Monsignor Ricard; a work entitled: *Vocation* by the Redemptorist Father Coppin, which treats of marriage, the priesthood, and the religious life, and a useful work on the principles of *Contemplation* by Father Lamballe. Gabriel Beauchesne of Paris issues a critical refutation of modern champions of Monism in France. The work is from the pen of J. B. Saulze.

WE are requested to announce that the publications of Téqui of Paris may be obtained from Benziger Brothers, 36 Barclay Street, New York City.

Foreign Periodicals.

Father Gerard, S.J. This article is a tribute to the late Father Gerard by a former Stonyhurst boy. Father Gerard was born at Edinburgh in 1840 of a most distinguished family. In 1850—two years after the conversion of his parents—he entered Stonyhurst College, and six years later entered the Society of Jesus. He returned to Stonyhurst in 1879 as a priest, and there did the chief part of his teaching work.

He was a skillful organizer, and to his efforts were due a boy's debating society and the revival of the college magazine. He found time in his busy teaching days to produce a Latin grammar, a "course of religious instruction," and was greatly interested in dramatics. He wrote the centenary of his beloved Alma Mater, and in 1893 was made Chief of the Staff of *The Month*.

In 1897 he was elected Provincial, and under his wise guidance a hall for Jesuit scholastics was opened at Oxford. Father Gerard was a success at anything he undertook. His scholarly reply to Hæckel, *The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer*, has gone through several editions, and been translated into several languages.—*The Tablet*, December 21.

The Practice of Holy Communion. By Bishop Hedley, O.S.B., of Newport. Exhorting the faithful to more frequent reception of the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, the Bishop traces the history of the Blessed Sacrament from early times to this day, showing the four aspects under which the Sacrament has at different times been viewed; as a pledge and symbol of unity in apostolic times, as a source of strength in trial and temptation in the ages of persecution, as an object of formal adoration and reverence in the centuries following, as the source of all grace and charity from the thirteenth century onward.

After amplifying briefly the first three aspects, he shows how St. Thomas Aquinas, treating of the operations of divine grace, stimulated men to study the capacity of their own souls. Jesus, the life of the soul, was then more keenly appreciated in the Great Sacrament of His Love.

The Catechism of the Council of Trent, following St. Augustine, counsels daily Communion, as do the Saints and Popes of the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Jansenism, with its false reverence ("the true reverence was always an essential feature of the Church's life"), "would build up barriers around the Holy Table to keep off the flock whose very life depended upon the food thereon."

The authoritative teaching of Pope Pius X. on frequent and daily Communion follows. The treatment is divided into the dispositions necessary, the reverence due, and sensible devotion. Special emphasis is placed on the Holy Father's teaching that the principal end of this Sacrament is "that the faithful may derive strength to resist" temptations, to cleanse themselves of faults, and to avoid sin. This was Christ's purpose on earth; this is also His purpose in this Sacrament.—*The Tablet*, December 28.

The Catholic Church in 1912. By Rev. James MacCaffrey. In Italy the situation of the Catholics is unfortunate. They lack unity, capable leaders, a generally accepted programme, and capable newspapers to voice their views. In France the educational outlook, from a Catholic standpoint, is improving because of the popular support of the free schools and the dangerous views expressed by the much-praised governmental Teachers' Association; in political elections in the Catholic Congress of Tours, and in the building and filling of many new churches around Paris, there is evidence of a religious re-birth.

French and Italian newspapers have tried to make difficulties by opposing the entrance of German laborers in any but purely Catholic organizations. The Holy Father has expressed his views on the matter, but the end of the dispute is not yet.

In Vienna the marvelous success of the Eucharistic Congress proves the vitality of the Faith as well as the unselfish zeal and organizing capacity of the leaders. The Belgian elections, contrary to the fears of many, have strengthened the Catholic Party both in the Chamber of Deputies and in the Senate. In Holland, for the first time, a Catholic has been elected President of the Senate; great activity for foreign missions and a religious teaching and atmosphere in primary schools are to be commended. In Spain and Portugal the outlook remains dark.

In America the value of organization on questions of education, labor, foreign missions, charity, opposition to Socialism, and

the publication of the *Catholic Encyclopædia* has been realized, and has done much good.

In England the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury failed to make a bold stand for the independence of his Church in the Banister *vs.* Thompson marriage case; but the Catholics, especially in educational matters, have exhibited wonderful activity and organization. They have forced the Radical and Socialist parties to abandon the annual resolution at the Congress of Trade Unions in favor of secular education. They endeavor to educate not only their own followers, but the public in general as to the aim and policy of the Catholic Church. They have a definite programme on all public questions in which their interests are concerned. They have schools for the higher education of priests at Oxford and Cambridge, which also keep the lay students in touch with Catholic principles.

In Ireland the Home Rule Bill is the principal subject of discussion, but it should not exclude attention to the efforts of the Home Rule Chief Secretary to introduce reforms in secondary education and university scholarships, which would create difficulties for the proposed Irish Legislature. He is trying to override the express wishes of many of the Irish County Councils, and is not consulting those whose interests are principally concerned.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, January.

Can the Blame be Laid on the Temporal Power? By J. Bricout. Defenders of the temporal power of the Popes are often met with the objection that this power for some forty or fifty years back has been very dangerous for France. The defeat in 1870, the growing unpopularity of the Church after the war, and the final separation of the Church from the State, are held as effects of the temporal power. A careful examination of each of these points, especially in regard to their causes, clearly shows, however, that the temporal power cannot justly be held responsible either for the defeat in 1870, or for the separation law of 1905, or even for the establishment of the Third Republic. As a consequence, the French Catholics cannot be said to have been faithless to the sacred interests of their country by following, in this regard, the directions of Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X.—*Revue du Clergé Français*, December.

The Tablet (December 21): Prince Ludwig, the new Regent

of Bavaria, comes to the throne welcomed by the spokesmen of all the political parties of his realm, not excepting the Socialists. He gives promise of a strong determined character, as was shown in his message to the Kaiser. He is an earnest and practical Catholic, and his private life is exemplary.—The English public are now awakening to the fact that there is in England one class immune from penalties of law. The Trade Unions by the Trades Dispute Act of 1906 can blacklist, libel, or boycott an employer with impunity. This has been decided by Parliament. Until a few weeks ago it was thought that this position of privilege could be claimed only when the wrong complained of was committed in the direct furtherance of a trade dispute. This illusion has been dispelled by the decision handed down in favor of the Trade Unions in the case of *Vacher and Sons vs. London Society of Compositors*.

(December 28): The writer of *Literary Notes*, after commenting on the critical introductions to the reprinted classics in the Everyman's Library series, after calling attention to Mr. Chesterton's valuable appreciation of Matthew Arnold, the critical preface to Cardinal Newman's *Apologia* by Mr. Charles Sorolea is analyzed at length, and the failure of Mr. Sorolea to appreciate Cardinal Newman or his celebrated book because of the critics' faulty viewpoint is shown. Mr. Sorolea's appreciation of Charles Kingsley and his views is also called in question.—*The Stations and Great Basilicas at Rome*, a translation of the paper of Abbot Cabrol of Farnborough, explaining these stations, the liturgical worship connected therewith, and their different classes, is begun.

The National Review (January): *The United States and Anglo-German Rivalry*, by Washington, is an appeal to the United States to increase its military and naval strength in order to be prepared if war breaks out between England and Germany. The writer infers that our welfare will demand our antagonism to Germany, and urges that we should be far more active than we are in the affairs of Europe.—*Ad Memoriam* is a sketch of the late Senator Jones of Nevada.—A. Maurice Low writes on American affairs.

The Month (January): The article entitled *Father John Gerard* is the life story of the famous English Jesuit of that name who recently passed away. He was for many years editor of *The Month*, a prominent lecturer, an active member of the com-

mittee of the C. T. S., and author of books on the *Gunpowder Plot*, *Unnatural History*, and *The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer*.—The New Breviary is treated by Rev. Herbert Thurston.—*The Dago's Poet*, by Alice Dease, is a highly favorable appreciation of the writings of Mr. T. A. Daly, together with various quotations from his writings.—Under the caption *Convent Inspection*, Mr. James Britten addresses an open letter to Miss M. E. Spaul, Secretary of "The League of Freedom for the Inspection of Convents." After discussing the lines on which this new organization is to be developed, the author gives a brief history of the dishonest methods and inevitable failure of former pseudo-convent reformers.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (January): W. H. Grattan Flood traces the history of the only Cluniac Priory in Ireland, that of SS. Peter and Paul in Athlone, founded by Turlough O'Connor in 1150.—Professor J. M. O'Sullivan describes the natural advantages as regards commerce and defense which Constantinople possesses; the antagonism which arose between New and Old Rome; the influence upon modern politics of the fact that the Slavonic peoples received their Christianity from Constantinople; the rise and final victory of Mohammedanism.

Le Correspondant (December 10): Commandant Davin writes on the enmity that exists between Austria and Italy. Each seeks to be mistress of the Adriatic. The breach has been greatly widened, owing to the different attitudes of each of these Powers towards the Turco-Albanian troubles. Furthermore, Austria has ever withstood the demands of her Italian subjects for the establishment of an Italian College, although allowing this privilege to almost all of her other motley inhabitants.—L. Delavand gives a character study of Roald Amundsen, the Norwegian Antarctic explorer, together with an historical account of his early life, the preparations for his Polar expedition, and a chronological account of his trip.

(December 25): An unsigned article treats of the complicated electoral system of Russia, which is not very clearly understood even by the Russian people themselves. A description is given of the recent electoral campaign and the results of it, showing the make-up of the new Douma.—The recent death of the Prince Regent of Bavaria has again aroused interest in this German State. M. Andre in his article deals with the private and public

life of some of the most prominent members of the House of Wittelsbachs—Maximilian Joseph, Louis I., Maximilian II., and Louis II.

Études (December 5) : Father Prat, S.J., discusses *The Synoptic Question*. His purpose is to indicate briefly the actual state of the controversy, to expose fairly the arguments for and against, to distinguish facts from hypotheses, certain conclusions from probable opinions. That SS. Mark and Luke are the authors of the Gospels bearing their names is borne out by the testimony of the Fathers and of the ancient heretics, the versions of the New Testament, and the early manuscripts almost without exception, together with the internal criticism of the Books themselves.

We have an additional argument in the fact that the Gospels were not signed by their authors; is it conceivable that the early Christians, without the very best authority, would have assigned these precious writings to comparatively insignificant men, and not rather to the more famous apostles? The Biblical commission declares the canonicity and authenticity of the last twelve verses of St. Mark, the narrative of the Holy Infancy and the incident of the Bloody Sweat in St. Luke. The objections brought against these passages by some critics are not solid or decisive.—*The Avignon Popes*, by Augustin Noyon. The general sentiment of history is that the Avignon period was the source of the greatest evils to the Church, and in the last analysis was the primary cause of the Great Schism. Is this opinion tenable now that the Vatican archives have been thrown open to scholars? M. Mollat, in his recent book *Les Papes d'Avignon*, sets about to answer this question. He shows that all the Avignon Popes were personally good priests, despite the accusations of such writers as Villani; Pope John XXII. has especially been misrepresented. In view of the lack of documents, M. Mollat does not dare give any decided answer to the complicated questions which arise concerning the suppression of the Templars. M. Mollat does not flatter the Avignon Popes; he tells their faults and their weaknesses, but he treats them with sympathetic justice.

(December 20) : Joseph de Tonquédec contributes some pages from his forthcoming critique of Blondel's philosophy. Blondel teaches that observation, apprehension, judgment are powerless to put one in touch with reality; this can only be realized by personal experience.—Vladimir Soloviev, "the Newman of Russia," after

once joyfully proclaiming his conversion, maintained a silence which puzzled many. Michel d'Herbigny discusses the reasons which justified this course.—Father Jacques Fabre contributes notes regarding his travels as army chaplain in Morocco last year. He says the finest sight he saw was the humble and cheerful self-sacrifice, and even the religious spirit, of the French soldiers.

Études Franciscaines (January): M. F. Richard, in the *Revue Thomiste* (July-August, 1912), had argued that not only was Thomism the only safe basis and method for attacking the modernist position, but also that Scotism, by its emphasis on the primacy of the will and of action, is anti-intellectualist, and, therefore, allied with pragmatism and modernism. Father Raymond replies that such a view shows a total misunderstanding of the Scotus' views, and that his opponents arguments are mere word-juggling.—Father Hugues contributes a long and eulogistic summary of L. Cl. Fillion's study on *The Stages of Rationalism in its Attacks on the Gospels and on the Life of Our Savior*.

Revue Thomiste (November-December): *The Life of the Church*, by Father Cathola, O.P. The aim of this article is a study of the Church's nature and divine organization. The method of the inquiry is synthetical rather than analytical, the author judging such a method better suited for convincing men of the divine beauty of the work of Christ. The Church as an organism has its soul or vital principle. This is the Holy Ghost Himself, Who possesses the characteristics of unity, immanence, and finality necessary for every vital principle. Scriptural, patristic, and liturgical proofs of this are given.—*The Present Necessity of a Deeper Study of Theology*, by Father Hedde, O.P. Considering the spirit of the age in which we live, the author of the present article is convinced of the necessity of a more profound study of Sacred Theology, a study which, while paying due respect to tradition, will nevertheless be progressive and scientific. Not that there are new truths to be discovered, but that old ones may be better comprehended and more exactly expressed; not that there are new dogmas to be added to the ancient ones, but that the ancient ones may be more fully understood. The failure of certain defenders of theology, in their fight against modernism, is due not to their lack of vigor, of courage, of perseverance, but to the fact that they appear to be inferior to their advancement in logic, in their sense of criticism,

and in their rendition. They give the impression of being the heroic but despairing defenders of a retreating army instead of acting on the offensive. They rest content with general principles which they do not clearly understand—which resolve everything and solve nothing. True defenders hold to tradition, but to do this they must know the tradition. There alone is progress. Yet we must struggle, for, as Lacordaire says, “Truth reigns over minds only on condition of always conquering them.”

Revue des Deux Mondes (December 15): In some very original and amusing conversations called *Between Two Hemispheres*, Mr. Ferreo discusses his ideas and those of some of his clever fellow travelers on art, beauty, and other kindred subjects. New York, in one of these details, is tersely summed up as being the “intestine” of America.—The correspondence of Albert Sorel during the years 1870-1871 is very pleasant reading, not only because of its style, but also for the very sane opinions which the writer held on the French position during the Franco-Prussian War.—The Marquis de Ségur contributes his work, *Au Couchant de la Monarchie*, by an article on the downfall of Necker.

Recent Events.

France.

The new year found France on the eve of the election of a new President. By the last Constitution, the head of the Republic is elected for seven years by the two Houses of Legislature (Senate and Deputies) sitting in joint session as the National Assembly. All French citizens are eligible for the office, except members of any family which has ever reigned in France. The election this year was held on the 17th of the month just expired. The question of a successor of M. Fallières became a matter of general discussion during the last month of the year. A second term is not the custom in France. M. Fallières has performed the duties of his office to the general satisfaction of the country.

The discussion as to his successor has shown that there is to be found at least one man who, while in thorough sympathy with the Republic, is unwilling to take the highest place. To M. Léon Bourgeois, the Minister of Labor and Social Providence in the present Cabinet, a nomination was offered, not once or twice only, but a third time, by a number of supporters sufficient to secure his election. M. Bourgeois persisted in declining, because the state of his health would not permit the fulfillment of its duties. The doctors had forbidden him to live in the light. On any day, he was assured, he was liable to the stroke of fate. The death of a President would be a source of grave inconvenience to the country. As M. Bourgeois was inexorable, the field was clear for other candidates. Of these the most prominent was one who had been taking the leading part in the nomination of M. Bourgeois, the present Premier, M. Raymond Poincaré.

The contest has resulted in the election of M. Poincaré. Satisfaction may be felt with the result, for, although the new President is a thorough Republican, and would only accept support from Republicans, he represents the more moderate elements in the party. This may be seen from the fact that M. Combes was a most vehement opponent of his election. M. Poincaré has taken a very prominent part in the conferences of the Powers with reference to the Balkan War, and to him the maintenance of peace is largely due. He is a young man to be elected to such an office,

being only fifty-two years of age. He is credited with the intention of asserting certain powers of the President, which during the last terms have been left dormant. An attempt of this kind may be a cause of trouble.

The result will, of course, affect the position of the present Cabinet, but not in the same way that it would in this country. For the French Ministers are responsible, as in England, to Parliament, not to the President, and he has to accept a Cabinet which possesses the confidence of that body.

Of all the countries in Europe, the people of France have been the most outspoken in their sympathy with the Balkan States in their struggle with the Turk, and have rejoiced most heartily in their success in the attainment of the long-desired expulsion of this barbarous Power from Europe. The Lord Mayor of London boasted that the Conferences could be held in London because the people of England had shown complete impartiality between the combatants. No such shameful boast could have been made by any Frenchman in authority. For it is a disgrace to be impartial when there is a conflict between right and wrong. There is reason to think that the people of Italy were also warmly in favor of the Balkan Allies, but its government is so closely tied up with the Austrian that counsels were more divided than in France.

Germany.

Germany has been very unfortunate in the loss of such leading statesmen as it at present possesses. In September last the Baron Marschall von Bieberstein died a few weeks after his appointment as Ambassador to Great Britain, where, as was thought by some, he had been specially sent to bring about an improvement of the relations between the two countries.

At the close of the year, Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter died suddenly. He was the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and during his term of office a marked improvement had taken place in these relations. When he was first appointed considerable apprehension was felt. He was called the Little Bismarck, in whose school he had been bred. He took, it is said, the principal part in the aggressive action last year with reference to Morocco. Experience had, however, softened his character, and his death is considered a loss by those most anxious for the preservation of peace. It must, however, be borne in mind that it is the German

Emperor who is the inspirer of the policy of Germany; the Ministers are little more than his instruments. It is not probable, therefore, that the policy recently made so clear will be changed.

With reference to the Balkan War, Germany does not seem to have taken any very prominent part, but has been willing to act as the second of her ally, Austria-Hungary. Nor are there any very clear indications as to the side which was taken by the German people. The truth is that for some time the dominating influence in Germany has been the progress and advancement of commerce and industry, and interests other than materialistic scarcely affect either her government or her people.

Austria-Hungary.

The Dual Monarchy is paying dear for the spirited policy which in recent years it has seen fit to adopt. Before the advent of Count Aehrenthal, Austria-Hungary was looked upon as a Conservative influence—a mainstay of the peace of Europe. Its well-being and the continuance of its existence, although looked upon as doubtful, were strongly desired. At the present time the disappearance of this monarchy of shreds and patches would not be regretted by many of its former friends, for it has become a source of disturbance. By the way in which it effected the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, it brought Europe to the verge of war, and undermined that confidence in treaties which forms the basis of mutual international relations. Its conduct since the breaking out of the Balkan War has been the cause of the anxiety which has been so keenly felt lest the whole of Europe should be involved, and this for the pettiest motives of self-interest. The fear that a little State like Servia should find an outlet in the Adriatic led Austria to arm herself to the teeth. But the price has been high. The exact amount spent is not known: estimates make it range from one hundred millions at the least to two hundred millions of dollars. Trade, moreover, has been totally paralyzed; for several weeks the country has been in a state bordering on panic; deposits have been withdrawn from the banks; the stocking has taken their place.

Nearly one hundred millions are said to have been withdrawn from circulation. Banks, consequently, are unable to place money at the disposal of productive industries. If those who have been the cause of the trouble were themselves likely to bear the burdens,

there would be little cause for complaint, but it is the people who will have to suffer. The taxation, already immense, will have to be increased, as the supposed emergency has "justified" the expenditure without recourse to Parliament.

The present Foreign Minister is a man very different in character from Count Aehrenthal. It is due largely to his moderation and uprightness that worse evils have not befallen the country. But he is in the thralls of a vicious system. Under Count Aehrenthal the Foreign Office, of which he was the head, was the means of the dissemination of a series of fraudulent documents which led to the scandalous trial at Agram. Since the outbreak of the war in the Balkans, an analogous procedure has been adopted. It was alleged by or with the connivance of the Press Bureau of the Foreign Office, that the Consul of the Dual Monarchy at Prisrend, named Prochaska, had been imprisoned by the Servians and ill-treated in indescribable ways; these assertions were circulated after it had been ascertained that they were made without any foundation in order to excite public opinion, and to justify the "precautions" that were being taken.

These proceedings of the government have led the independent press of Austria itself to express fears lest the international position of Austria should be shaken. "The Prochaska case and its issue are equivalent to a lost battle for the Austrian State." In Germany the condemnation of the handling of the case has been almost unanimous, while in France Austrian policy, as a whole, has met with very severe criticisms. The effects of this condemnation are being felt even in the world of finance. Austria is finding it very difficult to place the bonds which the Treasury has emitted, while Hungary has had to pay seven per cent for a loan which a British Colony could issue at four.

The rumor, to which reference was made last month, that the Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy had been renewed has proved to be well founded. As this renewal took place something like eighteen months before the term for its expiration, and in the midst of all the turmoil of the Balkan War, a certain degree of skepticism was justified. The renewal has been made, it is said, on precisely the same terms as before. Anticipations had been formed that its scope would be widened to include the naval control of the Mediterranean, in view of the fleets which are being built by Austria and Germany. This does not seem to have been done. The term for which the Alliance is to last, according

to some account, is twelve years, according to others seven. Its renewal is taken as a sign that the balance of power is to remain in the long-existent equilibrium.

After the meeting of the German Emperor with the Tsar at Port Baltic, an official *communiqué* was issued that there had been no question of producing "alterations of any kind in the grouping of the European Powers, the value of which for the maintenance of equilibrium and peace has already been proved." This grouping—the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente—has now become a fundamental part of the order of things in Europe. Its chief advantage is that in most of the questions that arise, isolated action is prevented by the necessity of consultation with the other members of the groups to which each of these Powers belong. This necessity prevents precipitate action, and renders the maintenance of peace more likely. The renewal has, therefore, given general satisfaction.

Although full reliance cannot be placed in the statement that the questions at issue between Austria-Hungary and Albania and Serbia have been settled, there is reason to think that such is the case. The general principles were discussed at the Conference of Ambassadors held in London. The Albanians are to have autonomy, under the suzerainty of Turkey; Serbia is to have a commercial port on the Adriatic, with special safeguards, both of itself and of the road to it. The relations of Austria with foreign powers remain, therefore, unchanged, a war with Russia having for the second time been averted. Russia was united as one man in support of the Slavs in the Balkans. The government of the Tsar deserves great credit for the control which it exercised over its people.

Ever since 1905 every government that has taken office in Hungary has included universal suffrage in its programme, but under one pretext or another has failed to fulfill its pledge. On the last day of the old year the Premier introduced into the Lower House of the Hungarian Parliament a Bill which looks like a patent evasion of the reforms so long demanded. The franchise is to be given to men with secondary school education depositing certificates at the age of twenty-four, and to all the rest at thirty. Industrial workmen must show that they have been in permanent employment for two years, and agricultural laborers for five years. Illiterates receive the franchise only when they pay something like eight dollars in taxes or own seventeen acres. Polling is by secret ballot

in towns, and by open ballot in agricultural districts. Eight hundred and fifty thousand will be added to the number of voters if it should pass—an increase of seventy-five per cent of the present number.

Italy.

The year 1912 has been a great year for Italy. The success of the attempt to seize upon Tripoli, unjust though it was, has made her a great Power, as the world counts greatness. It has caused the nation to realize better than ever before its unity and strength. Material prosperity has never been so great. Emigration has been checked. The finances of the country have never been so stable. They have borne the strain of the war in a manner that has surprised the whole world. So great is the prosperity that the Socialists have ceased to agitate. The subversive parties of the State—the Radicals of the Extreme Left, the Republicans and the Socialists—have received a severe setback. The Crown is exceedingly popular, and a report has appeared, although this is doubtless malicious, that the King thinks of proclaiming himself Emperor of Rome.

The chief, purely internal, event of the year has been the passing of an Electoral Reform Bill which extends the franchise from three millions to nearly eight millions of electors. It provides also for changes in the electoral procedure and in the payment of Deputies.

The renewal of the Triple Alliance keeps Italy in the same relation to Germany and to Austria-Hungary as have so long subsisted. There is, however, some obscurity as to the character of the friendship between two members of the Alliance—Austria and Italy. A party in Austria is ardently in favor of a war with Italy. This party was held in check by the late Count Aehrenthal, who forced the resignation of a general high in office in the army, because he was a strong advocate of such a war. No sooner was the Triple Alliance renewed than this general was re-appointed. Great perplexity is felt in both countries as to the meaning of this step.

The Balkan War.

At the time these lines are being written the peace negotiations which have been carried on in London for the past four weeks are at a standstill, and no one knows what will be the out-

come. It is understood that the Great Powers have taken steps to mediate between the combatants. Turkey, at the beginning, refused to recognize her defeat, and demanded that Adrianople should remain Turkish; that Macedonia should be an autonomous principality, with its capital Salonika under the suzerainty of the Porte; that Albania should be a self-governing Province, administered by a Prince of the Ottoman Imperial House; that the future of Crete should be left to the discussion of the Powers; and that the Ægean Islands should be retained by Turkey. These demands were immediately rejected by the delegates of the Balkan States, who required the surrender of Adrianople and the drawing of such a boundary of the territory left to Turkey in Europe as to leave her only a very small district. The Ægean Islands were to be surrendered, with certain exceptions to be specified by the Powers; Albania was to be ceded, its future to be decided by the Powers. All kinds of modifications of these original terms have been discussed; but no settlement has been reached, and it is quite possible that this war may be renewed.

It has been left to Rumania to give to the world one of the most amazing exhibitions of national selfishness on record. She is requiring of Bulgaria, who has sacrificed her blood and treasure in fighting the common enemy, the surrender of a large portion of the latter's territory as the price for having done nothing for the common cause, and is threatening to enforce her demand by making war on its champion. It is a proceeding worse than that of a brigand who charges a ransom for giving a man the liberty he has taken from him.

Persia.

The state of Persia shows no sign of improvement, and if that is true of nations which is said to be true of individuals, that not to make progress is to go backward—little hope can be entertained for the future. Its ruler is a child fifteen years of age. The Regent appointed to govern in his place has left the country, and has taken up his abode in Europe. It is not known whether or no he intends ever to return. The ex-Shah has pledged his word never again to come back, but that word is worth as little now as it was when he ruled. In fact one of the anxieties of those interested in Persia is the dread that he is making efforts to regain the power, for he is not without supporters, and there are many

who despair of any amelioration under the existing form of government.

The Mejliss, as the Persian legislature is called, has been in abeyance for more than a year. Rumors have been circulated, from time to time, that new elections are to be held, but none have yet taken place. A Cabinet is in existence, but in such a state of things naturally cannot do much to save the country. It has no power to change the Constitution, or even to appoint a Regent. The consequence is that the various independent tribes, of which the population mainly consists, have thrown off the authority of the central government. The disorganization has gone still further, for the members of many tribes have cast off the control of their own chiefs, and have organized into lawless bands of robbers and bandits. This is especially the case in the south, in which part commerce is almost at a standstill. Within the last few weeks a British Captain was shot by the assailants of a caravan.

Every excuse is being given to the Powers interested in trade to interfere in Persian affairs, or even, were they so disposed, to divide the country between themselves. In fact, in the north in several places there have been for some time considerable Russian forces, while in the south Great Britain has a few soldiers to guard the Consulates. But both Powers disclaim the intention of taking this course. The conferences which took place last September between the Foreign Ministers of Russia and Great Britain resulted, it is said, in the complete agreement of the two Powers as to the necessity of strengthening the Persian government and assisting it to maintain order. No detailed programme, however, has been published, and the attention of both Great Britain and Russia has since been absorbed in the questions that have arisen from the Balkan War. The project of a Trans-Persian Railway to connect the Russian with the Indian System of Railways, the exact plans for which are being considered by a *comité d'études*, composed of British, French, and Russian members, has been severely criticized by Lord Curzon, formerly a Viceroy of India, on the ground that its construction would involve great danger to the safety of India from invasion. Great Britain and Russia are at present friends, but will that always be the case? The common danger apprehended from Germany, and—perhaps as important a consideration—the recent development of trade between the two countries, are strong bonds of united action for the time being; but like every thing human by no means immutable.

China.

Accounts differ greatly as to the present actual state of China under the Republic. Anticipations as to its future are, of course, still more divergent. Were all the public men of China as self-sacrificing as was Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who gave such a signal example of patriotic devotion to lofty ideals by resigning the Presidentship to which he had been elected in order to make sure the general recognition of Yuan Shih-kai, the hopes of the future would be greater. Yuan Shih-kai maintains his position as Provisional President with a Coalition Ministry drawn from the former Nanking and Peking Administrations. This Ministry has, however, undergone several modifications, the reasons for which are somewhat obscure. The term of office of the Provisional President lasts till a National Convention meets. This body is to consist of the Senate and House of Representatives sitting together. Laws for the election of both Houses were promulgated in September, and the final elections to the Lower House were to have taken place on the tenth of last month.

So far there has been scarcely even a semblance of constitutional rule. Yuan Shih-kai has been the government. He is not without enemies, and has not been able to exert any authority over the Provinces. The desire for greater independence on the part of these Provinces was, indeed, a mainspring of the revolution. They are not likely easily to give up to a President what they refused to an Emperor. Whether Yuan Shih-kai will be elected permanent President of the Republic by the National Committee is, of course, still quite uncertain. The support of Dr. Sun Yat-sen is much in his favor. So far none of the Powers have recognized the new Republic. As in the case of the Portuguese Republic, they are doubtless waiting for its definite constitution.

The question of money has been the chief obstacle to complete success of the new *régime*. A large sum is required, and the bankers of six Powers have combined not to lend except under certain conditions. They look upon every Chinese government, whether Central or Provincial, as unworthy of trust, and for this they have good reason, based upon experience of the past. The conditions which the group of the six Powers demanded the Chinese government looked upon as humiliating.

It is now stated that a loan is to be made, although for a much smaller sum than was at first sought. The fact that the government has promulgated an order to create an Audit Bureau

charged with the auditing of the revenues of the Central and Provincial Governments, and that the services of an expert foreigner are to be enlisted, has doubtless facilitated the negotiations of this loan, and has led to a modification of the conditions which had proved so unacceptable to China, although some measure of control of the expenditure is secured. Steps also have been taken to effect a reform of the currency—a long-standing evil. For this purpose a foreign adviser has been chosen, a gentleman from Holland.

In a very important matter the Republic has shown itself far less efficient than the deposed Emperor. The latter was able by an Edict to suppress the growth of opium. This was done so effectually that a Treaty was made with Great Britain to bring the trade to an end within a time shorter than that at first stipulated. Since the establishment of the Republic some of the Provinces have acted in violation of the Treaty obligations, and the Central Government has been unable to bring them to a sense of their duty. Hence complications are likely to arise with Great Britain, and a possible reversion to the evils of the opium trade may be the result, for it is understood that Great Britain contemplates terminating the Opium Agreement of 1911 unless its conditions are observed.

The Treaty made last October by the Mongolian authorities with Russia practically excludes the Chinese not merely from the administration of that country, but even from the settlement of the Chinese within its boundaries. On the other hand, to the Russians there are granted a large number of special privileges, the effect of which is to make Mongolia as free to Russian industry and commerce as is Siberia itself.

Action has been taken by Great Britain in restriction of rights claimed by China over Tibet. In this case China has recently made efforts to exert actual sovereignty over a country of which she is only the suzerain, and which has hitherto possessed a large measure of autonomy. This was done in violation of a Convention made in 1906. Great Britain has informed China that while fully recognizing her suzerainty, she cannot suffer her to assert sovereignty over a country which has the right to make treaties in its own name.

Japan.

Japan has just been passing through a Cabinet crisis of which it has been somewhat difficult to find a solution. The country stands greatly in need of financial retrenchment. Taxa-

tion has been on a war footing. The burden of taxation is said to be double that of France. Prices, too, as in the rest of the world, have been steadily rising. Retrenchment, therefore, was considered necessary, but the proposals of the Premier stood in the way of that increase in the army in Korea which was demanded by the War Minister. The latter accordingly resigned, and as no other War Minister could be found, this led to the resignation of the Cabinet. Great difficulty was experienced in finding a Premier capable at once of relieving the burden of taxation, and of satisfying the demands of the army. The choice at last fell upon Prince Katsura, who only a few months ago had announced his final retirement from public life. It is probable that he acted in obedience to the Emperor's command; for, although Japan has a constitution, the Emperor still possesses a large degree of authority. This is shown by the fact that he issued an edict by which he ordered an admiral who had refused the Ministry of Marine in the new Cabinet to take that office—an order which was promptly obeyed. The new Cabinet has a difficult work to do, at once to satisfy the army and to effect economics. Its prospects are not very bright.

The conduct of the Japanese administration of Korea has been severely criticized. Over one hundred Koreans, most of whom were Christians, were sentenced in September for a conspiracy to murder Count Terauchi, the Governor-General. The evidence which led to this conviction, it is alleged, had been secured by the use of torture, and in various respects the police and judicial methods made use of at the trial are said not to have reached the standard of a right administration of justice.

With Our Readers.

WE take pleasure in putting before our readers the work of the American Economic League, of which Mr. Richard Dana Skinner is President. The headquarters of the League are at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Its work is of the kind that is sorely needed in the matter of social reform to-day. The League is an association of Catholic university and college graduates, and its aim is not only to spread abroad correct economic principles, but also to stimulate a keen and active interest among the Catholic laymen of the country in the vital and pressing social questions of the day.

* * * * *

THE League plans to have local chapters throughout the country and a national headquarters. Part of its programme is to propose subjects for debate and general discussion; to report arguments and results, and thus in time to train a number of capable speakers. Furthermore, it plans the publication and distribution of pamphlets dealing with the most important social and economic questions, and written by the best Catholic authorities.

Such a work ought to receive the encouragement and support of every zealous Catholic.

The following appeal has been sent out by the League:

What do you consider the greatest menace to the State?

To this question would you not reply, at first, "The instigators of revolution?"

But, after reflection, would you not see a factor still greater, far more basic, namely, *that which makes revolutionary agitation possible?*

If all parts of society were properly ordered, the revolutionary would be laughed to scorn; yet your experience constantly shows that he is one of the most seriously accepted persons of the day. He is feared only because he has power. The truly important question is, *where does he secure that power?*

His stronghold lies in the blind financial greed which sucks the life blood from the heart of our nation, in the gross materialism and immorality practiced by the Scribes and Pharisees of our day, and ill concealed under the cloak of a false and hypocritical Christianity, with which they would deceive those about them. Among a large proportion of our citizens religion is desirable only so long as it is convenient, and respectable only in so far as it is fashionable!

It is time to awake! The true spirit of Christ still lingers here and there; the Catholic Church is at once its chief promoter and protector. It is time to infuse this spirit into the practical social and economic life of the nation! No mere "system" of human and fallible laws can supplant eternal justice. Unless human law is based on Divine law, it becomes futile; social order and equilibrium

must be brought into being, not by an artificial system, but by the saving grace of true Christian love!

The Eunomic movement, as its name implies, has two great objects. First, the awakening of a strong public conscience by spreading abroad the great social and economic principles of Christian Democracy long maintained by the Church, and particularly emphasized by the late Pope, Leo XIII. Secondly, the attainment of social order by a systematic endeavor to secure the enactment and enforcement of humane laws based on the true understanding of Divine justice.

Do you not see about you hundreds of crying abuses, the weight of which has dragged us into the mire? Do you not realize that half of these abuses could have no foothold if the strength of public opinion were directed against them? Do you not see that it is only the callousness, the deadly apathy which has blunted a large part of the public conscience, that allows these abuses to continue unchecked, that unconsciously fosters the spirit of revolution at its breast?

It is truly revolution that is needed, a revolution in the minds and hearts of men! That is the revolution which the teachings of Christ wrought in the hideous corruption of Imperial Rome, centuries ago. That is the revolution which the same teachings, the same Divine principles of social order, must work to-day, amidst a corruption in many ways scarcely less hideous!

This is the true revolution for which the Eunomic movement is striving, the revolution which shall raise men's hearts once more to God, which shall supplant with justice, commercial integrity and civic righteousness the religious indifference, the dishonesty and corruption of the disordered life surging about us!

SOME few weeks ago His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, in a lengthy and timely commentary on the Minority Report of the British Divorce Commission, showed how the widespread evil of divorce throughout our country has made us in this respect the laughing stock of the civilized world. In connection with what His Eminence then stated, the following figures, given by the Rev. Mr. Moody at a meeting of the New York State Marriage and Divorce Commission, are instructive.

"The Pacific Coast has been the greatest divorce centre not only of this country, but of the entire world, and in that belt of Washington, Oregon, and California the divorce centre has been San Francisco. In the year 1912 alone there were granted in this country over 100,000 divorces. More than 70,000 children, mostly under the age of ten years, were deprived of one or both parents by divorce. In the last forty years 3,700,000 adults were separated by divorce in the country, and more than 5,000,000 persons were affected by these cases.

"The bulk of these cases in that period have been in the Middle Western States, nine of which provided 632,000 divorces, or practically half of all the divorces in the country. Illinois alone provided 120,000 divorces, and for this reason we have deemed it wise to make the beginning of our movement in that State, where we now have a com-

mission on marriage and divorce striving to bring about reform of the marriage and divorce laws and work for countrywide uniformity thereof. Pennsylvania had 55,760 divorces, the State of California 50,000, and that of New York 44,450.

"New York State, however, sent 18,169 of its couples into other States to procure divorces, and probably 10,000 more persons who obtained divorces without leaving records of their place of marriage. Thus New York's total is probably 80,000 divorces. These migratory divorces, cases sent from the State into another, constitute sixty-six per cent of the divorces in Connecticut, fifty per cent of those in New York, and forty-two per cent of those in New Jersey. Most of these were procured elsewhere than in the State where the parties lived, in order to defeat the ends of real justice where there was no clear case justifying divorce.

"In twenty years 170,000 cases out of the total of 900,000 divorces were brought on with change of residence—migratory divorces. From twenty-five to fifty per cent of the children in our reform schools have been found to have got there because of the separation of their parents.

"In this country there is a pressing necessity of legislation requiring every State to see to it that both the parties in every divorce suit are represented. At present ninety per cent of the cases go by default, with only one party represented. In Reno, for example, divorces are granted on the utterly uncorroborated testimony of one party to the suit."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:**
Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests. Volume III. By Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S.S. \$1.00 net. *Eucharistic Lilies.* By Helen Maery. \$1.00 net. *Saints and Places.* By John Ayscough. \$1.50 net. *The Holy Hour.* By The Rt. Rev. B. J. Keiley, D.D. 10 cents; per 100, \$6.00.
- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:**
God or Chaos? By Rev. Robert Kane, S.J. \$1.25 net. *A Hundred Years of Irish History.* By Barry O'Brien. *Come Rack! Come Ropel!* By Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.35 net.
- THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:**
The Names of God. By the Ven. Leonard Lessius, S.J. Translated by T. J. Campbell, S.J. \$1.08 postpaid.
- APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, New York:**
Your Neighbor and You. By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. 50 cents.
- CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLISHING Co., New York:**
Walking with God; Working for God. From the writings of St. Alphonsus Liguori. Edited by Rt. Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D. Each, 30 cents net.
- FRANK D. BEATTYS & Co., New York:**
Two and Two Make Four. By Bird S. Coler. \$1.50 net.
- SILVER, BURDETT & Co., New York:**
The American Normal Readers. Book V. By May Louise Harvey. 60 cents.
- D. C. HEATH & Co., New York:**
Italian Short Stories. Selected and Edited by E. R. Wilkins, Ph.D., and R. Altrocchi, A.M. 60 cents.
- THE BUFFALO CATHOLIC PUBLICATION Co., Buffalo:**
Lances Hurlled at the Sun. By Rev. James H. Cotter, LL.D. \$1.00.
- HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:**
Vocations for Girls. By Mary A. Laselle and Katherine Wiley. 85 cents net.
- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:**
A Guidebook to Colorado. By Eugene Parsons. \$1.50.
- ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS, Boston:**
New Ireland. By Dionne Desmond. \$1.00.
- B. HERDER, St. Louis:**
Facts and Theories. By Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, LL.D. 45 cents. *Minor Orders.* By Rev. Louis Bacuez, S.S. \$1.25. *Polemic Chat.* By Edmund M. Dunne. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.
- R. & T. WASHBOURNE, LTD., London:**
Lourdes and the Holy Eucharist. By Rev. Paul Aucler, S.J. Pamphlet. 1 penny.
- AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:**
Purification After Death. By Rev. M. J. Watson, S.J. *A Lost Holiday, and Other Stories.* By Miriam Agatha. (N. S. W.) *The Melancholy Heart.* By F. W. Faber, D.D. *How the Angel Became Happy.* By Canon Sheehan, D.D. *The Church and the Foundling.* By Rev. J. J. Malone. Pamphlets. One penny each.
- BLOUD ET CIE, Paris:**
Hume. Par Jean Didier. o fr. 60. *Robert Bellarmin (1542-1621)—Les Marques de la Véritable Eglise.* Par L. Cristiani. o fr. 60. *Manuel d'Epigraphie chrétienne. I. Inscriptions latines. II. Inscriptions grecques.* Par René Aigrain. 1 fr. 20 each.
- P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:**
Pour mes Homélies des Dimanches et des Fêtes. Par I. L. Gondal, S.S. Tomes I. et II. 12 frs. *Questions de Morale, de Droit Canonique et de Liturgie.* Par Son Eminence le Cardinal Casimir Gennari. Tomes I.-VI. 24 frs. *Combats d'hier et d'aujourd'hui.* Par Comte Albert de Mun. 4 frs.
- PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris:**
Histoire Religieuse de la Révolution Française. Tome I. Par Pierre de la Gorce. *La Vie Au Théâtre.* Par Henry Bordeaux. Première Série, 1907-1909. Deuxième Série, 1909-1911.
- LIBRAIRIE FELIX ALCAN, Paris:**
Volonté et Liberté. Par Wincenty Lutoslawski. 7 frs. 50.
- LIBRERIA EDITRICE FIORENTINA, Firenze:**
Le Leggi dell'Eredita. G. A. Elrington. Lire 0,75. *Il Psicomonismo o Monismo Psicobiologico.* Bohdan Rutkiewicz. Lire 0,75. *Recenté Scoperte e Recenté Teorie.* Agostino Gemelli, O.F.M. Lire 0,75. *Le Falsificazioni di Ernesto Haeckel.* A. Brass and A. Gemelli. Lire 2,50. *Quaestiones Theologiae Medico-Pastoralis.* Tomus I. Agostino Gemelli, O.F.M. Lire 4. *La Lotta Contro Lourdes.* Agostino Gemelli, O.F.M. Lire 4,00. *Ciò che rispondono gli avversari di Lourdes.* Agostino Gemelli, O.F.M.

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THE POETRY AND PROSE OF LIONEL JOHNSON.

BY ELBRIDGE COLBY.



HERE were two chief inspirations to the poetry of Lionel Johnson, the Catholic Faith and Ireland. Whatever others may be attributed to him—whether reminiscences of Oxford, affection for Winchester, devotion to the classics, reverence for nature, memories of Cornwall and Wales, or cherishment of his friendships—they are merely incidental and subordinate to the two larger interests. They are confined to illustration, to amplification, to support of one of the main theses. The poems which discuss subjects purely ideal may be limited in material to one of the minor fields; but the coloring is always Catholic or Irish. Lionel Johnson received impressions and emitted expressions in a certain poetic mood. In some poems this poetic mood is evident only as determining the point of view; in others it is the sole motif of the piece. It has emanated from his love for Catholicism and for Ireland; and naturally, therefore, his poetry would deal to a large extent with ideals and ideas of a Catholic and of an Irish character.

Before we speak of Lionel Johnson as a poet of the Celtic Renaissance, it is necessary that we should examine this "movement" and learn whereof it consists. I have avoided the well-nigh accepted title "Irish Revival," because I consider it a misnomer. The writers who compose the school of Mr. Yeats are in no sense the lineal literary descendants of the early Irish poets or of the

daring, patriotic, mid-century singers of Irish legends, and of Irish heroism—Davis, Mangan, Callanan, and Walsh. The true Irishman, Mr. G. B. Shaw to the contrary notwithstanding, is a very simple character with a strong faith; his character is to a certain extent represented in the work of the writers of '48, and in the works of Griffin, Lever, Lover, and the Banims. A real "Irish Revival" would not have failed to take the Irish themselves into account. I have adopted the words "Celtic Renaissance" as better suited to the work of the school of Mr. Yeats for two reasons: it is essentially Celtic rather than Irish, not limiting itself to the narrower field of Ireland; it is analogous to the "Renaissance" period in European literature, of which John Addington Symonds has treated, in that it is not so much an attempt to reconstruct a by-gone past as to draw upon that past for the unusual, the fantastic, and the weird bits of illustrative material.

Furthermore, this Celtic Renaissance is very much outside the trend of Irish, and within the trend of English, literature. Wordsworth crystallized the idea that the object of all poetry was truth; Poe affirmed that poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty; and Keats declared that "beauty is truth, truth beauty." Thus began the nineteenth century worship of beauty, which resulted in the revival of buried centuries, and which produced in turn the poetry of Keats, Tennyson, Morris, Rossetti, and Swinburne, and of Pater, Patmore, and Francis Thompson. Then, early in the nineties, it occurred to some that instead of going back to "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," instead of seeking materials in the mediæval romances and legends, instead of delighting in the gallant sights of Italian tournaments, these writers might find for their inspiration new material in the dim forgotten mists of the Celtic twilight before the dawn of history in the British Isles. Thus the Celtic Renaissance is a part of the English æsthetic movement. We may add that it is essentially pagan; and that it is essentially a movement of defeat, a material and a spiritual renunciation.

For a confirmation of the statement that it is essentially pagan, we have only to turn and think of the beautiful and cold grandeur of Pater, and the imitated ferocity of W. E. Henley's *Song of the Sword*, and connect them in our mind with the heartless brutality of Fiona MacLeod. In *Marcath** we get the wild, terrible beauty of the fighting life of other days.

*Fiona MacLeod: *Mircath* in *The Washer of the Ford and Other Tales*, p. 293.

Olaf the Red.....went into the sea, red indeed, for the blood streamed from head and shoulders and fell about him as a scarlet robe.....When Haco the Laugher saw the islanders coming out of the West in their birlinns, he called to his vikings, "Now of a truth we shall hear the Song of the Sword!".....No man knew aught of the last moments ere the birlinns bore down upon the viking's galley. Crash and roar and scream, and a wild surging; the slashing of swords, the whistle of arrows, the fierce hiss of whirled spears, the rending crash of battle-axe and the splintering of the javelins; wild cries, oaths, screams, shouts of victors, and yells of the dying; shrill taunts from the spillers of life, and savage choking cries from those drowning in the bloody yeast that bubbled and foamed in the maelstrom where the warboats swung and reeled this way and that; and over all the loud death-music of Haco the Laugher.....Never had the sword sung a sweeter song.

Also, the writings of Mr. Yeats and of John M. Synge do not obtain the deep spirituality of the Irish faith. They deal with superstitions, with dreams, with fantastic ideality rather than with the great fervent forces which stir humanity. Mr. Yeats, who undoubtedly stands at the head of this "Irish School," has many things in common with Arthur Symons, decadent of decadents, worshipper of the vaguest of all vague symbols of beauty. His mood is the same as that of Symons, but his subject is different. He deals with the tragedies of Celtic myth and legend instead of London music-halls and bought kisses. So, Mr. Yeats has, in an un-Irish fashion, joined himself to the morbid devotees of a beauty that does not, and cannot, exist. Through all his work there is the muffled beat of a despondent heart, the feeling of helpless regret, the note of defeat, the vague and vain longing for "old forgotten far-off things."

Into the midst of this came Lionel Johnson, fresh from the classic severity of a Paterian-Oxford influence, and the positive convictions which had led him along the road to Rome. He was of the Celtic Renaissance and yet not of it. Although he came from a family which had participated in the persecutions and atrocities of 1798, he developed a love for Ireland. He saw the legacy of past years oppressing Ireland, and felt the tragedy of defeat. But, just as in the dark and troublous hours of the Middle Ages sincere Christians abandoned material things and consecrated themselves to God, Lionel Johnson stepped out of the line of retreat

which was marching backward to contemplate the dim disasters of long ago, and consecrated himself to spiritual happiness and to thoughts of ultimate perfection, ultimate conquest, ultimate realization. Ireland had lost the material, and other poets had, therefore, assumed the loss of the spiritual as well. But, with Lionel Johnson it was different. Witness his sentiments in the lines on the statue of Charles I.: sentiments which seem to characterize himself:

Although his whole heart yearn
In passionate tragedy:
Never was face so stern
With sweet austerity.

Our wearier spirit faints,
Vexed in the world's employ:
His soul was of the saints;
And art to him was joy.

The eternal stability of his faith was derived from the divine authority on which he based his hopefulness. Therein is the element of distinction between Lionel Johnson and the other English poets whose work has contributed to this Celtic Renaissance—*hopefulness*. His verse treats of the ideals of man symbolically, rather than the transitory things of the world, as theirs does; but his spirit faces forward.

Quotations from three well-known poems will illustrate his attitude. The first deals with the legend of Sertorius, the Roman leader in Spain, who turned in the hour of defeat and sought to sail westward to the mystical mythical Hesperian Isles, where there is ever peace and hope, and who, for his dreams, was treacherously slain by mutineers. It illustrates the persistently hopeful thoughts of the things that are to be.

No trader thou, to northern isles,
Whom mischief-making gold beguiles
To sunless and unkindly coasts:
What spirit pilots thee thus far
From the tempestuous tides of war,
Beyond the surging of the hosts?

Dreams! for they slew thee: Dreams! they lured
Thee down to death and doom assured:

And we were proud to fall with thee.
 Now, shadows of the men we were,
 Westward indeed we voyage here,
 Unto the end of all the sea.

"*And we were proud to fall with thee.*" Thus does Lionel Johnson think that whatever may happen to the body, the soul that stands firm will conquer. With the slight note of sadness at the crushing of the Irish spirit, he mingled a feeling of triumphant gladness; with his passionate love he mingled a chaste aloofness—all of which is demonstrated by reference to lines in the ode on Ireland.

Thy sorrow, and the sorrow of the sea,
 Are sisters; the sad winds are of thy race:
 The heart of melancholy beats in thee,
 And the lamenting spirit haunts thy face,
 Mournful and mighty Mother! who art kin
 To the ancient earth's first woe,
 When holy Angels wept, beholding sin.
 For not in penance do thy true tears flow,
 Not thine the long transgression: at thy name,
 We sorrow not with shame,
 But proudly; for thy soul is white as snow.

And of the loyal hearts overseas he says:

Far off, they yet can consecrate their days
 To thee, and on the swift winds westward blown,
 Send thee the homage of their hearts.

The essential difference between the material and spiritual despondency which we know to be characteristic of the Celtic Renaissance, and the material defeat and spiritual triumph of Lionel Johnson, is perhaps best shown by the apostrophe to the sun in the lines to *Gwynedd*.

From dawn of day,
 We watch the trailing shadows of the waste,
 The waste moors, or the ever-mourning sea:
 What, though in speedy splendor thou hast raced
 Over the heather or wild wave, a ray
 Of traveling glory and swift bloom? Still thou
 Inhabitest the mighty morning's brow;
 And hast thy flaming and celestial way,
 Afar from our sad beauties, in thine haste.

The chief characteristic of the poems on Ireland are this lofty idealism and the refusal to accept a mood of defeat, this secure confidence in a "flaming and celestial way afar from our sad beauties." Lionel Johnson, together with several lesser poem-writers such as Mr. Seumas MacManus and "Ethna Carberry," should have the best claim to distinction in a true "Irish Revival." No tear-stained Celtic Renaissance this, but a courageous and hopeful advance toward better days, a movement founded on a passionate and practical love of Ireland, a march of Christians with strong loves and strong hates, with great hopes and great fears. They are minstrels to incite advancing warriors; they are bards to stir the fighters to battle; they are songsters to rouse the *mircath* in the hearts of the soldiers. For the benefit of those who have falsely had the idea that Lionel Johnson's mood was that of a recluse, a calm cloistral composer, austere, somber, and sad, I will quote a single stanza from *Ways of War*, an imagined picture of future assemblings, future fights, and future victories.

A dream! a dream! an ancient dream!
 Yet, ere peace come to Inisfail,
 Some weapons on some field must gleam,
 Some burning glory fire the Gael!

There is no doubt of the definiteness and the action implied in those lines!

Where Mr. Yeats contributes to Irish or English literature merely a vague and indefinable yearning and a haunting melancholy, this Catholic poet contributes true enthusiasm. The Celtic characteristic of intense individuality and remoteness is lacking in the work of Mr. Yeats who has peddled to the world an unnatural sadness; but Lionel Johnson utilized contemplation and solitude to express high inspirations for men and high aspirations for man. In his thoughts of Ireland there is the mark of firm decision backed by careful thought. His mood is one to elevate, not to depress. He stood on embattled ground, facing forward.

We have discussed the inspiration of Ireland—the influence of Ireland upon him and his interest in Irish affairs.

The other inspiration of Lionel Johnson was the Catholic Faith, and there were many phases to his love for the Church. Mr. Yeats once said that Johnson had

made a world full of altar lights and golden vestures, and murmured Latin and incense clouds and autumn winds and dry leaves, where one wanders, remembering martyrdoms and courtesies that the world has forgotten. His ecstasy is the ecstasy of combat, not of submission to the Divine Will; and even when he remembers that "the old saints prevail," he sees "the one ancient priest" who alone offers the sacrifice, and remembers the loneliness of the saints. Had he not this ecstasy of combat he would be the poet of those peaceful and happy souls who, in the symbolism of a living Irish visionary, are compelled to inhabit when they die a shadowy Island of Paradise in the West.

Thus, the head of the "Irish School" has selected for comment one of the few poems that are not composed of distilled courage. The one indicated, *The Church of a Dream*, is the nearest in poetic mood to the Yeatsian haunting music of sweet sorrow, and to the Yeatsian human helplessness and inevitable fatalism when

The host is riding from Knock-na-rea,
the host whose cry is,

And if any gaze on our rushing band
We come between him and the hope of his heart,
We come between him and the deed of his hand.

This idea on which Mr. Yeats has dwelt is the very point of departure for Lionel Johnson from the spirit of the Celtic Renaissance. Instead of "the sadness of all beauty at the heart" and the "song of sorrow," we have the trumpet peal rung out by the champion of a vigorous cause. There is something real and tangible about the faith of a man who could write such stanzas as these from *Te Martyrum Candidatus*:

Ah, see the fair chivalry come, the companions of Christ!
White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, the Knights of God!
They, for their Lord and their Lover Who sacrificed
All, save the sweetness of treading, where He first trod!

These through the darkness of death, the dominion of night,
Swept, and they woke in white places at morning-tide:
They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy of the sight,
They saw with their eyes the Eyes of the Crucified.

Now, whithersoever He goeth, with Him they go:

White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, oh fair to see!
They ride, where the Rivers of Paradise flash and flow,
White Horsemen, with Christ their Captain: for ever He!

This "ecstasy of combat" is seen with more subtlety, and more from the point of view of the individual, in the lines to *The Dark Angel*:

I fight thee, in the Holy Name!
Yet, what thou dost, is what God saith:
Tempter! should I escape thy flame,
Thou wilt have helped my soul from Death.

* * * * *

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust!
Of two defeats, of two despairs:
Less dread, a change to drifting dust,
Than thine eternity of cares.

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,
Dark Angel! triumph over me:
Lonely, unto the Lone I go;
Divine, to the Divinity.

In the "shadowy depth" and the "mourning gloom," he played the part of a mystic priest who made his home with "the rich and sounding voices of the air, interpreters and prophets of despair." As *Julian at Eleusis* from the darkness of the holy place had learned the secrets divine, so he in his literary kinship to Pater had cultivated the classic writers of other days, and culled the secret wisdom of their wisest minds. From Plato he mined "truth of fine gold," and from the other great men of the past he learned whatever they had to teach. In much the same manner as Arnold he considered the works of the ancients as touchstones—as past hopes, past knowledge, past accomplishments from which we should progress. And what was there to be found, he reasoned, comparable to Catholicism in venerable richness, in greatness and eternity of strength, and in security for the future?

With extreme care, Lionel Johnson played the role of prophet, and, when his vision was complete, "sang for joy of the sight." He always loved the contemplative and the mystical; and we can easily imagine to ourselves the splendor of his emotions after a high

session of lofty inspiration. The sensations must have seemed to his heart and to his soul somewhat similar to those at Eleusis:

Then on their eyes fast sealed, their dreading ears,
Thunder with flame broke through the sanctuary:
And through the thunder, voices; through the flame,
Visions: and in the vision and the voice,
God's light, and the whole melody of God.

Lionel Johnson was a mystic, but essentially a Christian mystic; his thoughts were of the exaltation of the soul, not of the mind or of the senses. In *The Darkness* he has shown us the inner life of a solitary given to whole-hearted devotion, and in *Our Lady of the Snows* he has depicted the beauty and the righteousness of the ascetic life. He will ever be considered a worthy advocate of monasticism. His ardent love for St. Francis of Assisi was one of the characteristics of his mystical, sacred mind. The attitude expressed in the poem to the Assisian, and in the poem called *The Precept of Silence*, is not unlike the early mediæval attitude. The Christians of those days had high ideals, for which they were willing to fight and die. Of what they liked they could not have too much: of what they hated they could not have too little. Classic stoicism rapidly lost favor, and people plunged into the mood of their religion in absolute abandonment and ecstatic exaltation. Our poet sang:

Thy love loved all things, thy love knew no stay
But drew the very wild beasts around thy knee.
Oh, lover of the least and the lowest! pray,
St. Francis, to the Son of Man, for me;

and in *The Precept of Silence* he said:

I know you: solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours!
I know you: tremulous beliefs,
Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers.

So Lionel Johnson's poetic mood, for all his classicism aroused by Pater, was the product of a mind essentially mediæval. His sympathies were with the Church, and especially with the early Church of Britain. His mood was that of some superb bard sing-

ing worthily to inspire the Christian chivalry of Arthur, singing for the knights who

.....swore
 To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
 To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
 To speak no slander; no nor listen to it,
 To lead sweetest lives in purest chastity.*

Comparing him with the other eminent English Catholic poets of his time, we find him utterly unique. He brought more exquisite culture to his Catholic inspiration than did Coventry Patmore; and yet his poetry seems less learned, less detailed, less dogmatic, less prejudiced. It is not possible to say that Lionel Johnson was more rich or covered a more extensive field than Francis Thompson; but it is possible to say that he depicted general sensations and symbolic sentiments with more humanity and simplicity, with more passion and less emotion. The early years of the nineteenth century had shown many poets with a belief in the infinite perfectibility of the human soul. The progress in science soon made this wild groping seem ridiculous, and then the poets became despondent and sought perfection in the past, "reviving buried centuries." Lionel Johnson and these other Catholic poets took then the station of the music-makers who stood beside the men of old, and so shall stand forever; and they taught that, amid a maze of doubt, the only spiritual certainty lay in the Catholic Faith. They sang victory amid defeat; and Lionel Johnson seems the most fervent, the most simple, the most sincere.

As for Lionel Johnson's technique as a poet, as for his ability as a handler of the tools of versification, little need be said. His beauty was a thoughtful beauty and his artistry was conscious. Most of his poems were short, but not so Herrick-like, not so carefully cut and polished as those of Father Tabb. They present a single thought well enriched and finely developed; and their length seems to be necessary to the depth and dignity of the subject. Johnson's poetry obtains a rare musical quality. The rhythm is usually sustained throughout—flawless. *Magic* is inimitable for music; and *Te Martyrum Candidatus* sweeps along in a manner appropriate to the challenging, charging, conquering "companions of Christ." A re-reading of any of the passages already cited will show the characteristic of his versification without further

*Alfred Tennyson, *Idylls of the King*.

quotation. The poems are thoughtful, and there is no "lyric cry." There is, however, an elevating sweep and mount in the mere succession of words. If we wished to pause for a moment to agree with the French Symbolists that the sound-sense, the feeling of colors in the sound of the words, conveyed an impression of beauty irrespective of the meaning of the words, we could scarcely find a better example than the rhythm of Lionel Johnson. The very movement of the line gives the sensation of elevating, of ennobling, of aspiring, in a measure equalled only by the expressed thought of the line. In *Christmas*, we have a real song:

Sing *Bethlehem!* Sing *Bethlehem!*
 You daughters of Jerusalem!
 Keep sorrow for Gethsemani,
 And mourning for Mount Calvary!

Why are your lids and lashes wet?
 Here is no darkling Olivet.
 Sing *Bethlehem!* Sing *Bethlehem!*
 You daughters of Jerusalem!

Then in the wonderfully simple piece *To Morfydd* we see what he can do with a refrain, varying the word and syllable sounds in the body of each stanza so as to give a carefully studied, a clearly premeditated, effect.

With Nature directly Lionel Johnson deals but little. In *Gwynedd* (passage quoted above), in *Cadgwith*, and in *A Cornish Night* he looks at the external world in a subjective manner something akin to that of Wordsworth. But here there is nothing of the vague, indefinite, shifting pantheism of Wordsworth—nor is there any of the fatal and powerful pantheism of Mr. George Russell ending in poetic, though utter, resignation. Lionel Johnson sees all the wonderful phenomena of Nature, all the magnificent cliffs, all the superb marine views, all the beautiful Welsh and Cornish vignettes as revelations of the gracious and omnipotent God. He can, when less inclined to subjectivity, give the whole picture with a deft word or so:

While on rich fernbanks fair
 The sunlights flash and dance.

But Lionel Johnson is best when he deals with some such subject

as the statue of Charles I., or Sertorius, or the Companions of Christ—when he can give his imagination the freedom it requires, and when his genius can escape into the light of divine inspiration.

Vernon Lee has noticed "the difference between the love of our Elizabethans for the minuter details of the country, the flowers by the stream, the birds in the bushes, the ferrets, frogs, lizards, and smaller creatures; and the pleasure of our own contemporaries in the larger, more shifting, and perplexing forms and colors of cloud, sunlight, earth, and rock;"* and I cannot but remark the modern breadth and strength in the spirit of Lionel Johnson. What Vernon Lee has said of the actual material facts of Nature as seen in the other poets, applies to the spirit of Lionel Johnson. He deals with the larger aspirations of the heart, the nobler feelings of man, the greater influences of God.

It has been stated above that the inspirations of Lionel Johnson were the Catholic Church and Ireland. The two naturally fused. It must be evident to all who read his poems—nay, even to all who read this paper—that these were no separate inspirations. The two were one. The Irish heart is a simple one, and in doubt and defeat it needs a strong support. The Irish faith is deep and certain. So the Irish poet who, moved by the political decline of his nation, dares to lay aside the material things and seek spiritual exaltation, finds it in Catholicism. Thus, Ireland to-day is coming to realize that the Irish, as a nation and as individuals, must discover their future support in the strength of the Catholic Faith. Then shall there be ecstasy, and not bitterness, of combat. Lionel Johnson will be of that band of minstrels who raise songs in expectation of future glory. Louise Imogen Guiney wrote in 1902, "Lionel Johnson, after all, and in spite of all, dared to be happy." May the present writer offer a further contribution as from overseas, a characterization which shall include this other, and also amplify it: *Lionel Johnson, amid the confusion and perplexity of the world, dared to be hopeful, and his happiness was in his hope—the Church.*

**Euphorion*, p. 117.

THE RED ASCENT.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

CHAPTER I.



THE long seminary dining hall was a cheerless place, its bleak walls, ridged by the annual trail of the whitewash brush, and decorated at measured intervals by pictures of staring Saints resplendant in robes of gold and vermillion.

Once the young seminarians had risen in artistic revolt, and requested that these impossible portraits be removed, and one of the students, who had studied art in Paris, had even gone so far as to call them "sacrilegious effigies," but the gentle lay brother in charge of the dining room had convinced them that their demand was unreasonable and uncharitable; the old priest who had painted them in the fervent days of his novitiate was still alive and a frequent visitor at the seminary.

"But he is very feeble, and when he is gone," added the brother pointing heavenwards, "ah, then—"

The delegation smiled, the humorist of the class laughed outright.

"Brother Boniface," he said, "you propose murderous methods, but since you suggest them I am sure they are orthodox. If it is kinder to kill a man than to convince him he's no artist, tell us the name of the perpetrator of these monstrosities, so that we may pray for his early demise."

The fat German brother held up his pudgy hands in mute supplication. Polysyllables always confused him. He was stolid and literal, and he regarded these gay assaults of the students as a positive penance to be endured for the development of his immortal soul.

To-day as he set the table for dinner, he looked up at the gilt-framed pictures with something akin to rapture in his chromo-loving eyes, and he wondered why the young Americans found them objectionable.

Fifty young men sat at the two long narrow tables, eating with

healthy relish the coarse but abundant fare served in thick white dishes, and passed quickly from hand to hand. The meal was partaken of in silence. Seated in a black wooden pulpit at one end of the room, an old priest read aloud from a spiritual book. His voice was monotonous and tired, and fell away at times, so that the more conscientious students, attentive to his reading, had to strain their ears to hear him. Richard Matterson had not been listening. He was busy with his own thoughts, and they were troubled ones; he was leaving the seminary to-day or to-morrow—he had not decided the hour. He was leaving against his will. He was putting every inclination of his own aside, and he was too young, too untried, to make the sacrifice without some inward rebellion.

Dinner was nearly over, the simple dessert was being portioned out, the old priest's voice seemed to recover itself like a runner's breath, gaining new impetus when he sees the relieving goal—the words seemed to penetrate even Richard's deep absorption.

"In ancient days the cliffs outside of Jerusalem were the battle ground for many warring chieftans. They have witnessed so much bloodshed that they have been rightly called the 'Red Ascent.' But cannot the path of every man, who struggles to attain the heights of idealism, be likened to that bloody road?"

The reading stopped abruptly, the heavy chairs were pushed back noisily from the table, the students rose, and murmuring a short thanksgiving, they filed out of the dining room.

Richard leaned over and whispered to the man in front of him:

"It's the descent for me—the *black* descent."

The man half-turned and clasped Richard's hand in silent sympathy that meant more than he could express in words. He was a young fellow, short and chubby, and not very intelligent. He had idolized Richard, partly on account of the older man's towering size and intellectual brilliancy, and partly because Richard had good humoredly "coached" him ever since he had come to the seminary.

As they passed into the little entry that led from the dining room into the garden, a visitor, fresh from the world outside, cried:

"Dick—Dick Matterson, since when did you begin to adorn the tail end of a procession?"

The troubled look left Richard's face. "Jeff—Jeff Wilcox," he exclaimed, holding out both hands. "From what corner of the world did you drop?"

Jefferson Wilcox beamed his satisfaction at the cordiality of this greeting. "Come out into the garden. I want to hear the news—right from the beginning. Come down to the lily pond—your hermit's retreat. Give me the facts. I'm bursting with advice." He linked his arm in Richard's.

As they passed through the open door that cut a golden patch of sunlight in the plastered wall, the chubby little student looked half enviously after them, wondering if he would ever have the courage or the confidence thus to approach the sanctity of Richard Matter-son's sorrow.

The lily pond was the most retired spot in all the beautiful acres that surrounded the gray stone seminary. It was early spring, and the lily leaves lay brown and sleeping on the placid water, but the grounds around the lake were yellow with crocuses and jonquils. Jefferson gave a long low whistle of surprise when he saw the profusion of flowers: "We fellows who live shut up in skyscrapers, don't even know when the spring time comes. Now a crocus is infinitely to be preferred to a calendar. Think I'll plant a window box on my fire escape." He seated himself on the trunk of a crooked willow that sprawled its branches across the lake. "Now let's come down to business," he said, "I've traveled a hundred miles to talk to you; cut out a bank director's meeting, and left a client swearing in my office, and I only have three," he grinned broadly. "I want to prove to you that I'm ready to stand by you in any emergency. I've got my car at the lodge gate, so if you've made up your mind to leave, I'm ready to take you to the nearest railroad, but ever since our college days you have been so dead set on entering the priesthood that I'm going to butt in and ask you why you've changed your mind?"

Richard sank down upon the ground by his friend's side oblivious to the dampness, a look of unutterable weariness in his eyes. "I haven't changed it," he answered.

"They are not asking you to leave?"

"No."

"Then for the Lord's sake why do you go?"

Richard sat silent for a moment, apparently intent upon counting the many buttons on his cassock. "Remember that game we used to play when we were kids?" he said irrelevantly, "naming the buttons on our clothes—rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief? I've found myself doing that lately. Can you imagine any thing more asinine? Been strug-

gling to keep myself from getting too desperate over my prospects. It always comes out 'rich man,' and sometimes I confess to you I'm superstitious enough to believe there's some truth in such an idiotic amusement."

Jefferson Wilcox turned his keen eyes upon his friend. "Then it's money," he said.

Richard laughed mirthlessly. "It's no money," he answered.

The visitor from his vantage place on the tree trunk bent solicitously over the young seminarian. "Dick," he began, and his tone craved patience and understanding, "I'm embarrassed. You know I'm no diplomat; I never could talk around corners. You always were as proud as the devil, and I don't suppose two years in the seminary have cured you of your besetting sin." He smiled as if to foregather his courage, and then went on: "When a crabbed old uncle, with miserly instincts, dies intestate, and a nephew he has never seen inherits his sheckles—well it's bad for the nephew. You know I've got more than I know what to do with. I'd have more stamina, more ambition, more energy if you would relieve me of a little. You can make it up to me later on—saving my soul from eternal perdition. Isn't educating young men for the priesthood a privilege for us plutocrats?"

"You don't understand, Jeff," said Richard. "I'll have to begin from the beginning. My family needs me—I have to go home."

"But it's money you need, Dick."

"It's everything," said Richard, and his face looked pinched like a man who has suffered physical privation. "My mother is dead, my father is an old man—he had some money in a bank that failed. I knew that they had to economize lately, but I did not realize what straits they were in until a week ago when I got this letter. It is from my sister. Read it, and then I think you will understand." From the inside pocket of his cassock he brought a crumpled envelope and handed it to his friend. "I trust you will not think me disloyal in letting you read it," he said.

"Disloyal?"

"Disloyal to my family."

Jefferson put the unopened letter down on the moss-grown log beside him.

"I had no business butting in at all," he said. "I'm going to ask you to forgive me, but somehow—well, to tell the truth, I was disappointed when I heard you were leaving. I know you

are free to go; you're not bound in any way. It will be two years before you are ordained."

"Four," corrected Richard.

"Well two or four, I'm never very accurate as to facts or figures. A year or two doesn't alter the situation if you've made up your mind to go; I know a lot of fellows do get out before ordination. It's all right, but somehow I can't help feeling sorry. You see, I've sort of hung on to your ideals and your spirituality, and all your highfaluting notions of reforming the world, until it seems to me I've sort of fallen into the habit of judging things by your standards, and so when I heard you were leaving—well I wanted to make sure that you had a good excuse."

He looked half shamefaced as he made this confession; he was not accustomed to talking about himself, and when he had finished he gazed off into the distance, realizing that his cheeks were crimson. His complexion was as fair as a girl's. He ran his fingers through his yellow hair until it stood upright, a trick he had acquired in boyhood when he was embarrassed or perplexed.

"Then I'll read you the excuse," said Richard quietly. "My sister's letter is not very coherent; it begins:

DEAR DICK:

Everything here has gone literally to the dogs. The dogs are flourishing—a litter of puppies two months ago—perfect beauties! We might sell them, but I haven't the heart to part with a single one, or we may have to *eat* them if we reach a further state of starvation. The sugar barrel and the flour bin are nearly empty; I can get no one to plant a kitchen garden this year for I have no money to pay for labor. You will have to give up this absurd idea of being a priest, and come home to help. You can't expect us to sympathize with a religion we know nothing about. I never liked preachers anyhow, they seem so wishy washy—dehumanized or fanatical. Father is drinking again. Most of the servants have left. All day long I've been furious with Lincoln for emancipating them. I know the war is a long way back, but I'm sorry to-day that I'm not my own grandmother with her slaves to command. I can't run a farm alone; I don't know how. It's a great disadvantage to possess the bluest blood in the South and no money to keep up traditions. If I had been a boy I would have been a jockey—I adore horses, I hate dish washing.

Your loving

BETTY.

Jefferson turned his boyish blue eyes upon his friend. They showed vast comprehension and sympathy. "Jove! I'd like to meet her," was all that he said.

"Poor little Bet," murmured Richard, "I suppose I have been selfish without knowing it. Of course there's always been need of a certain economy at home. I had to work my way through college tutoring, you remember? But there's always been plenty of niggers around for harvest hands, and our table was always fit for a king, now—"

Jefferson held out his hand appealingly, "Won't you let me help?" he said.

"No," Richard interrupted him, and his tone showed irritation. "You know I can't let you support my family for years to come. The responsibility is mine, and the sooner I shoulder it the better, and yet I'm a little afraid of myself."

"Afraid; what do you mean?"

"Well you know I'm not a saint, I'm only a man with one idea. I believe if I turn farmer it will be to the exclusion of everything else, books, prayers, all the idealistic things of life. I'll think and dream, and talk fodder and cows and crops."

"Well there are worse things," said Jefferson philosophically.

Richard smiled faintly. "Then the sooner I get out of here the better. I'll leave this afternoon if you will take me to the station. I believe I have some clothes somewhere. I won't keep you long if you will wait."

"Yes, I'll wait, but I'd like to ask one last favor. If you hope to get into the clothes you wore when you came here two years ago, you are very much mistaken. You've gained twenty pounds. Don't break in upon your family looking as seedy as a tin-pan peddler. I've got a trunk on the back of my car. Been touring the country, and forgot to take it off. Here's the key; I'll lend you a suit. I'll get it when I come down to visit you."

"Well, give me the key," said Richard resignedly. "If I'm going to town with you I suppose I'll have to spruce up. I don't want to look like an escaped monk. Remember when we were at college and only had one dress suit between us? Remember the night you went to the students' ball? You were to dance until twelve, because I didn't know how, and then you promised to return so that I could put on the clothes in time for the refreshments—"

"And I never came."

"Do you remember the excuse you gave? You never were a ready liar."

Jefferson grinned. "I've forgotten the details," he said, "but I remember the night. I was head over heels in love with little Lilybelle Lee—euphemistic title. Remember that girl? She was years older than I was, and I adored her. Didn't even come to my senses when I saw streaks of rouge on her pocket handkerchief the night we got caught out in the rain. Used to write odes to the roses in her cheeks and the blackness of her eyes, when any chump would have known they were chuck full of belladonna. Didn't wake up until dad wrote me to go ahead and propose to her, that he had had the same symptoms for the same lady twenty years ago."

"That's an old joke," said Richard with a wan smile.

"Maybe," agreed Jeff reflectively, "but it has curative properties. You never did play the fool, Dick. Girls never seemed to enter into your ken—"

"I didn't have time."

"Time! It wasn't that, it was lack of inclination. You wouldn't know how to talk to a girl if you met one. Frivolity never was your long suit. Never could explain or understand why you and I should be so chummy."

Richard threw his arm affectionately around his friend. "Give me that key. Got a red necktie? Always did have a preference for red. Believe me, giving up neckties was the only real sacrifice I made when I came here."

Jeff patted the long white hand that was artfully pulling his own necktie out of place. "I'm glad to hear it," he said. "Since you're immune from other normal notions, a little weakness like a red necktie seems to bring us closer together, and I'll believe anything of anybody since that old anchorite, that used to teach us philosophy, told me that he had great difficulty in giving up embroidered waistcoats that seem to have been the vogue in Paris a hundred years ago. I don't know anything about vocations or calls or the high paths of spirituality; I had depended on you as a sort of *aéroplane* to boost me when I had fallen too deep in the mire; now go put on that suit and come on."

"Wouldn't you like to wait in the library?"

"No, I'd rather wait here; I want to get my bearings. Somehow I can't imagine you out of this altruistic world scrambling for

a living, but I suppose if you put your colossal mind to work on a farm, something will have to drop."

Richard stood up, his arms outstretched. His shadow fell across the brilliant crocus beds. "I can dig," and Jefferson noted the tragedy in his eyes. "You'll admit that I'm strong enough to dig."

CHAPTER II.

The next day, late in the afternoon, Richard arrived at his own home station. There was no one to meet him. The old freight agent, who ambled leisurely out of the baggage room every time a train rattled by, stared curiously at the impressive looking stranger, and then said with a toothless smile:

"Reckon you got off at the wrong station."

"Hope not," answered Richard humorously. "But it seems to be a habit of mine. Ought to have arrived a year or two ago. Your Southern trains are slow."

The old man relieved his puzzled state of mind by sending a carefully aimed spray of tobacco juice arching towards an empty crate. "The country is growing, sir," he said, "but this ain't no place for drummers. Money is tight and scarce. There ain't been no real prosperity here since Abe Lincoln freed the niggers. Dagoes and Swedes and such ain't coming here to work when New York's opening its arms of sin and greed right there at the boat dock."

"I haven't even the distinction of being a drummer," said Richard, "I'm just a down-and-out coming home."

"Home!" the old man's sparse chin whiskers and sharp nose nearly met as he squinted his dull eyes to discover a resemblance. "You ain't Dick Matterson who's studying to be a preacher?"

"You seemed to have guessed it," said Richard carelessly. "All except the preacher part. I've had to give that up to come home and run the farm."

The old man cackled a laugh. "Lord! I knowed that preaching was only a passing notion. The Mattersons ain't that kind. I've known 'em root and branch for over fifty years. I was in your pa's regiment—one of the first to enlist. I tell you he was a fighter, and he could swear harder than any man in the regiment. Swear black and blue with the bullets whizzing around him like

hail. Don't believe he would know how to pray even at the judgment seat. When they picked him up at Gettysburg, with his leg shot in two, he was still a-swearing. But I reckon he didn't mean no disrespect to the Almighty. Your pa is a great man, and we young fellows in them days would have followed him into hell fire, I reckon. We were in some mighty tight places; caught in a ridge of rocks one day with a skirmish line of Yanks on either side. I don't want no hotter place than that, but the Colonel was as cool as you please. Lit his old corn-cob pipe—even gentlemen smoked them in those days—didn't have nothing else, and he climbed up on that there ridge and signalled for help down the valley. Yanks thought there was a whole army behind the hill and they lit out. Signalling down the valley was a hoax; Colonel knowed there wa'n't another regiment of Confeds nearer than twenty-five miles."

"I've heard of the signalling," said Richard quietly.

"Reckon you have," said the ragged old soldier. "Reckon everybody has heard of it. Your pa is a great man. Used to call him the 'Fighting Bantam' in them days, cause he was undersized, and all the other Mattersons have been tall men like you. Reckon you favor your grandfather; he stood six feet three in his socks; he was a Mexican War veteran—fighting runs in the blood. Your pa sure was a great soldier, a great man."

"Thanks," said Richard genially, holding out his hand. "Every son likes to hear his father praised. Come and see us. The Colonel will be glad to have you, I know."

"Well I ain't sure of that," said the old man reflectively, wiping his mouth on his coat sleeve. "I ain't nothing but poor white, and I know my place. Mustering out a regiment is one thing, and parlor visitors is another."

Richard smiled. He had held so many heated debates on the equality of man, the absurdity of social distinctions in a democracy, and he had been leading the academic life so long, that he had almost forgotten the old South's taut lines of aristocracy.

"Nonsense," he said aloud, patting the old man on the back, "you are both two old soldiers; that's reason enough to get together. I thought my sister would drive over to meet me. I sent a telegram."

"I reckon you did," agreed the old fellow reminiscently. "So that was your telegram. I reckon you can find it lying on the desk in the office. The operator had a spell of cramps and

had to go home. He said the telegram wa'n't important, no weddings, nor deaths, and he never did believe in people telegraphing about nothing."

Richard laughed. "Well, it's good for a man to realize his own nothingness. I forgot I lived in a country where they send telegrams by mail. I'll leave my grip here until to-morrow. It's a little too heavy for a four-mile tramp. Good-bye to you."

The old man straightened up and gave the military salute. "Tell the Colonel that you seen Jeb Jackson," he said.

Some of Richard's natural buoyancy returned to him as he strode along the moist, brown roadway. The first poignant sense of disappointment had passed. Since he had to break away from the life that most attracted him, he would not play the coward, the shirker, the grumbler. His duty seemed so clearly outlined that it did not offer even the privilege of choice.

The air was fresh and full of the delicious earthy odors of early spring. Richard wondered a little at his own unexpected sense of elation. By nature introspective, the past two years had added to his habit of self-examination. He had experienced so many moods since the receipt of his sister's letter, but this was his nearest approach to any thing like contentment. It had been hard to be called from the congenial atmosphere of study, from the preparation for his life work, a life planned for the service of others. His own bodily necessities had seemed too slight to need consideration. Ever since the thoughtful days of his boyhood he had dreamt of going out in the world as a warrior, at first as an armored knight of romance battling for weak children and beggars by the dusty high-road, or fighting his way across slippery moats to rescue sickly maidens from cold castle towers. Then, out of the haze of these mediæval ambitions, had come a definite desire to grapple with the more subtle powers in his own complex civilization; to denounce greed, to defend the poor from their own ignorance, to demand justice for labor, to study preventive measures that would relieve the multitudinous forms of suffering, while all the time he would struggle to infuse a sense of the supernatural into the material mass, arming men against despair with the strength and knowledge of their own immortality.

But the great dream was ended. He must go down into the competitive world, and plan like a million other men for the immediate needs of himself and his family.

There had been some satisfaction in his departure from the

seminary that helped to offset the tragedy of that leave taking. His teachers had expressed such genuine regret; the students had crowded around him full of sorrowing sympathy; Jeff Wilcox's loyalty had cheered him, and the old freight agent had contributed, all unconsciously, to lessen the darkness of his homecoming.

For between Richard and his father there had never been any real companionship or affection. The Colonel's spirit was martial, and, since that dismal day at Appomattox, finding no legitimate outlet it had exploited itself in acts of small tyranny in the household. The loss of his leg at Gettysburg had given him all the selfish privileges of an invalid. He did not care to read; he had always considered manual labor degrading. He loved horses and dogs and the excitement of riding to hounds—the fact that he had an artificial leg had never deterred him from reckless feats of horsemanship.

Richard did not resemble his father in any way, for he had inherited much of his mother's gentleness; he grew to be a bookish, dreamy boy, and the indolent Colonel, disapproving of such development, soon fell into the habit of ignoring him. But twice they had come to open warfare—the first time when Richard was only ten years old. The boy had held out protecting arms to a little fox that was nearly spent with running, and had hidden it in the hay loft while the eager red mouthed hounds sniffed around the barnyard fence, and the merry hunters came riding from the woods to question him.

It had required courage to stand his ground and confess to them what he had done; then, forgetting himself, he had pleaded so hard for the life of the little animal that one of the young ladies of the party added her entreaties to his, and because she was the belle and beauty of the county, not one man ventured an objection, and she led them all laughing away, promising them roast turkey and dumplings if they would all return and dine with her.

When the Colonel heard of the episode his face turned an apoplectic purple—that a son of his should interfere with the gentlemanly sport of his friends and neighbors was an unforgivable offence. He stormed and swore at the trembling boy, and struck him so hard with his clenched fist that Richard bore the bruise for days. In the after years Richard tried to forget that blow and could not.

The next difficulty between them did not occur until some time later. The Colonel was going duck shooting, and, in a rare mood

of paternal interest, had decided to take Richard with him. Richard had been trained by his mother to an attitude of respectful obedience, so he made no objection to his father's suggestion. Even when the Colonel ordered him to wade out into the shallow river to pick up a wounded bird that had fallen and floated a little beyond their reach, he turned up his trousers and went without complaint, though the water at the edges showed films of ice.

The Colonel had made a fire on the shore, and while he busied himself whittling sticks to a point preparatory to roasting the duck, camp fashion, he told Richard to dress the bird, and they would have it for breakfast.

The boy glanced appealingly at the Colonel and then at his own blood-stained hands, and then, without warning, he fainted at his father's feet.

The Colonel looked down upon him without compassion. That the son of an intrepid soldier should faint at the sight of blood was not to be regarded as an idiosyncrasy, but as a grievous fault in character. When the boy slowly regained consciousness, the Colonel proceeded to discipline him by sending him home in disgrace without his breakfast. The injustice of the punishment left an indelible mark upon the sensitive boy's mind.

Betty was more like her father. She had been left motherless when she was very young, and the Colonel's personality had impressed itself upon her. She had had few educational advantages. For a short time she had been taught by an assortment of frivolous governesses, who were seeking matrimonial opportunities in the village. Later she spent one or two years at a "Polite Institute for Young Females," where the curriculum consisted chiefly of piano practice and embroidering floral pillow tops. Both accomplishments Betty had abhorred, so one night, without asking leave of absence, she returned to her father. Her conduct was considered so reprehensible that she was promptly expelled. Since the Colonel had no thought of forcing her to return, the expulsion was altogether supererogatory. This experience had brought her education to an abrupt conclusion.

As Richard reached the long poplar-shaded avenue that led to the old Matterson mansion, he stopped for a moment, shocked by the desolate appearance of his home. A tree, rotten at the heart, had fallen across the driveway, and no one seemed to have had the energy to remove it. One of the white pillars of the portico was propped up with a rough wooden beam, shutters sagged from their

hinges, the windowpanes in the west wing were broken out, and part of the chimney had fallen, scattering the shingles of the roof.

"God help us," said Richard, striding on more quickly. He had not before fully realized the real poverty of his family. Now that he saw, every personal regret for his own future was laid aside; his one desire was to plunge in and remedy this pitiful situation.

He had been home but seldom during the past eight years, for he had been very late in entering college, and his whole course had been a struggle to pay his way through. His father had told him frankly that he could give him no assistance. At the time this had seemed a hardship, for the Colonel had inherited a small competence after the war that enabled him to live with some show of feudal grandeur; he had servants, horses, a well-tilled farm, and ready money in the bank, but he was not willing to sacrifice any of his luxuries to aid or abet the impractical "bookishness" of his son. A few years later when Richard wrote and announced that his historical studies had led him to become a Catholic, the Colonel was more than ever bewildered. A religious son was worse than a studious one, and both were incomprehensible. The Colonel had only the vaguest ideas of supernatural truths. He was a gentleman—a gentleman could not lie, nor steal, nor turn traitor to his friends—a gentleman never did anything dishonorable; he preserved his honor at all costs, at pistol point or sword's end if need be. The Mattersons had been wise statesmen, great soldiers, hospitable neighbors. He lived consistently up to this creed, leaving, he said, the praying to the women and the rest to God Almighty.

Without any monetary help from home, even Richard's vacations had been busy ones. He possessed a patient genius for teaching, and a certain captivating charm for his fellow-students, so that he was always in demand as a tutor. Several times he had gone to Europe with backward boys, who had to be "coached" all summer while they toured the continent with their strenuous families. So that Richard's visits home had been few and far between, and then he had come and gone half doubtful of his welcome. Now he blamed himself remorselessly for his neglect of his family, tolerantly forgetful of the Colonel's disregard of him. The old freight agent had done much to help him to this contrite mood, and the fact that he was needed, in a home where he had hitherto seemed superfluous, added to the joy that all unselfish souls experience when they enter a wide field of usefulness, and realize that their presence is essential.

As he neared the house four setter dogs ran out barking at his heels, and Betty followed, shading her eyes from the sunset glare that she might better see the approaching stranger.

She was a slight figure standing against the dark of the doorway; her small feet in thick tan shoes that buckled high above her ankles; her mud-stained corduroy skirt grazing their tops; she wore a middy blouse open at the throat, and an old gray sweater was flung about her shoulders, the sleeves tied around her neck to keep it from slipping off; her curling black hair was caught in a loose knot. It would have been hard to tell whether she was child or woman. Richard tried to remember her age. He had always made a point of sending her some small memento on her birthday. She had been twenty-two last March. He hurried up the three steps that led to the wide brick portico, and lifting her in his arms he kissed her.

She did not recognize him and cried out, "Stop—stop—let me go. The Colonel will shoot you for this!"

"You little spitfire," he laughed, "don't you know your own brother, Betty. Betty, didn't you tell me to come home to you?"

She flung her arms about him, crying half hysterically. "You frightened me to death, Dick. Why didn't you telegraph that you were coming?"

"I did."

"But we didn't get it."

"They didn't consider it worth delivering."

"Jeb Jackson is an old fool," said Betty, stamping her foot. "He's always poking his long nose into other people's business, and deciding what is best for them. He's the biggest gossip in the village."

"Why men don't gossip, Betty," said Richard, his eyes twinkling.

"They love it," she said with great finality. "They won't acknowledge it, but they always encourage it. Now if you had only sent us word you were coming, I would have come to meet you. You don't look at all like I thought you would look."

"How is that? I can't have changed so much in two years."

"But you have," insisted Betty, holding him out at arm's length. "The year you left college you had a half-grown Vandyke. Now—well you must have shaved on the train, your face is as smooth as mine."

"Oh, no, not as smooth as yours, Betty dear."

"And you look—you look quite human, not like a preacher at all."

"But I'm not a preacher, Betty."

"Well, I'm glad you're not," she said. "It's almost worth the financial failure to have you come back home."

He regarded her tenderly. "I did not know you cared."

"But I do care. I need a brother dreadfully to take me to parties and dances and things. You really are very good looking. I'm quite proud of you; I'm sure the other girls will be crazy about you."

"Work will save me from that calamity," he smiled.

She did not heed his interruption. "The Colonel has been so cross lately that I almost felt like flying to a monastery myself. Everything has gone to pieces. Look at the house. We had a storm here two months ago that nearly blew us all away. The wind banged the shutters to and fro until nearly every windowpane was broken. Look at the chimney! I thought the whole house had fallen down. I don't see how we are going to patch things together at all."

"Patching is puzzling work, but I like puzzles."

"I remember," she laughed, showing two rows of even white teeth, "how you used to pore over the puzzles in the newspapers when you were a boy."

"And now we will work it out together," he said, laying his hand upon her shoulder.

She shook her head ominously. "I'm not very dependable," she said.

"Oh, yes, you are. Come, take me to the Colonel, or perhaps you had better announce my arrival. It seems a little dangerous to take this war-like family by surprise."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BERGSON, NEWMAN, AND AQUINAS.

BY THOMAS J. GERRARD.



HERE can be no doubt that M. Bergson has hit upon certain facts of experience which are of enormous importance in the formation of a philosophy. Amongst these may be cited the fact of our last and ultimate phase of consciousness, that which we experience at the living present moment; the fact of the interpenetration of feelings with feelings, of ideas with ideas, of feelings with ideas; the fact of the organic connection between thought and the other activities of life.

Because these facts are so important we shall not be content with merely criticizing his interpretation of them, but we shall offer, step by step, an interpretation of our own. The merely destructive critic is of some use, but not much. If we pull down we ought also to build up. Our architects for the present plan are Newman and Aquinas.

First there comes intuition, strictly so-called. That is an operation of the mind, not of an organic sense. It is defined as an act by which the intellect perceives a truth immediately evident. For instance, it is immediately evident to me that I am not you and you are not I. To bring any intermediate evidence to prove it would be to act as a fool. The truth is self-evident. Being certain of my own identity, I can pass out of myself and consider a number of other truths in the outside world also self-evident. For instance, "The whole is greater than its part." And again: "Good must be done and evil avoided." Concerning intuitions of this kind there is no practical difficulty.

But as we get deeper and deeper into the processes of thought, we find that there are truths which, while self-evident to some minds, require discursive reasoning for others. Minds made the more capable by nature or by culture can see complex truths more readily than minds not so capable. God, having a perfect all-comprehensive mind, sees everything at one intuitive glance, *per unam speciem*.

The question before us is this: Has man a faculty by which he can see complex truths at a glance? Can he arrive at truths

not generally self-evident without passing through the process of discursive reasoning? Can he come to a sublime concept by any faculty such as instinct or intuition and apart from the faculty of reason?

Here there is need of several distinctions. Our first distinction shall be that of the word "instinct." By instinct, considered as a function of organic sense, man cannot arrive at even the simplest abstract truths. Much less, therefore, can he arrive at the more complex truths by instinct.

Instinct considered as an organic faculty can only touch single concrete objects. It is by its very nature utterly incapable of making the slightest reflection. It is common to both brutes and men, but brutes possess it in a much more perfect degree than men.

Cardinal Newman has a very pregnant paragraph, in which he shows that the principle of the objectivity of thought (*I not you and you not I*), the first of our first principles, is founded on the animal instinct, yet is essentially distinct from it. He says:

Next, as to the proposition that there are things existing external to ourselves, this I do consider a first principle, and one of universal reception. It is founded on an instinct; I so call it, because the brute creation possesses it. This instinct is directed towards individual phenomena, one by one, and has nothing of the character of a generalization; and, since it exists in brutes, the gift of reason is not a condition of its existence, and it may justly be considered an instinct in man also. What the human mind does is what the brutes cannot do, viz., to draw from our ever recurring experiences of its testimony in particulars a general proposition, and, because this instinct or intuition acts whenever the phenomena of sense present themselves, to lay down in broad terms, by an inductive process, the great aphorism, that there is an external world, and that all the phenomena of sense proceed from it. This general proposition, to which we go on to assent, goes (*extensivè*, though not *intensivè*) far beyond our experience, illimitable as that experience may be, and represents a notion.*

Here Newman sheds light which reveals to us at once the confusion of Bergson's thought. For Newman shows exactly where instinct ends and where intellect begins. Instinct provides intellect with material to work upon. Instinct is not, as Bergson says, disinterested, self-conscious, capable of reflecting upon its

**Grammar of Assent*, pp. 61-62.

object and enlarging it indefinitely. On the contrary, instinct presents sensible images from which intellect makes abstractions.

Bergson's great mistake was in making intellect and instinct act in opposite directions, and in giving them entirely different fields of action. They act in the same direction, but each in a different manner. They both have the same things for their objects, but under different aspects. Sense has for its object the appearances of a thing, whilst intellect has for its object the thing itself, and not the appearance of it.

We will inevitably land in confusion if we do not rid ourselves of the notion that instinct and intellect act at variance, and in opposition to each other. While each has its distinct sphere, both act in harmony with each other, instinct spontaneously ministering to intellect.

St. Thomas is perhaps more generous than Newman in admitting similarities between animal instinct and human intelligence. He goes so far as to use the word "intellect" for some of the higher operations of animal instinct. But he is careful to qualify the word by calling it "passive" (*intellectus passivus*), and by insisting on its singular, sensitive, organic nature. He also calls it the *vis cogitativa*. He shows that this is not the differentiating faculty between brutes and man, but that man has a real intellect, the *intellectus possibilis*, so called because of its unlimited power to think all possible ideas. St. Thomas says:

An incident of the sensitive part cannot constitute a being in a higher kind of life than that of the sensitive part, as an incident of the vegetative soul does not place a being in a higher kind of life than the vegetative life. But it is certain that phantasy and the faculties consequent thereon, as memory and the like, are incidents of the sensitive part. Therefore, by the aforesaid faculties, or by any one of them, an animal cannot be placed in any higher rank of life than that which goes with the sentient soul. But man is in a higher rank of life than that. Therefore the man does not live the life that is proper to him by virtue of the aforesaid "cogitative faculty" or "passive intellect."*

And again:

Sense is found in all animals, but animals other than man have no intellect: which is proved by this, that they do not work like intellectual agents, in diverse and opposite ways, but

**Contra Gentes*, Lib. II., Cap. LX.

just as nature moves them to fixed and uniform specific activities, as every swallow builds its nest in the same way. *No sense has reflex knowledge of itself and its own activity*: the sight does not see itself nor see that it sees. But intellect is cognizant of itself, and knows that it understands.*

This essential distinction between sense and intellect obliges us to recognize that a man can no more think with his instinct than he can with his big toe. The right functioning of instinct is a necessary condition of clear thinking, just as is the right functioning of blood circulation at our lower extremities. We cannot study metaphysics if we are distracted with gout. But no amount of vegetative operation or keen instinct can see reflexive truth.

Having made quite clear the distinction between instinct and intelligence, properly so-called, we may pass on to consider those higher acts of the mind in which the mind seems to act just as instinct does, and in which it seems to go directly to its object, complex though it be, without appearing to pass through the intermediate stages of discursive reasoning.

First, however, let us admit that the operations of some particular minds would seem to give a handle to that part of Bergson's philosophy which limits the operations of intellect to space, and to explicit processes analogous to the cinematograph.

There are people with what we call rigid minds and wooden dispositions. St. Thomas the Apostle was one. My distinguished friend, Dr. Adrian Fortescue, is another. As he passes from the major to the minor of an argument, you can almost hear the click, and when he passes from the minor to the conclusion, the click becomes a snap. He is perfectly at home with such a theme as the Orthodox Eastern Church, because that Church has been petrified for nearly nine centuries. But if he writes a book on such a vital thing as the Roman Liturgy, it is only to chronicle what has been said about it by others.

Of course, the angelic Doctor had taken stock of this sort of mind, for doubtless there were such amongst the *savants* of Paris in his day even as in Bergson's. He says:

There are some who do not accept that which is said to them unless it be said in a mathematical way. And this happens on account of the custom of those who have been brought up on mathematics, for custom is a second nature. This also can

**Contra Gentes*, Lib. II., Cap. LXVI.

happen to some people on account of their indisposition, to those, namely, who have a strong imagination and a not very elevated understanding.

Nor is this quoted as in any way disparaging to the class. They have their fitting place in the general scheme of things. They make the bricks of which the builder constructs the edifice.

Wherefore, since these things are so, we may proceed with our construction. We may observe next that there is a principle in the philosophy of St. Thomas which does account for that interpenetration of the faculties of which M. Bergson makes so much. This is known as the principle of dichotomy.

It asserts that man is a composite being of two principles, and of two only, namely, body and soul. There are not two souls or two forms. It is the same soul in man which thinks, wills, feels, vegetates, and actuates the primary matter. If, therefore, all these operations are but the activities of one and the same spiritual substance, namely, the soul, they must work in mutual harmony. They must have something more than an artificial communication with each other. They must have an organic connection with each other. But at the same time each one must perform the work which it was made to perform, each one must act according to its own nature. The will must not be expected to circulate the blood, neither must the sensitive faculty be expected to do the thinking. Each must do its own proper work. To emphasize this important point we print the formula in capitals: SECUNDUM NATURAM PROPRIAM (*according to its proper nature*): that by keeping this phrase prominently before us we may secure our reasoning process from degenerating into Bergsonian confusion.

Bergson professed to bring in the whole man as the total principle which searched for truth, but by confusing mind and sense, and by casting out the spatial relationship, his whole man became the whole man minus intelligence, while our whole man retains all his faculties. They act organically. Neither sensation nor volition usurps the office of intelligence. All the functions and faculties act in harmony with each other, but each according to its own nature, *secundum naturam propriam*.

St. Thomas thus describes the interaction of the various powers:

According to the order of nature, on account of the combination of the forces of the soul in one essence, and of the

soul and body in one composite being, the superior forces, and also the body, influence each other, and hence it is from the soul's apprehension that the body is transmuted. . . . and likewise conversely the transmutation of the body re-acts upon the soul. Similarly the higher powers act upon the lower powers, as when passion in the sensual appetite follows upon an intense movement of the will, or when close study restrains and hinders the animal powers from their acts; and conversely when the lower powers act upon the higher powers, and from the vehemence of the passions in the sensual appetite the reason is darkened.*

Owing to this basic and organic connection between the faculties and functions, the mind is able to make rapid and spontaneous acts, which, in the concrete, we find difficult to analyze. It makes quick and spontaneous abstractions. Then in the same quick way it can pass from one concrete truth to another without having any explicit attention fixed on the intermediate universal term by which it does so. Thus I can say: "John Smith is a man, therefore he can make mistakes." "John Smith is a man," that is one concrete truth. "He can make mistakes," that is another concrete truth. The universal middle term by which I pass from one to the other is: "It is human to err." This middle term is not expressed, but it is implied.

Afterwards, when we are talking about our quick mental processes, we can see that the intellect has not gone out of its province, nor has it drawn any other faculties into its province. Why? Because each faculty and function has acted according to its own nature.

Further, when the intellect has had much practice in thinking, it forms intellectual habits. By these habits it can pass more rapidly still from one truth to another. Nay, it can even summarize long intellectual processes. Hence we have a recognized form of syllogism, called the enthymeme, in which a premise is left out, because it can be perceived implicitly. This is why the writings of great thinkers are so frequently difficult to understand. A well-trained mind is able to suppress, or rather to imply, much intermediate reasoning which a less trained mind would have to render explicitly.

Now for this quick process of thought three kinds of mental habits are needed. First there is required the habit of common

**Quest. disp. de Veritat. qu. 26, a. 10.*

sense. That is the faculty of seeing those truths easily which the average mind sees easily. In other words, a man must not be a stupid. He must have the ordinary capacity for seeing such truths as "twice two are four," and that "parallel lines will never meet." This mental habit is called *understanding*.

Then there is required the habit of combining these first principles. By constant practice a man can acquire a facility in combining simple ideas, dividing complex ideas, and re-combining the elements of certain complex truths to make up certain other complex truths. When this facility has been acquired the man passes easily from the known to the unknown. Eventually many of his conclusions, which previously needed to be worked out laboriously, become to him self-evident. The habit by which he does this is called the habit of *science*.

Hence a physical scientist can see at a glance that water is a combination of oxygen and hydrogen. A moral scientist can see at a glance that marriage is the foundation of society. Thus a proposition which needs discursive reasoning for the average mind may be intuitive for a mind skilled in that particular science or branch of knowledge.

Thirdly, there is a mental habit which enables a man to handle the principles and conclusions of a science easily. This is a further extension of the power of composition and division; the power to study the various sciences, to trace them back to their ultimate sources, and to ordain them to man's highest happiness and well-being, that is called the habit of *wisdom*. This faculty, too, like those of science and understanding, can be so trained as to act rapidly, easily, and spontaneously. And when it can do this perfectly, then its operation is of the nature of an intuition.

In the whole of the above process, from the simplest dictates of common sense up to the highest acts of expert wisdom, one thing is abundantly clear, namely, that the operation of the intellect is never a blind operation. It is one of vision from beginning to end, a vision of evidence.

First there is the vision of first principles, the sight of those primary truths which we liken to the vision of the bodily eye. "It is plain as a pike-staff," we say. Then there is the vision of science, a vision of inferences based upon experiment. Finally there is the vision of wisdom, that grasp of a large situation which appears in its highest perfection in men of genius, in great generals, great statesmen, great poets, great artists. Thus by a synthesis,

based upon the Aristotelian theory of habits, does St. Thomas build up his theory of intellectual vision.

By a different method Cardinal Newman arrives at almost the same conclusion. His method is the analytic and comparative. He takes the phenomena of assent in different spheres of inquiry, he observes that men actually arrive at certitude in law, in politics, in war, etc., and argues that they can arrive at certitude in the same way as regards speculative and religious truth.

Just as St. Thomas uses the term "passive intellect" to describe something which is merely organic sense, so Newman uses the word "sense" to describe something which is strictly intellectual.

That spontaneous act by which a man sums up all available evidence and assents to a conclusion which is the result of it, Newman calls an operation of the illative sense. It is exactly the same operation which St. Thomas calls an act of wisdom, except that whereas St. Thomas extends its range to both practical and speculative truth, Newman limits it to speculative truth alone.

That Newman and Aquinas, approaching the question from such opposite points of view, should be in such perfect harmony with each other is explained by the fact that they both possessed the same identical key. This was the Greek word *phronesis*—that final judgment which is so spontaneous, natural, and quick that it may be likened to the spontaneity and quickness of instinct, and may be called, in its perfection, the power of intuition. And the Greek word which represents its foundation may be taken for an everlasting sign that the operation is strictly intellectual, and not a re-action of the organic sense.

Says St. Thomas:

The power of intellect first of all apprehends something, and this act is called "understanding;" secondly, however, it takes that which it apprehends, and orders it towards knowing or doing something else, and this is called "intention;" whilst, however, it is engaged in the inquiry of that which it intends, it is called "excogitation;" but when it examines that which it has thought out with other certain truths, it is said to know or to be wise. And this is the function of *phronesis*, or *sapientia*; for it is the function of wisdom to judge.*

**Summa*, p. I., qu. 79, a. 10, ad 3m.

Newman writes :

This power of judging and concluding, when in its perfection, I call the Illative Sense, and I shall best illustrate it by referring to parallel faculties, which we commonly recognize without difficulty. As regards moral duty, the subject is fully considered in the well-known ethical treatises of Aristotle. He calls the faculty which guides the mind in matters of conduct by the name of *phronesis*, or judgment. This is the directing, controlling, and determining principle in such matters, personal and social. What it is to be virtuous; how we are to gain the just idea and standard of virtue; how we are to approximate in practice to our own standard, what is right and wrong in a particular case, for the answers in fullness and accuracy to these and similar questions the philosopher refers us to no code of laws, to no moral treatise, because no science of life, applicable to the case of an individual has been or can be written. Such is Aristotle's doctrine, and it is undoubtedly true. An ethical system may supply laws, general rules, guiding principles, a number of examples, suggestions, landmarks, limitations, cautions, distinctions, solutions of critical or anxious difficulties; but who is to apply them to a particular case? whither can we go, except to the living intellect, our own, or another's?*

These quotations have an additional value when we remember that Newman did not know the works of Aquinas. From the beginning to the end of Newman's works there is no mention of St. Thomas. I am also of the opinion that Newman had not read Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, else why should he draw his parallel from the Nicomachean Ethics, when the idea he wanted was there to his hand in the *Metaphysics* and already applied to his purpose. It was a happy fault on his part, if fault it was, for it shows us at once the independence and the harmony of the three great minds, Newman, Aquinas, and Aristotle.

It is to St. Thomas rather that we must look for the more complete synthesis. He has one *phronesis* overruling the totality of man's life, whereas Newman asks for a *phronesis* for each faculty. Once again we find St. Thomas absolutely abreast of modern times.

We may now examine the difference between the doctrine of Bergson and that of Newman and Aquinas. The higher intuition of Bergson is purely organic and sensitive, unintellectual, acting only in response to its proper object. The higher intuition

**Grammar of Assent*, pp. 353 and 354.

and instinct of Newman and Aquinas is strictly intellectual, but nevertheless spontaneous, quick and easy, when in its perfection, and only called sense or instinct by reason of a certain analogy which it bears to them.

He, therefore, who uses the intuitive method of Newman and Aquinas must use his intellect to the utmost of its capacity. All its discursive reasoning is gathered up in the form of habit, and is summarized for the service of that last ultimate judgment which comes as an intuition. Thus the intuition, instead of being a blind piece of guess-work, is the total result of the whole of the man's thought. It is an illation characterized by the highest wisdom.

On the contrary, in the Bergsonian method, the seeker after truth begins by maiming his intellect. He is like a man who would dig a hole, and begins by smashing his spade. Intuition and intellect are declared to work in opposite directions, the one aiming at life, the other at inert matter. Intuition, according to Bergson, is not a special perfection of the intelligence, but a special perfection of animal instinct.

The doctrine of Newman and Aquinas has all the advantages which Bergson is striving for, but which he fails to obtain. Both Newman and Aquinas are fully in touch with life. Aquinas begins with the living *ego*. Then from the *ego* he communicates with the outside world and receives impressions. These impressions modify the *ego*, and become the material upon which the mind works. Hence the axiom found throughout the whole system of St. Thomas, that nothing is in the intellect except what has previously been in the senses.

Then, when the mind has obtained the material with which to work, there goes on a constant kinetic process. Thought is as much a present necessity for the mind as air is for the lungs. Hence the composition and division of ideas goes on in one constant flow. First principles are worked up into knowledge and knowledge into wisdom. Wisdom being that vital mobile faculty of the mind by which it peers into truth and forms its explications and applications. St. Thomas, however, takes this so much for granted that it seems hardly worth while for him to emphasize it.

Newman, on the contrary, is never tired of insisting on the need of associating thought with life, or rather of looking upon thought as a form of life. Whilst ever insisting on the intellectual nature of the illative sense, he deprecates too much introspection

and self-analysis. "Introspection of our intellectual operations is not the best means of preserving us from intellectual hesitations. To meddle with the springs of thought and action is really to weaken them."*

Hence it is well to let the mind act naturally, not to force one element towards the abstract flow of life and another to the solids of the outside world; not to confine reflection to subjective experience derived from subjective experience, but to use a subjective experience which is constantly refreshed from the objective world.

Instinctively, even though unconsciously, we are ever instituting comparisons between the manifold phenomena of the external world as we meet them, criticizing, referring to a standard, collecting, analyzing them. . . We apprehend spontaneously, even before we set about apprehending, that man is like man, yet unlike; and unlike a horse, a tree, a mountain or a monument, yet in some, though not the same respects, like each of them. And in consequence, as I have said, we are ever grouping and discriminating, measuring and sounding, framing cross classes and cross divisions, and thereby rising from particulars to generals, that is from images to notions.†

Thus Newman is in complete harmony with the scholastics. Bearing this fundamental harmony in mind we can go the whole way with him when he shows us his method as a vital process. We know now what he means when he says: "Logic makes but a sorry rhetoric with the multitude; first shoot round corners, and you may not despair of converting by a syllogism."‡

And again: "It is the mind that reasons or assents, not a diagram on paper."§ The mind acts according to its own nature, that is, it normally keeps the laws of the syllogism, even though, through rapidity of action, it does not reflect on them. "It is to the living mind that we must look for the means of using correctly principles of whatever kind, facts or doctrines, experiences or testimonies, true or probable, and of discerning what conclusion from these is necessary, suitable, or expedient, when they are taken for granted; and this, either by means of a natural gift, or from mental formation and practice, and a long familiarity with those various starting points."||

St. Thomas crowns his doctrine by showing how it is directed

**Grammar of Assent*, pp. 216 and 217.

‡*Ibid.*, p. 94.

§*Ibid.*, p. 180.

†*Ibid.*, p. 30.

||*Ibid.*, p. 360.

to man's eternal interests through the special gifts of the Holy Spirit. In the natural order man orders his life aright by making a fair equipoise between external evidence and subjective appreciation of the same. He does not shut himself up within himself, depending entirely on his own power of self-perfectibility. He acknowledges that he is a social animal, and depends very largely for his due perfection on the experience and influence of his fellow beings.

But if self-perfectibility is a crude fallacy in the natural order, much more so is it in the supernatural order where man is destined to a life so much beyond his natural powers. Wherefore St. Thomas works into his system the revealed truth concerning the gifts of the Holy Spirit. Corresponding with the three habits of mind by which man passes from first principles to highest intuition, there are the three divine gifts of understanding, knowledge, and wisdom (*intellectus, scientia, sapientia*).

Thus, therefore, concerning the truths which are proposed to be believed on faith, two things are required on our part. First, they must be penetrated and grasped by the intellect; and this pertains to the gift of understanding. Secondly, it is necessary that man should have a right judgment concerning these truths, that he should value his power of clinging to them and of shrinking from their denial. Such judgment concerning divine things pertains to the gift of wisdom, whilst such judgment concerning created things pertains to the gift of knowledge.*

Thus the highest operations of the intellect become controlled and guided by the Holy Spirit. These gifts have their root in charity. Hence the greater one's charity is, so much the keener will his insight be into supernatural truths.

Now we can discern which is the better method for a sane creative evolution, the method of Bergson or the method of Newman and Aquinas.

Look first at the creations of science. Have they been accomplished by turning away from the intellect and the outside world, and by forcing intuition to bear on the flow of the "now?" Columbus sees wood floating on the water and discovers America. Stephenson sees the kettle boiling and discovers the steam engine. Farman observes a bird flying and makes an aëroplane. Archi-

**Summa*, 2a 2æ qu. 8, a. 6 corp.

medes jumps into his bath, turns out the water, and discovers the law of specific gravity. Is the reason evident?

*Now we clap
Our hands and cry "Eureka."*

Every discovery of any value to mankind has been the result of an illation of the intellect based upon sensible experience. Sometimes the experience has been a short and simple one, but sometimes it is a long series of patient experiments. Marconi required long trial and continued inference to discover wireless telegraphy. So also did Madame Curie for the discovery of radium. And so, too, Mendel for the discovery of his laws of inheritance.

But, it may be argued, these are instances of physical science merely. What about the real creations of art? Surely the greatest creations of painting have been inspired by a Mother and a Child. The most sublime works of sculpture have for their fact value a woman or a man. So, too, in music, the very nature of which might seem to exclude images. Beethoven, in the depths of despair over his manuscript, hears a knock at the door: he waits and hears another, and these two knocks provide the theme for one of his superb symphonies. Bach takes the letters of his name, changes the H into G sharp, and writes one of his classical fugues. Palestrina adopts a simple melody from the plain chant, and upon that builds up the music of a Mass. All of which points to the universal axiom that genius is but an infinite capacity for taking pains.

But pains are just the things which the disciples of Bergson will not take. It is so much easier to say: "I believe in so and so, not because I can give any reason for it, but because I see it intuitively. If the rest of the world fails to see it, that is only because the rest of the world has not cultivated the higher sensitivity."

Hence it is that in the world of art we have those *soi-disant* creators, the Futurists and Post-impressionists. Having thrust intellect aside, having destroyed all spatial values, and having projected their feeling into the flux of life, they have produced exactly that which one would expect them to produce, galleries of daubs and smudges.

Suppose a man imagines himself a superman, beyond good and evil, and enunciates principles for which he has no reasonable

justification—principles which he sees only by intuition—how are we to deal with him?

Many have done this; and chief amongst them is Friedrich Nietzsche. Nietzsche called himself the “creator of new values;” and his philosophy is the “transvaluation of all values.” He retires to the upper regions of the Zugadina, and shuts himself up within himself. Gradually his intuitions begin to enlarge. “Christ,” he says, “is the first prophet of transvaluation, whereas, I, Nietzsche, am the second prophet continuing the work of Christ. I have fulfilled Christ’s work by destroying it.” And so Nietzsche feels happy, free, light. He sees himself soaring to an infinite height above man; and believes his *creative thought* can do everything. “I am not a man; I am dynamite.” In two years the earth will be in convulsive throes. But before this comes to pass his friends take pity upon him and place him under lock and key.

Perhaps the most obnoxious fruit of the Bergsonian philosophy is the work of M. Georges Sorel, the apostle of the general strike. From his quiet little home at Boulogne he sends forth effusions calculated to put whole nations into throes. His doctrines are only just beginning to make their way into England and America, though for some time they have influenced France, Italy, Spain, and Switzerland.

The general strike, or rather the threat of a general strike, is the weapon with which he is to renovate society. But this is not to be brought about by intellectual organization, nor yet is it to be justified by a reasoned statement as to what will happen afterwards. Sorel pours contempt on such a scientific socialist as the English organizer, Mr. Sidney Webb. His figures and statistics are indigestible; they require much time and trouble to assimilate.

Patience is not a characteristic virtue of the school of Bergson. Therefore Sorel seizes upon this intuitive method as an easy way of escaping the intellectual and moral difficulties which the concept of the general strike involves. Intuition, he says, is more than knowledge. If looking inward upon life, you see the general strike to be good or necessary, then intellectual analysis of the results becomes unnecessary. “Man has only genius in the measure that he does not reflect.” The privilege of our personality is to impose itself on the future, and to cut into it without ceasing. Hence our intelligence cannot possibly anticipate what is going to happen.

Such ideas were readily taken up by the French syndicalists. Here was a ready-made apology for unchecked liberty to combine,

and for a self-determined government heedless of all outward authority.

Indeed, Sorel goes farther and distrusts socialist members of parliament and labor representation. He prefers the creative evolutionary methods of street demonstrations, strikes, boycotting, and sabotage. For to-day the Marxian doctrine of a materialistic conception of history is abandoned in favor of the creative evolution of Bergson.

When Sorel is asked what he will have if he rejects both intellectualism and materialism, he replies that he will depend on creative evolution. The people must revert to primitive states so as to get into instinctive and poetic moods. Bergson, he tells us, has done away with the rationalists, whilst any organized plan for the future is but the idol of politicians.

Is not the general strike an undivided whole? How can it be possible to mark out the various parts of such a catastrophe as the transition from Capitalism to Socialism? Is it not a vital indivisible flowing continuum?

This last instance may serve as a lesson to those members of the orthodox camp, and there are many of them, who think that metaphysics has no connection with the practical life of the multitude. The filtering down is usually a process so intricate and so long that it is not easily observable. But here the passage is quick, requiring the minds of only two men to form a disastrous speculation to realize it.

Bergson upsets the concepts of "being" and "becoming;" then Sorel upsets railway-carriages and tram-cars. Bergson says: "Keep your intelligence for the hum-drum things of every-day life, but use your intuition to evolve new creations." Sorel replies: "Yes, sire, I am doing it, and the Happy Land is coming."

Ah, but the essential condition of a happy and prosperous community is stability, whereas the essential characteristic of Bergsonian philosophy is instability or change. Therefore, not by this method can the Happy Kingdom come. A stable society can only be assured when wealth is divided amongst the majority of the citizens. But that is just what Syndicalism aims at frustrating.

Syndicalism, with true instinct, follows the philosophy which prescribes everlasting change, not only accidental change, but change of essence, change of the thing in itself. Sorel may well say that his Happy Land is coming. Perhaps it is. But it is coming in such a way that it will be *always* coming—it never can and never will arrive.

THE LAND WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE.

BY JOSEPH FRANCIS WICKHAM.



THE moon hangs high in full-blown splendor over the quiet waters of the Bay of Salerno; and the moon beams its welcome to me as I stand near a pillar of the pergola of the old Cappuccini monastery. Half-way up to heaven I sleep to-night in the hotel-convento that clings to the side of the mountain, and over the balcony I am watching the wondrous beauty of the moon-hour. For this is Amalfi town, the sweetest spot on the Riviera from Salerno to Punta di Campanella.

Soft and low the gentle night breeze is blowing, and there is a whispering through the ivy on the long row of columns yonder, and the scent of roses on the lattices sweetens the air. Crimson geraniums are flowering all around me, and the blooms of amaryllis and marjoram weave their garlands at my feet. Down that sheltered collonade orange blossoms are glowing in the radiance of the night, and the globes of ripened fruit are hanging like dull-burning lanterns in the shadows of the green leaves. Out in the glorious bay a white sail of a fisherman glides by, and over there, miles away on the darker waters, a tiny shallop sleeps in solitude on the breast of the mothering sea. And down the hill below the monastery the little town is putting out her lights and going to bed. A hundred houses cluster upon the hillside, one above another, clambering for a foothold on the steep slopes, and from among them, a silent sentinel, rises the campanile of the cathedral.

The night throws its witchery about you up here in the old monastery, and you feel no wish to break away from the fascination of it all. Down on the sands on the shore the filmy ripples are sparkling as they gently sift their foamy diamonds in the magic of the streaming stars. Once in a while a faint melody is carried to you from the bay, the joyous song of the fisher lad in the happy toiling of the deep. Looking down beyond the jagged lines of red roofs, beyond the campanile, beyond the inns of the town, you catch sight of the broad road, white and clear for a little way, but soon lost in darkest shadow. That is the path we followed all the warm afternoon on our way to this lodging for the night.

And back over that long road my thoughts now take me, while I stand among the columns of the old convento.

Fair is the high road that stretches along the bay from Salerno to Amalfi; the fairest of any land on earth, so travelers say, and fair in very truth I found it. That afternoon we had passed through Pompeii, and had pitied that poor city with her broken columns and her empty urns and her warped roadways. The sun had been beating down in relentless intensity, lava dust had mingled with every breath of air, and so it was good to behold the sea again at Vietri; the ancient sea, pale blue like a great opal lying at our feet.

The drive to Amalfi lay before us, ten miles of sheerest beauty and grandeur and undying charm, following the coast line to the end. Nearly all the way the road is hewn out of the towering cliffs, sometimes ascending in long inclines until it carries you hundreds of feet above the sea. It is a gladsome experience this, with the azure gulf below you, and the dizzy summits above pointing their green-clad pinnacles to the sky. At frequent intervals the shore curves inward, and the roadway following the fanciful windings presents new pictures at every turn. You round an encroachment of the bay, and across the now intervening waters you behold in fullest vision, with all its idyllic charm, a town you have seen but imperfectly before.

At Vietri you can look over upon Salerno, the little city by the water's edge, resting at the foot of fairy cascades of mountain ranges. And as you roll along with unbroken view of its red roofs and ivory walls glittering in the afternoon light, you remember that over there sleeps Gregory the Seventh, the great Hildebrand, who loved justice and hated iniquity, and so died in exile. Many another diminutive city offers you from time to time its enchantment of memories of gallant men and good. You pass also through several hamlets on the high road to Amalfi, homes of fishermen who love the sea; happy villages nestling in rocky glens, each with its own mark of distinctive personality, but everyone with its little beach of gray sand, and many a cream and crimson house to brighten the landscape. You will see rising up amid the olive trees above your magnificent drive the graceful outlines of a large villa looking out in placid joy on the clear water. And the air you breathe, as you behold the lofty hills on your right smiling upon the blue water, is filled with the fragrance of myrtle and cistus and gay coronilla.

On those heights, and not rarely on the foothills below you, orange trees in uncounted numbers bear their golden fruit, sometimes at some little distance from the road, sometimes hanging their rich yellow ornaments temptingly within reach of your fingers. Like Yuletide trees they look, these sunlit orange groves, with their full-colored toys fastened here and there in the unstudied harmony of nature. And lemon trees, too, are on the descending hillsides to your left, long rows of them, their paler fruit so many candles in the shade beneath their branches. When the breeze comes over the mountain tops or gently blows in from the sea, it seems as if all the blooms of a thousand summers have mingled their sweetness together to greet you in a perfume of delight.

But onward stretches the road. You can see vine-covered terraces hundreds of feet above you, where a loving toil has stolen a level plot from a precipitous hill, and down on a rocky islet the gaunt towers of a roofless castle watching in dreams of five hundred years. You have leisure to see visions on this long drive, and you will allow your mind to wander to earlier days when Amalfi, the town at your journey's end, was a powerful city republic, and sent her ships to all the ports of the traveled seas.

It was such a backward drifting our thoughts were taking, when our reveries were sweetly broken by the chiming of a bell in a nearby church, telling the Angelus hour. The pealing hung tremulous on the summer air and glided softly into our souls, graciously blending with the sea and the sky and the voice of the fragrant earth. And after a little the sun no longer shone upon the sea; the long shadows had reached across the waters, and the day was done.

Down in the bay a fisherman was furling his white sail and tacking landward. But another little boat was putting out from the shore, and would remain all night to fulfill the everlasting perseverance of the toilers of the sea.

The half-light had come suddenly. Along the way the red lamps were beginning to glimmer in the little shrines of our Lady that are set into the house-walls; and the Madonna, amid the blossoms that some knightly hand had placed at her feet, was smiling down kindly upon those who went by. More than once we passed under green-festooned arches, with floating streamers attached, of blue and crimson. For the morrow was to be a day of days—SS. Pietro e Paolo—and all the land would be in festa.

During the afternoon we had observed the pale figure of the

moon resting against the blue, and now when night was come it burst out in all the splendor of its summer glory. Never since time began, I think, was the moon lovelier than on this June night. Full in our faces it was beaming, and then it was on our left keeping pace with our chariot wheels, while less often the light came over our shoulders and cast strange, fantastic shadows on the smooth roadway in front. And all the time it mirrored itself upon the Bay of Salerno, throwing a long full ribbon of fire across the quivering water. A painter might have deftly drawn his brush across the bay, so steadily did that stream of color remain trembling upon the surface of the sea. Once a little sailboat crossed from the shadowed zone through the lane of light. For a moment it was silhouetted in brilliant lines, but the passage was soon over, and it receded into the dimness of the distance.

About eight o'clock we jingled through the towns of Majori and Minori. The lights were aglow in the little cities, and the day's work over, the people were enjoying the cool of the evening. But at one open door we could see an old, wrinkled cobbler stealing an hour from the night in hammering the final pegs in a few pairs of stout boots which lay in a little heap by his feet, while his happy-faced daughter held an interested bambino. For the cottage doors were open to the night and the moon and the soft crooning of the sea, and we caught glimpses of many a Rembrandt grouping as we drove past. From out an ivy-bordered window down the pathway were wafted in feminine voice the strains of "'A Frangesa," and farther on, born of the heart of a violin, the dulcet notes of "Tacea la notte placida" from Verdi's opera were wooing the listening night. At Atrani the boats were all drawn up on the beach, and close beside them the fishermen were smoking their pipes.

We rounded the point just beyond Atrani, and we were home at last. There in a ravine between the hills lay Amalfi, wrapped in moonlight and shadow, with countless houses huddled in picturesque alignment on the sea sands, and the others clinging like swallows' nests to the bold cliffs. The long beach glistened greetingly on our left as we passed the cathedral, and the lights dotting the hillside cottages beamed a welcome to the sheltering hospitality of the city. And high over them all, two hundred and fifty feet above the silvered water's edge, stretched the long porticoes of the Cappuccini convent.

This was the drive to Amalfi, and this was Amalfi by night. And when you have trudged up those multitudinous steps of the

winding vaulted staircase after the long, happy ride, you will wish to linger an hour about the pensive pergolas, or in subdued emotion watch from your casement window the exquisite radiance of the moon flooding the hill, and the low beach and the peaceful deep of the surgeless sea.

But in your contemplation of all this beauty, you cannot help thinking of the other Amalfi that lies in unceasing slumber, the Amalfi you were wondering about back on the road in the afternoon before the church bells began to peal, the old Amalfi that offers you this little city as a flowery token of her ancient grandeur. Amalfi of to-day is a tiny city of five thousand people, who live in quiet seclusion by the sea, who fish in the bay, and carry on a small fruit trade for their livelihood.

But the ocean that breaks in on the shore can tell the story of the old Amalfi, the stout principality that held the naval sway of the Mediterranean and lorded it in commerce over Pisa and Genoa. From the ninth to the twelfth century Amalfi held her head high in supremacy, and her maritime laws governed Mediterranean waters. Colonies she had in Asia and Africa, and rich tribute they lent her. Many a foe her galleys defeated, countless times her rocky glen echoed the shouts of victory from the battle storm beyond the harbor. They had a doge in Amalfi, and palaces of senators, and council halls, and many a noble building fit for civic lordship. More than once her streets rang with the hymns of Crusaders as they marched down to take ship for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. Hospitals there were in far Jerusalem that flung the banner of Amalfi; the splendid order of the Knights of Saint John was born of her creation. And the culture of Athens and of Rome and of the early Christian centuries never ceased to bloom under the cherishing protection of a goodly fellowship of quiet scholars.

Alas, poor Amalfi! You now nestle there amid the hills hanging over the little cove, a picturesque scene for the artist's brush, a theme for the poet's rhyme. Can your fishing boats feel the flush of victory; does Pisa respect your senate decrees? Your palaces are gone, your fleets are scattered, your greatness is only a memory. Where are those flowers of yester-year; where is the glory that was Amalfi? Where is the symbol that tells the story of fifty thousand free burghers?

Pisa finally destroyed her naval supremacy, but to find the humbled city we must look beneath the sea. For there does most of

her territory now lie, sunk by an earthquake in 1343. Somewhere under the shifting sands of the ocean floor lie docks and arsenals and forts. Houses that men lived in are now buried in a grave of sea-swept pebbles. The long beach that connected Amalfi with Atrani has not been seen for well-nigh six centuries, and now a jutting mountain cliff divides the friendship of the two cities. Thus did her glory wither; the strategy of man and the might of nature were too much for the proud republic. Saddened and crushed, her youth-time gone, she now joined the ranks of the things that have been. But the sunny memories of the great commonwealth still live in the tiny city; she does not forget the ambitions she once achieved, as she rests there serenely against the hills.

The morrow morning we were awakened by the call of the campanile bells. Looking down from the window of my cell, I could see the people gathering, twos and threes and half dozens, and slowly walking toward the Piazza di Si Sant' Andrea. But for my orisons I went not down to the cathedral. This morning a priest from the far country was saying Mass in the chapel of the monastery. So thither I went, and somehow I felt nearer to God than ever before in all my years.

Down the long staircase, white in the morning light, you make your way to the level roadway, and here you retrace your path of last night for a few hundred yards to visit the cathedral. The bell-tower, standing beside, is a striking sight in the daytime, the green and yellow tile work glittering strangely as the sunlight falls upon it. The cathedral itself, Lombard-Norman in architecture, has a fine setting on its high-built terrace above the piazza, and is one of the few reminders of Amalfi's former splendor. For almost nine centuries have the beautiful bronze doors swung across the portals. Wrought in Constantinople, they bear witness to the olden intercourse with the Byzantine city on the Bosphorus. Down in the crypt of the church repose the bones of Saint Andrew, brought here in the thirteenth century, the revered relics of the Saint who lends his name to the honor of the old minster.

It is a good twenty miles from Amalfi to Sorrento over the road that begins back at Salerno. Like the leagues behind, this stretch, too, is oftentimes hewn through the rock along the cliffs, and it skirts the sea for half the way. Sometimes it is carried over ravines by viaducts high above the sea level, affording you beautiful views of pleasant waters tumbling over large boulders, and of pretty cascades dropping their white-foamed burdens into the cool

shadows of some deep pool. The coast is a succession of little coves and bays, where the ocean has crept up and found a nesting place and felt at home. Forever the sea is all-loveliness, wide, unlimited expanses of water, dissolving in imperceptible gradation of color from dark turquoise to the palest sapphire, with a rich emerald tint where the waters lap a steep rocky crag. For miles and miles you can watch it in the clear sun, until far, far away it merges with the unclouded heaven out on the Mediterranean horizon.

Between Amalfi and Sorrento there is no fairer sight than the lovely village of Positano. Set high on a rounded hillside, amid tall trees and moss-grown precipices and blossoming shrubs, it looks forth upon the Salernian bay. Exquisitely dainty it must appear at night to one approaching by sea from Sorrento, when the lights from the southern windows twinkle and beam like fireflies gathered in full assemblage. But no less an idyl was it in the June noontide when we looked down upon the little city from the veranda of our hotel. A fantasy in brown and pink and white it was, trembling on the steep slope. Half-way down the valley the graceful lines of a campanile rose heavenward. On the shore an old watch tower told the ancient fear of corsairs from the Levant. Those were the days when Positano enjoyed the friendship of Amalfi's fleet. When the bell in the tower tolled out its message of warning, and the signal was relayed through many a dreaded pealing along the coast, the good ships that lingered ten miles up the bay spread their white wings and bore down on the despoilers of the little city. And they fought the fight to victory, and ended the plunder cruise. Many a watch tower shows its ruins on the rugged cliffs from Salerno to Positano, but the bells are silent as a tideless sea.

Positano is the last of the cities on the water, for the road now bears landward across the peninsula toward Sorrento ten miles away. The shimmering Bay of Salerno we now left behind us, the waters of enchantment, with the Odyssean islands of siren lure dimly visible out in the shining distance. For some time the road ascends the verdant hills and then drops downward toward Meta, where near the church of Santa Maria del Lauro, Amalfi's wondrous road links its sinuous length to the Cornice drive from Castellammare. Over the ravine by the Ponte Maggiore we continued past several small towns that were watching the long afternoon wear itself away.

Sorrento was close by now, and we were approaching it through streets walled high on either side, and swooning with the intoxication of billowy blossoms from many fair gardens beyond. At one sunny corner hung overladen bushes of pink roses, swaying when the breeze stirred, and dropping their perfumed petals on the roadside; and the blithe scent of acacia mingled with the fragrance of rosemary, and filled the afternoon heavy with summer. Along happy ways like this we drove, our senses lulled by the flowery odor, until we reached the courtyard of the Tramontano.

It was the sunset hour, that kindly time when day is becoming a memory and falling into the chronicles of departed joys, when evening is beginning to open her fairy doors. Sunsets are beauteous always and everywhere, but I doubt if earth will give you a more wonderful effect than at Sorrento. Our windows faced the west, with balconies hanging almost two hundred feet over the Vesuvian bay. Away across the clear waters, leagues distant in the western seas, rested the sun, a huge disk of virgin gold hanging in all the glory of centuries of sunsets commingling in supreme friendship. When the world was young, Æneas saw that Mediterranean sun, and the lotus eaters, and the faithless Helen on the topless towers of Ilium; and in all the years after every dweller by the sea has watched the day-star sink into the water with all its golden splendor dissolving in the lonely places of the deep. The sun gradually lowered itself once more, leaving behind a trail of glory over which angels' wings might float, or the voices of the unseen stars might travel in trembling melody. The purple of the hillside vines dyed the pillars of cloud, and all the roses of old Pæstum were strewn over the aerial mountains in rich pink and yellow and red; and the sky was aflame with color from Naples to the edge of the world.

But the twilight gathers none too slowly in Sorrento, and the little waves that you may have seen a while ago bubbling in beads of gold and pearl and coral have lost their lustre.

And now, perhaps, you will wander out beneath the palm trees and try to believe, as some others do, that Ulysses really did found Sorrento, and erected that temple of Minerva which to-day lies in ruins with its sister fanes of Venus and Ceres. Nobody knows, but of this you are sure, that in nearer antiquity, probably some time after Sorrento became Rome's ally three centuries before the Christian era, the city was a favorite dwelling-place of Roman wealth and fashion, a boon spot to escape the heat of the palaces near the Tiber. And it is a matter of history, too, that Hannibal captured

Sorrento in the second conflict between Rome and the Phœnician rival on the African shores.

You know also that when Rome was imperial, and peace and Augustus were supreme, a colony was sent out to make a home in this gracious clime; and that not long after, before the first century had closed, the message of Christianity was preached, and the people exhorted to abandon false gods and shrines unholy. Very strong the town grew in the passing of time, and valiant her defenders. In the seventh century Rudolfo, the Duke of Benevento, laid siege to her walls, but to no purpose. And so Sorrento lived on, now a Byzantine dependency, but with much of self-government and freedom of action. In her annals is recorded a naval victory over Amalfi near the end of the ninth century. One hundred and fifty years followed before the city tasted the humiliation of defeat at the hands of the Duke of Salerno, a prelude to her bowing with her conqueror to Norman dominion in the near by and by. Of the achievements of her later life little is known, for when Piali Pasha led his Turkish pirates into Sorrento in 1588 to plunder and burn, her archives did not escape the torch of the ruthless victors.

No one who has not visited the city can imagine the charm of the night at Sorrento. Perhaps the keenest interest centres about the large hotels where the tarantella is danced, and the melody of southern song fills the air with joy and gladness. A beautiful picture the Tramontano presents. There is a spacious courtyard in front, enclosed on three sides by the verandas of the inn, and shut in on the other side by luxuriant bushes of roses and tall palm trees. Hundreds of glowing lamps make the courtyard bright as day; and on this illuminated square the singers and dancers are ranged, decked in the gay dress that once made Italy even more colorful than it is to-day.

From the verandas and the high balconies above, the faces of men and women from over the wide ocean are smiling in happiness as they watch the dance pass through its volutions. And with the air all a-tremble in currents of melodious wafting, the facile harmony of Italian song glides refreshingly into your soul. The singers and dancers themselves seem altogether tireless, and their black eyes snap and sparkle in delicious sympathy as the full chorus rings out clear and tuneful into the charming Sorrentine night. And in your watching across the court, if your eyes wander beyond the dancers and the lamps and the fringe of delighted gazers, your

imagination may play you pretty illusions, and you may just once fancy the sweet singer of the swan-song of the Renaissance standing in a fragrant corner of the garden. For well may Tasso be pardoned for wishing to return to his birthplace to look for a brief moment upon all this life and color and whole-souled gayety.

Sorrento is, in very truth, a place for ghosts to tread in silence, and a place for mortal hearts to dream old dreams and love old loves, and call to mind the old gentleness and kindly deeds of well-cherished friends. It is a bower where one may wisely linger, and forget the tiny worries and the great, and heal the old-time wounds of care, and in the blithe fountains of perennial gladness renew the loving freshness of youth. Among the odors of full-petaled lemon flowers Sorrento asks you to cull the sweetness of to-day, or by her shattered pagan temples to remember her long-ago childhood. She asks you to visit the villa Browning loved, or look where Crawford wove his hundred romances of every land. In trustful pleading she bids you watch the moon in full-orbed splendor overflow the summer world, or listen to the little waves kissing the yellow sands of the Marina, or look for morning suns to rise above the brim of emerald tree tops and work aureate patines on the good brown earth. She invites you, too, to climb the lofty hills that look down upon the piazza, and from the Deserto-Conveto survey her two bays meeting beyond Punta di Campanella or view the jewel isle of Capri basking in the over-blue seas.

Sorrento is a ballade of roses, but no Villon could tune his soul to anything so perfect. It is the final word in all the beauty of the sunlit southland, the softest and tenderest rhythm in all Italy's book of song. A long time ago, before the world had lost its youth and the gardens of paradise had been shorn of their verdure, there were rivals to this city looking upon the bay, but now there is but one spot of loveliness increasing, never another such without the white walls of heaven.

If Spenser is the poet's own poet, Sorrento is nothing if not the poet's own home. You will feel the enchantment of Como's hills and the gentle spell of Fiesole, but you leave your heart in bella Sorrento, a hostage to happiness, and expect one day when next you fare forth under the wander thrall to go back and join it in affectionate surrender.

It was a fair Sunday morning that we departed after attending Mass in the chapel of the inn. A lift took us down to the little wharf, and a rowboat carried us over the water to where the

steamer for Naples stood by, waiting its complement of passengers. Standing on the deck we gazed back at the high-flung cliffs, with their clustering inns in thick bordering confusion, where Roman villas once looked out to sea; at the Marina where the little children with dark, lucent eyes were waving their tiny hands in sweet farewell; at the friendly mountains in the distance with the thinnest of blue veils on their summits. And as the waters lengthened between us and Sorrento, gentle Sorrento, smiling in peace and joy and blushing loveliness, we remembered the precious roses swaying in the tranquil gardens, and the winds blowing over the orange blossoms, and all the songs the dear city had sung to us out of the warmth and riches of her heart. And the plaintive melodies chanted by the Neapolitan singers, as we sailed over the bay, re-echoed the soft murmuring her receding beauty was whispering in our grateful souls.

ETERNAL SEQUENCE.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

A FOAM-LIT chain of emerald surges flies
Adown the sands, persistent as the flight
Of days and hours. Like these, its tidal might
In varied moods and shining color hies
On, ever on! With fascinated eyes
We watch its chase eternal in the light
Of blazing suns, in broad moon-glories white
Or tempest-blackened beneath leaden skies.

O days and hours! E'en thus we watch you run
Along Earth's beach from early morn till dark—
Then, on again, undeviating still,
To wondrous shores of strange new life begun,
Of moonlit flowers unfading, like its spark,
And Resurrection's vast eternal thrill.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF ALCOHOL.

BY FRANK O'HARA, PH.D.



THE world is too much with us," the poet sings. "Late and soon, getting and spending, we lay waste our powers. Little we see in nature that is ours; we have given our hearts away." In plain prose the poet means that we go to so much trouble heaping up the material things which serve us for food and drink and clothing and shelter and ornament, and then spend so much time in the enjoyment of these things, that we are compelled to neglect the intellectual and spiritual and æsthetic sides of our natures. Do we as a nation live too well in a material sense for our highest good? Ought we, as a nation, cultivate plainer living and higher thinking? Finally, is there any reason for the expectation that plainer living will be accompanied by higher thinking? These are all questions of vital importance, but they lie outside the field of this investigation.

The interest of the economist in the poet's dictum is essentially this: accepting the present standard of living as approximately a correct one, do we attain to that standard in a reasonably economical way, or do we lay waste our powers in getting and spending? There can be no doubt that we do not economize in our getting and spending. We do not get what we get in such a way as to require a minimum of effort, and we do not spend what we spend in such a way as to give us a maximum of satisfaction. In other words, our production of wealth is wasteful. By better planning, we could shorten our working day without lessening the product of our work. Our consumption of wealth is wasteful. By wiser expenditures there is room for a very considerable increase in satisfactions of wants to be obtained from the present supply of wealth.

It is the purpose of this paper to call attention to a single phase of this broad problem of economy, and to show the relation between alcohol and the waste involved in our getting and spending; in a word, to call attention to the political economy of alcohol. Now, the political economy of alcohol is not the chemistry of

alcohol, and it is not the physiology of alcohol, and it is not the ethics of alcohol.

Alcohol when mixed with water is freely oxidized. This fact is of some interest to the chemist, but it concerns the economist only indirectly; it concerns him only in so far as it affects man's wealth relations. There are persons who assert that in extremely small doses alcohol may act as a food for man. This alleged fact claims the attention of the physiologist. If men, as a matter of fact, seldom partake of alcohol in these minute quantities, this particular fact has little relation to the problems of wealth, and can not make demand upon the economist's time. If the effect of the free use of alcohol is to blunt the moral sense of the user, that is a problem mainly for the moralist, and some economists hold that it is of interest to them only in so far as effects are produced in the fields of the production and of the distribution and of the consumption of wealth. But if the individual drinker, or a nation of drinkers, finds that it requires more effort to make a living, or that the living made is less satisfying because of the use of alcohol, that is primarily a problem of political economy.

Let us examine the relation of alcohol to the business of getting a living. In order that we may live, goods must be produced. In our present organization of industry they must be divided among those who are to consume them, and finally they must be consumed. Now, alcohol is related closely to each of these three sets of activities—to the production of wealth, to the distribution of wealth, and to the consumption of wealth.

First, let us consider the part which alcohol plays in the production of wealth. The relation of alcohol to the production of wealth is a twofold one. In the first place, alcohol—itself a product of industry—requires in its production the expenditure of labor power and capital power and land power and business management. Thus the production of alcohol represents effort that might be employed in other directions. Instead of employing land and labor and capital and business management to manufacture beer and whiskey and wine, an equivalent amount of land and labor and capital and enterprise might be employed in producing bread and beef and clothing and houses.

In the second place, it may be shown that the use of alcohol renders the workers less efficient producers than they would be without its use. There is a shortage, then, in the production of the necessities of life because, on the one hand, the production

of the necessities has had to give place to the production of the not-necessaries, and, on the other hand, because the producers have been made inefficient or entirely unproductive through the use of some of these not-necessaries. Lest any reader might think that although alcohol has disastrous effects upon a few individuals, it is of little consequence in the economy of the nation as a whole, a few figures to show the extent to which it is used may not be out of place.

I.

Distilled spirits, wines, and malt liquors consumed in the United States in 1911.

		Gals. per capita.
Distilled spirits.....	138,585,989 proof gals.	1.46
Wines.....	63,859,232 gals.	.67
Malt liquors.....	1,966,911,744 gals.	20.66
Total.....	2,169,356,695 gals.	22.79

II.

Consumption per capita.

Year.	Distilled spirits —proof gallons.	Wines— gallons.	Malt liquors— gallons.	All liquors and wines—gallons.
1850	2.24	0.27	1.58	4.08
1860	2.86	0.34	3.22	6.43
1870	2.07	0.32	5.31	7.70
1880	1.39	0.47	6.93	8.79
1890	1.34	0.48	11.38	13.21
1900	1.28	0.39	16.09	17.76
1910	1.42	0.65	19.79	21.86
1911	1.46	0.67	20.66	22.79

III.

Some comparative costs and values.

		Percentages.
Alcoholic drinks, 1911.....	\$1,833,643,525.00	
Public revenue from liquor business.....	300,000,000.00	
Net.....	\$1,533,643,525.00	100
United States debt.....	1,346,848,636.66	87
Value of all cattle in United States.....	1,484,889,647.00	96
Value of all swine in United States.....	398,002,878.00	25
Value of products of all wholesale slaughtering and meat packing establishments,	1,370,568,000.00	89
Annual value of products of all flour and grist mills in United States.....	883,584,000.00	57
Panama Canal when completed.....	375,000,000.00	24
The thirty-seven battleships of the United States Navy.....	204,329,000.00	13

As is shown in the first table, during the last fiscal year the American people drank a total of more than two billion gallons of alcoholic beverages, or nearly twenty-three gallons for every man, woman, and child in the United States. The second table, giving the per capita drink consumption for each decennial year since 1850, shows that that consumption has increased more rapidly than our population. In recent years this increase has taken place in the consumption of the more deadly distilled spirits, as well as in the less deadly wines and malt liquors. The third table compares the cost of alcoholic liquors with other large values. Representing the net drink cost at 100, the last column shows the percentages of this amount represented by the other values in the table. For example, we could construct a Panama Canal every three months with the money wasted upon alcoholic drink.

This illustrates well the planlessness of our production. We waste all this effort in producing alcohol, and pour it into our mouths to steal away our brains, and at the same time there are thousands and thousands of little children dying for the want of food and adequate shelter. It is almost incredible; but we are blunted to the situation, and have accepted it as a matter of course. True, it is not an easy thing to prevent the manufacture of alcohol and other similar luxuries, until starvation shall have been abolished from this cultured and Christian nation. Perhaps it is not even a possible thing. But certainly our system of producing and distributing wealth is not a rational one if we allow human beings to starve and freeze through no fault of their own, while we employ a force which might have been devoted towards making these privations unnecessary, in producing things which are on the whole decidedly harmful.

We suffer loss through the production of alcohol not only in that we use in its production forces which might better be spent in the production of other things, but also in that the use of alcohol lowers the efficiency of our producers. There was a time when it was believed that the production of wealth was stimulated through the use of intoxicating drinks. In an earlier day it was customary on farms to distribute liquor to the field hands in harvest time, in order to increase their daily amount of work. There was a general prejudice in favor of the custom, and it was believed that better results could be secured by conforming to it. It is not so long ago since it was usual for traveling salesmen to indulge freely, and to treat their customers freely with intoxicants in order to

increase their sales. Both practices have largely died out, primarily because people have come to realize that the earlier methods were not profitable. Farmers have ceased to furnish their hired men with liquor; not purely on moral grounds. If it were generally believed to-day that harvest hands would produce more economically when provided with alcohol, the farmer would not be able to resist the temptation to supply the drug. He does not do so because the workman produces better results without it.

With competition as keen and methods as unscrupulous as they often are in the business world of to-day, it is not purely on moral grounds that traveling men are discontinuing their former methods of treating, and have begun to be a sober class of men, but because it has been found more profitable to do so. The non-drinker can be depended upon to do a higher class of work than the man who is in a semi-intoxicated condition during working hours, or than the man who drinks moderately, and confines his drinking to the time when he is off duty.

A few years ago, the Federal Bureau of Labor undertook an investigation to find out the attitude of employers towards the use of intoxicating liquors by employees. Employers were asked if, in employing new men, they were accustomed to give consideration to the use of intoxicating liquors. Out of nearly seven thousand employers answering this inquiry, more than one-half reported that they required in certain occupations, and under certain circumstances, that employees should not use intoxicating liquors. Many different reasons were given by the employers for the requirement, of which the most frequently recurring were, "Because of responsibility of position, and to make good example for other employees," and "to guard against accidents." Other reasons were, "To guard against inefficiency and poor work," and "to guard against irregularity in time, and because of unreliability of drinking men."

In recent years the tendency on the part of employers to discourage the use of alcohol by their employees has been growing rapidly. In the daily papers we frequently come upon such news items as the following: "New York, July 29th. As a result of an investigation conducted by the management of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad following the recent disastrous wreck at Corning, New York, an order was issued to-day to the employees of the transportation service forbidding the use of intoxicants, either while on or off duty." The following advertisement recently published in the want columns of a Minneapolis paper, fur-

nishes an extreme and a slightly humorous illustration of the point: "Bartender wanted. Must be sober. No boozers need apply."

This testimony goes to show that the interests of production suffer through the use of alcohol by the producers. We must, therefore, charge up against alcohol not only the effort which is actually put into the production of intoxicating liquors, but also the loss in production which is sustained through the fact that the laborers who have drunk these millions of dollars worth of alcohol now produce less efficiently than they would have produced if they had been total abstainers. Where the intoxicated workman puts his hand in a planer and loses an arm, or falls from a train and has his legs cut off by the car wheels, or kills himself by falling from a scaffold, we must debit the account of alcohol with the fact that such men have not succeeded in producing during the course of their lives the normal amount of wealth. Then again, where men have been unable to do as full a day's work as they might have done had they not been addicted to strong drink, we may charge up the difference in their productivity to alcohol. Where the lives of workers have been shortened, or where men have been incapacitated for work at a comparatively early age through the use of liquor, the loss in production should be charged to alcohol. Where families have been broken up through the use of liquor, and where children have been brought up under conditions which have made them less than normally productive citizens, the loss in production can fairly be ascribed to liquor. Where men and women are confined in jails and in insane asylums because of their addiction to strong drink, the lack of their productivity is justly placed to the account of alcohol.

When we consider all of these matters together, when we think of all the bread and all the beef and all the clothing and all the houses which could be produced if all the energies which are now devoted to the production of alcoholic drinks were devoted to the production of bread and beef and clothing and houses, and all that could be produced if the world's workers had not been rendered inefficient or had not been destroyed through the use of strong drink, we cannot fail to see how large and how sinister alcohol looms in the problem of the production of wealth.

We have now arrived at the second stage of our investigation—the study of the place of liquor in the distribution of wealth. The distribution of wealth is concerned with the manner in which the wealth which has been produced is finally shared among those who

are to consume it. The traditional shares recognized by the economist are wages and profits and rent and interest. Wages and profits go to the laborers and to the enterprisers as a reward for the exertion of their efforts. Interest and rent go to the capitalists and to the land owners in exchange for the use of their property. Of course land owners are sometimes laborers, and receive wages as well as rent, and capitalists are often enterprisers receiving profits as well as interest; and so it is impossible to divide people into four distinct classes, accordingly as their incomes are derived from one or another of these four shares. It will, however, be readily admitted that in a rough way, and for practical purposes, society may be divided into two classes on the basis of the receipt of income from the possession of property, or from sources other than the possession of property.

Taking the two extremes of the scale, it may be said that the rich derive their incomes from the possession of property, and that the poor derive their incomes from other sources, of which the most important is wages. Moreover, the children of the rich inherit property accumulated through the means of property, while the children of the poor inherit poverty and live for the most part from wages. Thus the unequal distribution of wealth tends to perpetuate itself; "for he that hath to him shall be given and he shall abound; but he that hath not from him shall be taken away that also which he hath."

Now any man with a little ability and industry can succeed in getting possession of income-bearing property, and thus starting himself on the road to wealth, or at least away from the road to poverty; but other things being equal, the chances are that in most lines of endeavor the ability and industry of the man who uses liquor to excess will be less than the ability and industry of the non-user of alcohol. Thus the alcohol user is handicapped in the start for a fortune. "Late and soon, getting and spending we lay waste our powers," the poet says. Perhaps the greatest handicap to the alcohol user is on the side of spending.

Our friend Micawber is authority for the statement that a man with an income of twenty pounds a year will ultimately reach poverty if he spends six pence a year more than twenty pounds, and opulence if he spends six pence a year less. Other things equal, the man who uses alcohol to excess is likely to be the man who lives in the present rather than in the future; who will wish to consume his income now rather than to convert the penny in the pound into

income-bearing property. If he has property, he is likely to mortgage it in order to increase his spending money. In the language of the economists, he has a high rate of preference for present over future income. It is most probable that such a man, unless fate is especially kind to him, will ultimately lose his property and become dependent on his labor alone for his support. Alcohol, then, it would seem, tends to further accentuate the existing unequal distribution of wealth.

Moreover, the effects of the drink habit upon the distribution of wealth are cumulative and permanent. Sins of the fathers are visited upon the children through many generations in the industrial world. The man who uses alcohol to excess, and who lowers his own economic position in society thereby, also places his children at a disadvantage in the struggle for a livelihood. As a general thing they do not inherit the property that they otherwise would inherit. They must depend to a greater extent than would otherwise be necessary on their labor power for their support. Then, too, as a rule they will not receive so good an education as they would receive if their father were not a drinker. They are thus doubly handicapped in the race of life because of the meagerness of their education, and because of their lack of income-bearing property. They start out at the bottom of the industrial ladder, and they must content themselves with the meaner positions and the smaller incomes.

Occasionally one emerges from this class, and we are asked to consider the possibilities for self-improvement that exist in it, but as a rule there is little hope. The children remain in the relative positions in which they were left by their father, and if they fall victims to the temptations to drink which are likely to surround them, the chances are that their children in turn will sink to a still lower level in the industrial world than they had themselves known. Thus, alcohol tends to produce an unequal distribution of wealth because it tends to increase the number of the inefficient and unskilled, and to decrease the number of those qualified to take the positions requiring special training and responsibility; and because it tends to divide society into a property-holding class and a property-less class. If alcohol were not used there would be a better balanced relation of supply and demand in the skilled and in the unskilled labor markets. If alcohol were not used there would be fewer persons dependent solely upon their labor for their income.

Thus far, in discussing the relation of alcohol to the distribu-

tion of wealth, we have assumed that the user of alcohol is a producer of wealth. Unfortunately, this supposition is not always borne out by the facts. The use of intoxicating liquors may have the effect of rendering the worker less efficient and thus reducing his income, but the reduced income may still be sufficient to support the worker and those dependent upon him, although it reduces his standard of living. The circumstances, however, are not always so fortunate. Sometimes the user of liquor and his dependents are compelled to rely partly or wholly upon charity for their support. Sometimes they fall into the vicious and criminal classes which prey upon society. In either case the tendency is away from the ideal situation where every man shall be independent and self-supporting and self-respecting.

It is a difficult matter to tell to what extent poverty and pauperism are the results of the drink habit, and perhaps it is more difficult to tell to what extent vice and crime are its results. Various statistical estimates have been made along these lines, but there is not any great degree of unanimity in the findings. Probably the most impartial and reliable authority is the Committee of Fifty, which undertook a comprehensive investigation of the liquor problem a few years ago, and whose report is generally credited with fairness by social workers. The sub-committee of the Committee of Fifty, reporting on that particular phase of the matter, states:

Of the poverty which comes under the view of the charity organization societies, about twenty-five per cent can be traced directly or indirectly to liquor—eighteen per cent of the persons studied having brought on their poverty through the personal use of liquor, and nine per cent attributing it to the intemperance of parents or others. (The general percentage is less than the sum of the partial percentages, because in some cases liquor acted both as a direct and as an indirect cause.) Of the poverty found in almshouses, thirty-seven per cent can be traced to liquor, and of this, again, thirty-three per cent is due to the personal habits of the inmates and eight per cent to the intemperance of others. In the case of the destitution of children, not less than forty-five per cent was found to be due to the liquor habits either of parents, guardians, or others.

While no one doubts that much crime is due to the use of liquor, it will readily be seen that it is more difficult to obtain reliable statistics concerning the exact extent to which liquor functions as a cause of crime than is the case with poverty. The report of

the Committee of Fifty covers the cases of more than thirteen thousand convicts in seventeen prisons and reformatories scattered throughout twelve States. The figures do not include ordinary jails, and therefore do not take account of persons convicted for mere misdemeanors, drunkenness, or violation of the liquor laws.

Of the total number of cases thus investigated, it appeared that intemperance figures as one of the causes of crime in nearly fifty per cent. It was, however, a first cause in only thirty-one per cent. While, therefore, intemperance appears to contribute to crime in nearly half the cases investigated by us, a result which is strikingly confirmed by the investigation of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics for that State, it was almost always only one of the several causes, and appeared as a leading cause in less than one-third and as a sole cause in but sixteen per cent. The difference in the importance of liquor as a cause of crimes against property, and of crimes against the person, is surprisingly small. It is, as should be expected, somewhat more prominent in crimes against the person, fifty-one and one-half per cent of such crimes being attributable to liquor, either on the part of the criminal or of others; but even in the case of crimes against property the percentage is forty-nine and one-half.

These percentages of crime and poverty due to alcohol are certainly sufficiently large to compel our attention in a study of distribution.

The third division of our subject relates to the consumption of wealth. Consumption, in political economy, means the utilization of goods in the satisfaction of human wants. Consumption, the satisfaction of wants, is the end of economic activity. It is to this end that men labor and save. Now, there have been economists who have held that the great principle of consumption is to satisfy as many and as intense wants as possible, not any other characteristics of wants being taken account of than their number and intensity. The present writer has never been able to accept this view of the scope of political economy, but has always believed that the economist is an ethicist, and that in his computation of the satisfactions of wants he has a right to consider moral values. However, let us for the moment waive this point and accept a purely utilitarian view of the matter. Let our main consideration be the satisfaction of wants, and let us ask no questions as to whether the wants be for food or lodging or intoxicating drinks or demoralizing pictures.

Accepting this purely utilitarian, pleasure-pain philosophy of wealth-consumption, let us ask how the drinker of intoxicating liquors measures up to this philosophy in the expenditure of his income. Does the person who drinks to excess really spend his income so as to get the highest degree of satisfaction of wants from it—to experience the greatest pleasure and the least pain? Clearly not. The economists are indebted to the psychologists for the law of diminishing utility which says, “The intensity of our desire for additional units of any commodity decreases as we consume successive portions.” Thus, the hungry boy receives less satisfaction from the consumption of his third dish of ice cream than he received from the second, and if additional dishes of ice cream were given to him he would finally come to a stage in his estimation of values where he would prefer a piece of bread and butter to an additional dish of ice cream.

Applying the same principle to the drinker, we find that as he approaches the point of satiety in the consumption of intoxicants, it becomes a matter of indifference to him whether he spends his next ten cents on alcohol or on a catechism for his children, or on a ticket for a moving picture show. At this point in his consumption, the subjective value of the drink of liquor, of the catechism and of the ticket, will be approximately the same. The chances are, however, that on the morning after he will experience a change in his estimates of the relative values of the expenditures of the night before. He may feel, the next morning, that it would have been wiser to have spent the last twenty cents, which actually went for drink the night before, in the direction of the catechism and the moving picture show.

Clearly then, from a purely utilitarian standpoint, the drinker of intoxicating liquor very often does not secure the best results from his expenditures. For no one will contend that the drinker’s judgment of what was for his good was better on the night before than it was on the morning after. But even from the standpoint of the night before, the excessive drinker does not spend his money to the best advantage; for his expenditure is governed by habit and custom, and is not a free exercise of his best judgment, such as it is at the time. The point is illustrated by a cartoon which appeared some time ago in a Munich paper. Two students were sitting at a table in a restaurant. One was drinking, the other was not. The one who was drinking asked the other, “Why are you not drinking?” The other answered, “Because I am not thirsty;

I drink only when I am thirsty." "That is just like a pig," answered the drinker in disgust.

The drinking man does much of his drinking, not on account of any feeling of thirst, but purely from habit or because of the custom of treating, which compels him to prove that he is not a pig, which drinks only when it is thirsty, but that he is a gentleman and a Christian, who drinks in order to spend as much money as any of his fellows. If it is true that men drink from these motives, and are not like the pig which drinks only when it is thirsty, then it is true that the consumers of intoxicating liquors do not spend their incomes in such a way as to get the best results, as viewed from the pleasure-pain standpoint. But the utilitarian principle prescribes not the greatest possible good for a particular individual, but rather the greatest good of the greatest number. But is alcohol actually used in such a way as to give the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number? The question answers itself. We all know too many shocking and horrible examples to think so.

Here is a little story from real life. It is a comparatively mild one, and devoid of the usual harrowing details.

The father of the family in question is an engineer who earns about seventy-five or eighty dollars a month when he works. He drinks steadily, however, and finds it impossible to hold a position for any length of time. He lives with his wife and daughter. He has three married sons, drinkers like himself, who contribute nothing to the support of their parents and sister. When out of work these sons and their wives live with their parents. The daughter adds eight dollars a week to the family income by working in a department store. She might have been earning a little higher wages if her education had not been cut short at the sixth grade. The mother and daughter are refined people and good Catholics. The daughter is good looking and of much charm of manner. Three or four years ago she met a college student at a church gathering, and in the course of time the two developed a considerable affection for each other. She invited him to dinner one day when, unluckily, the family skeleton was stalking around the house. It was too much for the young man, and there the romance ended.

A couple of years ago, the father was coming home one night, on the street car, drunk, and in getting off the car he fell to the ground and was unable to rise. A crowd gathered, and a policeman came to the scene and sent in a call for the patrol wagon. The

daughter had been at church that evening, and as she came near her home and saw the crowd gathered around, she was moved by the usual curiosity, and wished to see what was going on. She was startled to find that her drunken father was the cause of the commotion, and that he was about to be taken to the police station. She pleaded with the policeman to let her take her father home, but to no avail. The officer insisted that since he had rung up the patrol wagon, he would have to keep the man until the wagon arrived; otherwise, it would go against his record at headquarters. She renewed her entreaties, and as a compromise he suggested that she might try to influence the officer in charge of the wagon when he came. And so, this high-strung, fine-natured girl waited, and furnished a target for the remarks of the crowd, until the wagon arrived. Then she had to go all through the process of expostulation again with the other officer, and finally she was allowed to take her drunken father home.

A few months ago the father had been drinking and got into a quarrel with a boy who worked in the same shop, and struck him with an iron bar. Thereupon the employer discharged the engineer, and ever since that time the family has been living upon the eight dollars a week earned by the department store girl. The furniture has been gradually disappearing from the home, and now the vital problem is: how long will the landlord allow the family to occupy the house before he ejects them for the non-payment of rent?

Sticking to the strictly utilitarian, pleasure-pain view of political economy, who will dare to say that on that particular evening when the father fell from the street car, his pleasure, the satisfaction of his wants through the use of alcohol, was not more than outweighed by the pain, the sense of dissatisfaction and discomfort on the part of the daughter? And who will dare to say that the satisfaction of this family, as a whole, in the course of a year, or in the course of a decade, is as great as it would be if no liquor had been consumed by any of its members?

Nor is this an extreme case of the suffering entailed upon the family of the heavy drinker. Rather it is a typical case. Here is a girl with sensibilities as keen, perhaps, as those of any of her more fortunate neighbors. She has as good a right to respect and love and the good things of life as anyone has, and yet they are denied her through no fault of her own; and the shame of it all is that the case is not an extreme one, but, rather, is typical of the life of the heavy drinker's family. If it departs from the typical

at all, it is rather exceptional in that the girl has been able to hold the family together through these years. And yet there are people who will complain loudly when any suggestion is made which leads towards the placing of restrictions upon the liberty of the individual to consult his own judgment in the matter of what and how much he shall drink, forgetting that it is not the individual that is the unit in society but the family, and that on any rational principle of satisfaction of wants, pleasure and pain should be distributed throughout the family instead of the pleasure being apportioned to one member and the pain to the others.

In view of all these considerations, political economy has this to say about alcohol as it is actually used as a beverage:

I. Its use is prejudicial to the economical production of wealth.

II. Its use is inconsistent with a wholesome and wise distribution of wealth.

III. It tends to promote an irrational consumption of wealth.

Political economy, therefore, will have none of it.

Where, then, shall alcohol look for a defender? Surely not to physiology, not to psychology, not to ethics. The natural defenders of the liquor traffic are avarice and others of the lower vices. But these, alone and unaided, could not withstand the attack which is being made upon the drink evil by the forces of light.

Who, then, are the allies of the powers of darkness in this matter?

First among them are those who do not know of the destruction wrought by alcohol. These persons use alcohol little or not at all themselves, and possibly belong to those nationalities whose habits of drinking are more temperate than ours.

Then, there are those who know of the harm which alcohol does, but who cannot make up their minds to enlist in the fight for better things. Of these some honestly fear for the cause of the liberty of the individual (forgetting the cause of the liberty of the individual's wife and children).

Some are unwilling to sacrifice their own thirsts for the general welfare.

Some are under obligations to persons who make money out of the drink traffic.

Some are just plain, ordinary, everyday cowards who dare not even think what is unpopular. I like to believe that these last will one day be bold and mighty champions of righteousness. And they will be if righteousness ever becomes fashionable.

A ROYAL MAUNDY.

BY E. M. DINNIS.



OMEONE has remarked that a holiday spent at Hadlands Old Manor is as efficacious as an annual Retreat. Certain it is that no guest ever left Hadlands without feeling a better Catholic than before he went. Many a statuesque opinion has become a living faith, warmed into being on the hearth-place of the old panelled library at the Manor; for not only are the associations of the place, with its chapel in the rafters, its relics of martyred priests, and its hiding-hole, stimulating in themselves, but the present owner of the Old Manor has inherited a gift for which the family seems always to have been remarkable, viz., that of telling a tale. It was an eighteenth century Brayne who collected authentic accounts of the doings of his forebears during the later days of Elizabeth, when the political fears of the populace made an "armed ruffian" of the gentle dreamer who served the altar of his fathers. These he set down, together with stories of his own day, also a day of persecution and vicissitude for the faithful. There was likewise a John Brayne of the seventeenth century, who kept a careful diary of certain strange things, that the king's pursuivant would have given much to learn, in a cipher, the key to which was only known to his adopted son Francis, of the Friars Observant, and to his wife Gertrude, whose incredibly ready wits had extricated her husband from many a tight corner, since discretion was not a salient quality in the John Brayne of that period.

The John Brayne of to-day—a sturdy, open-hearted Lancashire gentleman—resembles in many ways his ancestor; among others, as I have said, in his possession of the faculty of telling a story. He has at his finger-tips, so to speak, all the brave old tales preserved by his predecessors, and these it is his custom to translate into the language of the "yarn," and recount for the delectation of his guests after supper, when they gather round the fire in the long, low library.

Hadlands Old Manor is an isolated, incongruous survival from the old days when Lancashire sheltered the ancient faith in its lonely, hill-guarded valleys. It stands, a long, many-gabled, tim-

bered homestead of the early Tudor period, hardly beyond the outskirts of a grimy, be-chimneyed, and exceedingly prosperous town, which having absorbed the forfeited Hadlands acres, now, with a certain irony, bears the name of the old family who suffered the loss of a corner of a shire through their adherence to the faith of old England. The same sturdy spirit which made unconscious martyrs of the sixteenth and seventeenth century Braynes, displayed itself in the nineteenth century when a Brayne of Hadlands, to save the family fortunes, bravely turned to commerce, and took as gallantly to trade as his predecessors had taken to the road in the wake of the traveling priest. John Brayne worked well, built up a business in the smokey town bearing his name, and succeeded as he deserved to do, so that at the present time the owner of Hadlands Old Manor is a very fairly prosperous merchant of passing gentle birth, who spends his days in a counting-house, and his leisure time in antiquarian research, and in the telling of stories, in which his very fine imagination is kept well in check by the serious historian's love of accuracy.

To anyone like myself, whose privilege it is to spend every Christmas at Hadlands, John Brayne's stories have grown familiar. They include all kinds, comedy as well as thrills; and not a few tender little love stories. "Psychic" people like to hear the story of the ghostly light in the turret, but my old friend John Brayne is chary of the occult as a rule. I was, therefore, all the more surprised when one evening last Easter, when Hadlands contained its usual house-party, he not only produced a story which I had never heard before, but one which raised the question of the supernatural in a manner that the shy Englishman is usually careful to avoid, be he Protestant or Catholic.

It came about like this. We were gathered round the library fire, the ladies, the men, and the children. The latter, tired of their romps and rioting in the hall, had insinuated themselves into available laps, or perched their small bodies on the arm of the easy chair occupied by the grown-up of their predilection. Others were curled up, dog fashion, on the hearthrug. Some of us were discussing dreams, and those experiences which are half-dreams, half-visions; and someone was maintaining that for all these there was a natural explanation to be traced in the mental impressions received previously by the brain, although such might have been acquired subconsciously, or at a great distance of time back, as opposed to any occult theory. We appealed to our host.

"I think I believe in something between the two," he said. "I think a dream, or vision, may have both a natural and a supernatural meaning—such may be accounted for satisfactorily by previous impressions, and yet possess, concurrently with the material explanation, an analogous interpretation, equally striking, and quite as difficult to dispose of."

"Story, story!"

One of the party, a Brayne of the second generation, a student from Maynooth, tapped on the table with the bowl of his pipe.

"Suppose you illustrate what you mean, Uncle?" he suggested. "I know there's something up your sleeve."

I wondered. I had never heard John Brayne tell a story bearing on this point.

Our host sat silent, looking at us thoughtfully. He let his thoughts run on, as was his wont, and then spoke to the conclusion arrived at in his mind.

"It will do for the children," he said. "It is all about a small boy." He was looking, however, at the originator of the materialistic argument, a young fellow whom he had rescued from a lonely Easter in Cottonopolis. John Brayne was fond of this young man, a former employee of his, nobody exactly knew why. He was not a Catholic, but sympathetically inclined, and sufficiently congenial to his present surroundings.

The children were delighted.

"What is the story called?" their leading spirit inquired.

"In the old cipher MS. it is headed, 'Concerning the strange evidence given to Mr. Whitbourne, Magistrate, by a child called Francis, touching the alleged visit of a priest at night time,'" John Brayne said. "I've never told this story before."

I noticed that he didn't call it a yawn.

Mrs. John Brayne gave a swift glance at her husband before applying herself to her knitting. One of the children, a very small schoolboy who had accomplished his first term at Hodder, placed himself, with very definite intention, in the lap of his mother, young Mrs. Jack. The young man from Cottonopolis threw the remaining half of his cigarette into the fire.

"It's quite a seasonable story," our host remarked. "It's all about something that happened on a Maundy Thursday, in the days when the very old folk could almost remember the ceremony of the washing of the feet of beggars at the monasteries and churches.

"You have noticed, any of you who have taken the short cut to

the works, two old ruined cottages now used as sheds. Old inhabitants can remember the time when these stood by themselves on the edge of a stretch of moorland, known as the Burnfield. The cottages are at least four hundred years old, so I am disposed to identify them with 'two lonely cottages' mentioned in the MS. of my namesake, John Brayne. These cottages, the MS. says, were occupied in the year 16—, the one by an elderly couple, and the other by a vagrant fellow, who had lately lost his wife, and his small son, Francis—John Brayne very seldom bothers to give names in his diary, but he puts it on record that this small boy was called Francis. On the Maundy Thursday of 16— special ill-luck seemed to have descended on the inmates of the cottages on the Burnfield.

"In the one the old lady lay slowly dying, and sighing for spiritual consolations, for she was a good, devout Catholic. The old gentleman, her husband, had been up to the Manor with a message, for there was a rumor abroad among the faithful that a traveling priest had stopped at the Manor the night before, and might yet be there. The inmate of the other cottage was in even a worse plight. The father of the small boy Francis, assailed by one of the attacks of vagrancy to which he had been addicted since his wife's death, had left the boy to shift for himself and gone off, nobody knew where. Francis had become used to this conduct on the part of his parent, and as a rule he managed to get on passably well, but a really terrible misfortune had befallen him. I must tell you that it appears that Francis had recently come into possession of a pair of leather shoon. The record doesn't tell us how he came by them, but you can take it from me that he didn't steal them. Now a small boy who has gone barefooted all his life, a matter of nine or ten years, will fancy himself mightily in a pair of leather shoon. Moreover, Francis was a fervent admirer of Master John Brayne. It must be a wonderfully fine thing to be beautifully dressed like Master John, and the leather shoon were exactly the same pattern as those worn by the squire's magnificent son. Francis wore his footgear assiduously, manfully ignoring the fact that there was a long nail sticking up in the sole of one shoe.

"The nail was inconvenient, but Francis was a philosopher, and he realized that wearing shoon for the first time must necessarily be an uncomfortable business. He stuck to his shoon, and his shoon, alas! stuck to him; and every day the result became worse. By the time that the young popinjay had realized that the shoon

must be relinquished, and the point of similarity between himself and Master John Brayne abandoned and a back-to-nature course adopted, a particularly sore place had established itself in the sole of his left foot. The leather had been dyed, presumably, with a poisonous dye, and the boy had become what would be now called an advanced case of septic poisoning.

"The child lay on his little straw bed in the living room on this the evening of Maundy Thursday. Of course, no one remembered that it was Maundy Thursday. The parish church had been shut all day. Francis' mother had been a Catholic—she may have told him something about the washing of feet, and the Maundy alms. The father was a person of no convictions, and as capable as anyone else of adding to his income by informing on a popish priest. That such, by the way, were to be found at certain times and seasons in the Old Manor was a fact more than suspected, but inasmuch as young Master John was given to bringing all sorts and conditions of acquaintances to enjoy the hospitality of his father's roof—poets who wished to live by their lyres, quack physicians who had outraged the medical faculty with their strange doctrines as to the virtue of fresh air; young lordlings who had married the beggar maid, and so beggared themselves—a light interpretation could be put on even the presence of a popish priest at the Old Manor. Master John Brayne, like many young fellows nowadays, had a special and peculiar devotion to the under-dog; but apart from that he was a staunch Catholic, like his father, old Sir Humphrey, and possessed, also, a peculiar devotion to Holy Church and to our Blessed Lady, and, I may add, to Mistress Gertrude Haile, a maiden 'most religious and intelligent, and merry withal' says one record, not John's—his terms are those of the devout lover—but I must get back to my small boy.

"He lay all alone. The aged dame who attended on the sick lady at the next cottage had given him a look in on her way thither, as was her wont. She had made him a bowl of gruel, stacked up a nice fire on the hearth, and placed a drink of water within his reach, and so left him. The gruel Francis had found himself unable to swallow; there was a stiff feeling all over his face; he had been bad for eight days now, but the water he had taken eagerly. He was not hungry, but very thirsty, and very, very hot."

"He'd got the fever," a boy on the hearthrug opined. He had found a mild attack of scarlatina during term time not without its compensations.

"He had got something," the narrator said. "He was tossing on his bed and calling out for his mother."

The "Hodder brat" took yet firmer root in his special lap, and slipped an arm round the neck of Mrs. Jack. He was thinking of an attack of toothache, and the total inadequacy of the kind and sympathetic matron on that occasion.

"Then there suddenly came a gentle knock at the door. Francis did not bother to answer. The hole in his foot hurt him too much for unnecessary speech. In a moment or two the latch was cautiously lifted and two men entered, clad in dark cloaks. One of these the invalid vaguely recognized as Master John Brayne. In an ordinary way such a thing as a visit from Master John, the hero of his devotion, would have been marvelously exciting, but the pain in his foot was too absorbing for anything else to claim attention. As for the other visitor, he was so queer-looking an object that he might have been taken for an image conjured up by a fevered brain. He was an old man, with a curious little withered face, the mouth rather on one side, and a scar across the cheek on the side where there was most mouth. The eye on that same side had entirely disappeared. Master John Brayne's companion was not a personable gentleman. He stood looking round him, with one hand thrust inside his bosom, and moving his lips as though he were speaking to himself. Master John carried a lantern, and was muffled up to the eyes. He also gave a hasty glance round, and drew in a quick breath.

"'We've come to the wrong cottage,' he whispered. 'We must get out of this—the lad's father may be about!' Francis took small notice of this. The hole in his foot seemed to suck all his consciousness being into itself. The other foot ached and throbbed from sympathy, as also did the palms of his hands. Master John was making for the door again, but the other lingered, looking at the boy. Going up to the bed he said, 'My child, you are in pain. Have you no one to look after you?'

"'Have a care!' Master John whispered. 'Don't let him see you!'

"'Goody's been,' Francis answered. 'She's gone on to nurse Granny Mace, over yon.'

"The two visitors exchanged glances. Master John stepped forward and questioned the sick lad. 'How long will Goody be, do you think?' he asked, 'before she comes back?'

"'She doesn't come back, she goes home,' the boy moaned

wearily. Master John turned to his companion. 'You must wait here,' he said, in an undertone, while I go and find out if she's still there. I'll return for you if all's clear, but don't let the boy get sight of you, Father, he may inform.'

"Nevertheless, when Master John Brayne had disappeared, leaving the lantern on the table, the stranger turned again to Francis. He went up to the child and took hold of his hand, and regarded him steadily with his one and only eye.

" 'Little one,' he said, 'you are in grievous pain, what is it that ails you?'

"Francis looked up at the queer face. 'I've hurt my foot. Oh, I *have* hurt my foot!' he sobbed, wailing out the pent-up tale of his woe, for Goody had taken the injured foot pretty well as a matter of course. If those whom the Almighty (the 'Good God' had become the 'Almighty' in these new times) intended to go barefoot chose to wear shoon they must expect something of the kind.

"Very gently the old man examined the wounded foot. Then he set it down and sat looking at it, with his hands clasped over his bosom, as though he felt a kindred pain there. Then he examined the wound again, and his misplaced mouth screwed itself up into the corner of his seared cheek. The foot itself was begrimed with the dirt of many weeks. Bandage there was none, except an unspeakable piece of colored cloth, which the stranger removed and placed on the fire. There he noted a caldron containing some water, and a fair-sized basin.

" 'My child,' he said, 'can you sit up for a moment? I must bathe that foot.' He moved the caldron on to the fire, and rinsed out the basin. Then he appeared to bethink himself, and an idea seemed to strike him. His action became really curious. He threw back his cloak and displayed a fine suit of red velvet with white cambric ruffles. Then he worked his mouth into what was evidently meant to be a smile.

" 'Methinks,' he remarked, apparently to himself, 'that it was to some good purpose, after all, that they turned a son of St. Francis into an old popinjay!' He had taken out a clasp knife, and was busily engaged in ripping the white cambric from his dress, nay more, he was tearing large pieces of linen from his underwear. The boy caught the sound of his name, and was aroused for a moment to a languid interest in what was going on. He fixed his dim eyes on the odd little figure bending over, both hands busily employed in the work of destruction. A little white silk bag with

yellow tassels, which was suspended from his neck by a cord, had escaped from his bosom and was swinging gently backwards and forwards in front of him. Francis watched it until, to his poor, blurred mind, the yellow tassels seemed to be made of pure, shining gold, and the faded silk to shimmer like a patch of white light. For a moment the child forgot his pain and sat up on the pallet.

"'Bravely done!' the visitor said. He set the basin, now filled with warm water, at the lad's feet, and girded himself with a cloth that lay near at hand. Then he knelt down and very tenderly placed the boy's wounded foot into the water. He laved the wound gently, with the skillfulness of a practiced hand. In some vague way Francis felt that he was in professional hands. Very grave and puckered did the ugly old face get as its owner realized the nature of the symptoms which made themselves apparent. The strange man must certainly be a surgeon. Yet why should a surgeon trouble to wash not only the wounded foot but the other as well? For that was what the stranger proceeded to do. And then he did a thing that surely a surgeon never did! Taking the two hard, brown little feet, he gathered them in his hands, and raising them to his lips kissed them—first the sound foot, and then the very terrible wounded one!

"Francis sat up straight. Suddenly he felt better—oh, ever so much better! The pain had gone, and there came a feeling of exhilaration attendant on the exquisite relief. He opened his eyes wide, and surveyed the kneeling figure before him with interest. After a time he spoke, rather shyly:

"'It was my shoon,' he began to explain, in tones of intimacy. 'They were the first shoon I'd ever had, and I wore them after they hurt me 'cause they were so fine—like Master John's—and a big nail ran into my foot.'

"The surgeon made no reply. He was probably absorbed in his task of binding up the foot. He declared later that he had no recollection of hearing the boy speak. He may have been engaged in prayer, for the patient was in a parlous bad way, if the symptoms visible there went for anything. As a matter of fact, I know that he was.

"But Francis was quite happy. He continued to gaze admiringly, and with ever-increasing interest. By the time the bandage was adjusted he had dropped off to sleep where he sat.

"The old man laid him down on the bed, and when John returned with the news that the coast was clear, Goody having been

seen to depart on her way, he found the other bending over the boy's sleeping form. The old man raised himself up, drew the little silk bag from his bosom, and made the sign of the Cross with it over the sleeping boy, Master John dropping on to his knees. Then they departed.

“Early next morning Francis was aroused from his deep, refreshing sleep by the return of his errant parent. The latter, having heard the boy's story of how he had hurt his foot, and how Master John Brayne had brought a surgeon and doctored him the night before, became vaguely remorseful for his neglect of the child. He had brought some money back with him—I won't vouch for how he came by it!—and he now proposed to make amends to his offspring by providing an orgy to celebrate his homecoming. With this intention he set out for the village, where the desired luxuries were to be obtained. When he reached it all the place was in a hubbub, and for a very sufficient reason. Mr. Whitbourne, the Protestant squire of Whitbourne, had arrived at the King's Head, in his magisterial capacity, with a commission to discover the whereabouts of one Father Giles, a popish priest of the Franciscan Order. There being a rumor abroad that Master John Brayne had brought a stranger to the Manor a day or two previously, it was Mr. Whitbourne's painful duty to investigate the circumstance, and ascertain whether this guest was the recusant in question.

“Interviewed, Mr. John Brayne had deigned to inform the magistrate that he had lately entertained a Mr. Jameson, a gentleman skilled in surgery, from London. Further details he declined to give, inviting poor Mr. Whitbourne to produce his warrant and institute a search, if he so willed. But Mr. Whitbourne was a well-mannered gentleman as well as a conscientious Puritan, and he shrank from this step until absolute necessity demanded it. He hoped first, if possible, to gain some evidence from someone who might have seen, and so could describe the suspected stranger. This should not be difficult, for the Franciscan was a man whose personal peculiarities admitted of no disguise. One-eyed, and scarred with the marks of an encounter with the king's officers in the old days when he had acted as doorkeeper at a secret massing place, the Observant who was wanted for the highest of High Treason—Mr. Titus Oates had made his misdemeanors as clear as noonday—was a marked man in every sense. Unluckily, however, no one appeared to have caught a glimpse of Master John's friend, so the courteously-inclined magistrate sat

on the horns of a dilemma in the inn parlor, deliberating as to whether he should put his search warrant into execution without further delay, when Francis' father, with his story of how his small son had been visited by Master John Brayne and a stranger, appeared opportunely on the scene. Here at last was the required witness. The prodigal father was taken in all haste to the magistrate, but Francis, it seems, had omitted to give a description of the personal appearance of the strange visitor in his narrative of what had occurred.

"'We will visit your son and take his evidence,' the magistrate said, when the father, somewhat alarmed, pleaded that the child was lame on one foot, and unable to get out of doors. So it was that Francis was destined to find himself waited upon for a second time in twenty-four hours by visitors of distinction.

"They set out for the cottage—Mr. Whitbourne, his two henchmen, and the father of the sick boy. On the way thither they chanced to meet young John Brayne. Very suavely the magistrate suggested that Master John Brayne should accompany them and hear the child give his evidence. Master John made no demur. He smiled cheerfully, and displayed all due willingness to hear Mr. Jameson's personal appearance expounded. Master John had himself well in hand—marvelously so for one so young, for he was barely one-and-twenty at the time. No sign of perturbation escaped him, but nevertheless there was a terrible cold feeling turning his heart numb, for after all life is sweet to a lad, and so is liberty, and conviction in this case meant loss of the former in all probability, certainly of the latter. And there was Mistress Gertrude! Mistress Gertrude was at present a guest at the Manor. She had been invited over for a special occasion—not a dance—to form one of a 'house-party' of a kind often met with in the Lancashire mansions in those days when she set store by the things that matter—before she learned to grow chimneys."

The young man from Cottonopolis surveyed the old merchant who interpolated this comment half apologetically. "There is grit as well as grime in Lancashire, though, nowadays," he asserted sturdily; and most of us recognized the point, and the young man from Cottonopolis went up one.

"Well," our host went on, "as they passed by the great gates of the Manor, Mistress Gertrude happened to be walking in the drive. Coming forward, she greeted Mr. Whitbourne with all cordiality.

“‘Gertrude,’ said young John, ‘these gentlemen have a fancy to discover certain things about our friend, Mr. Jameson, so we are off and away to the cottage at Burnfield to question the little lad to whom he showed charity last night.’

“Mistress Gertrude looked slightly puzzled at first. Then she looked from the magistrate at John, and she smiled. There was a distinct twinkle in her eye! You all know the portrait of Dame Gertrude Brayne in the gallery—how the left eye distinctly twinkles, although she is depicted in the act of telling her beads. They say that her father, a very pious Catholic gentleman, objected to the twinkle, and directed the artist to remove it, but the artist ‘sat tight’ and vowed that the twinkle was nothing but the soul of Dame Gertrude peeping out—a great big soul it was, too! And he got his way, for Sir John backed him up.

“‘I will come with you, if I may,’ she said. ‘I am anxious to see how the poor child is doing. Mr. Jameson feared that he was in a bad way.’

“The magistrate listened with rather a grim smile. These papists had learned to be mighty fine actors—all except the little friar on whose track they were, whose artlessness had brought him within arm’s length of the gallows—but Mr. Whitbourne was a difficult man to deceive.

“They proceeded to the cottage, the six of them, a curious cortège. Gertrude chatted pleasantly to the magistrate; Master John retained an air of offended dignity. The magistrate admired them both. Francis had fallen asleep again when they got there, making up the arrears of a pain-haunted week. He woke up and regarded the magistrate and his retinue with an interest very different from the languid manner of yesterday. Mr. Whitbourne sat himself down by the boy’s side and enwreathed his shrewd face in an ingratiating smile.

“‘Of course,’ he observed blandly, ‘the gentleman who came last night told you not to say anything about him to me—I know that.’ Francis gave a puzzled look at the intruder.

“‘He didn’t say anything about you,’ he said. Then—with intense interest—‘Is he a friend of yours? Is he coming again? Oh, I hope he is!’ He put the question, greedy for an answer.

“The magistrate scrutinized the little eager face. He turned to his man, who stood at his elbow. Master John and Mistress Gertrude stood, side by side, near the bed, the boy’s father just inside the door.

"The lad is honest," he said, in an undertone; 'he is speaking the truth. We shall learn all we want.' Nevertheless he put his next question with all due subtlety.

"He was quite a young man, was he not?" he remarked, still smiling.

"No-o," Francis said, 'he wasn't young.' Gertrude moved perhaps a quarter of an inch nearer to John. There was a dead silence as the boy sought for words to express himself.

"He was not young," he said, 'but he hadn't got old; he—he was beautiful!'

"What was he like to look at?" the magistrate asked, in slightly less unctuous tones.

"The boy thought. He labored to find expression. 'He had beautiful eyes,' he said at last, 'and he smiled at me, and his eyes were all soft and shining.'

"But he only had one eye!" the questioner gently reminded the speaker.

"Francis laughed. He sat up and stretched out his arms in his eagerness. 'Why, no,' he said, 'he had lovely big, soft eyes; and when I told him that I had worn my shoon when they hurt because they were so fine, like Master John's, his eyes got all soft and smiling-like, and he told me that he had once had a nail in his foot, bigger than mine, and it hurt, too. Oh, he was beautiful!'

"The magistrate looked across at Master John. He still preserved his air of offended dignity, somewhat accentuated. He looked extremely severe. He then looked at Mistress Gertrude. She had flushed up and was smiling, and there was a distinct 'twinkle' in her left eye. Mr. Whitbourne arrived at the conclusion that Mistress Gertrude Haile was intensely enjoying his discomfiture. He made the best of the situation; indeed, being a kind-hearted man, he was genuinely glad that it had turned out so. He rose from his seat and crossed over to young John. 'I am satisfied, sir,' he said, 'that your guest is not the man for whom I am seeking.'

"When he and his men had taken their departure, the boy's father also making himself scarce for fear of what he might get from Master John for his indiscretion, John and Gertrude stood gazing at one another. Searchingly the lady's eyes sought her lover's. Perplexity was all that she could read there. John turned to the boy. What had he been dreaming of? There was no sign of lightheadedness about him. The fever was completely gone.

" 'May I see your foot?' Mistress Gertrude asked of the child.

" 'Nay, be careful,' John whispered. ' 'Tis in a direful bad way. 'Twill turn you ill, sweetheart.'

" But Gertrude had already unwrapped the bandage. The foot lay exposed. A perfectly healthy place, which had already begun to heal, was what they both saw.

" John uttered an exclamation. Gertrude was regarding him earnestly. She said nothing, but her eager face asked questions of his inmost understanding. So far he was unresponsive.

" Then Francis spoke: 'I know who he was like—the surgeon'—he said. 'He was like Jesu Christ.'

" Mistress Gertrude Haile fixed her bright eyes on him and nodded, as one who had heard what she expected. She leaned forward and kissed the boy, very tenderly and very reverently. Then she crossed over to John, who stood gazing at her in dumb amazement. She laid her little hands on his big shoulders and looked up into his face. 'I guessed at once,' she whispered, 'have you forgotten that he was carrying the Blessed Sacrament?'

" 'There my story ends,' our host said. There was silence for some moments. Then one of the children, after the manner of children, asked:

" 'What became of Francis?'

" 'He became the Venerable Francis Brayne (for Master John adopted him), Franciscan priest, martyred at Tyburn. And Father Giles? Poor Father Giles was smuggled out of the country, and sent to a monastery in Belgium. He was too ugly to disguise, you see—besides he had no notion of acting. He died a saint, though, if not a martyr, and his prayers wrought many wonders even when he was here. You must not forget to ask him to help you, young Frank, when you come to think about your vocation, for he is a very mighty man of prayer.'

POINTS OF VIEW.

BY VINCENT MCNABB, O.P.



LAWRENCE SHIPLEY had been a school-fellow of mine in the old days at St. Malachy's. He had been captain of our cricket eleven and our swiftest forward on the football field. Moreover, every small boy who got into trouble with a big bully instinctively claimed right of sanctuary with Lawrence; nor, as far as I know, was that sanctuary ever violently invaded.

He was as keen at his books as at his games; winning equal prizes in the schools and fields. Indeed, something of the sporting instinct of his mind helped him in his studies. To master a language or solve a mathematical problem demanded not the same but a kindred set of enthusiastic emotions, which made him a hero in the playing field.

No one was so intimate with him as I, who shared nearly all his thoughts and dreams. A year or two his younger, I had just sufficient boyish worship of him to put him at his ease in unveiling his dreams, and just sufficient boyish jealousy to take a dreadful joy in finding out what new fields of adventure he was minded to win.

I remember to have heard one of his last and most characteristic phrases a week before breaking up. He was bidding farewell to me and to the school, now so beloved in the remembrance of our boyish, romantic love. With his eyes sparkling like a huntsman's in full view he said, "Who knows what I may be when next we meet, old boy? Commander-in-Chief, or Prime Minister perhaps! I mean to play a forward game. *Mens sana in corpore sano*, I take for my motto; and translate 'The head clear and the body fit.' Your broken-down folk don't live, as I hope to live, by leaps and bounds. They die by inches."

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Some twenty years after, a little pencilled scrawl in the old familiar handwriting brought me to the room where Sir Lawrence Shipley, of His Majesty's Colonial Service, lay dying by inches.

His eyes were older and, at first, duller than I had ever known in our school days. Sickness had quenched most of their

fires. Yet from time to time the embers would yield to some passing emotion and flame up, as I had so often seen them flame before.

Into the sanctities and intimacies of our hour of talk I may not take the casual reader. One phrase alone, with its accompanying remarks, is the motive of what follows from my pen.

A loathsome and hideous blood poisoning had made him almost a second Job. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was hardly a sound spot. I remembered the words of Job's comforter, "Curse God; and die." The despairing phrase would have soiled my lips if the dull eyes had not suddenly glowed in their death embers, as if to stifle my curse with a blessing.

I could hardly trace a dulling of the new-born light in his eyes as he said, "*Mens sana in corpore sano*. A clear head and a body fit! You may remember my motto. But I hope I am still playing a forward game."

It came as a shock to me that he could almost jest with death. I said bitterly, though the bitterness was not towards him, "I lay a wager your mind is always clear—as clear as when you won the school scholarship—even when your body is a network of pain. You are a clear mind in a stricken body. But that only trebles your pain."

He smiled feebly, as he said with an effort towards mild sarcasm, "Wrong again! Even my head swims. Indeed it sometimes swims out of my depth. I have to wait patiently on the bank till it bobs up serenely."

Then, recollecting that every deathbed of a great soul is, in St. Augustine's phrase, not so much a bed of suffering as a chair of teaching, I began the faithful enterprise of asking questions. I said playfully, "How can dull brains, duller eyes, and almost lifeless limbs play a game?"

My question seemed to stimulate him, as clever swift bowling used to make him take a new grip of his cricket bat. He answered, with a suspicion of scorn, "Our schoolboy games were child's play. Even the games I played when I was climbing the Colonial ladder on the Indian frontier, and carrying my life in my hands, were but quiet training for this—"

"This game of death!" I interrupted.

"Battle of life," he retorted gamely; and then went on. "Our school games were begun and ended in an afternoon, or a day. When they were over, we gave our wearied bodies food

and delightful rest. Now the game goes on night and day. If rest comes, I never know when it is coming or when it will go.

"My opponent keeps no rules. He fouls unmercifully. He does not mind hitting below the belt. He seems to take a particular joy in putting me down; when I am down, kicking me. He ties my hands behind my back, and then gives me stunning blows on the head. He blinds me, and ties me and passes me over hedges. He guides me and leads me whither I would."

"What do you expect to do with such a beast?" I gasped.

"Why, win! What else is there to do? This is merely the hardest game I ever played. To win will be the most coveted victory. If I win this cup, I win it outright. It is mine for ever."

I felt he was bent on winning. Yet the old man was so strong in me, or perhaps the strain of jealousy I had ever borne towards him was so irrepressible, that I blurted out:

"But there is not a part of your body that has not its point of pain!"

I rather fancied this last phrase. I felt almost childishly pleased when it seemed to reach its mark; though my past jousts with him left me wisely expectant. He repeated the phrase slowly, as if carefully playing a ball that broke.

"Points of pain! Well—suppose—I grant that meek brother body has a thousand points of pain. Yet mounted on the shoulders of brother body I see things otherwise than you. To me this sickness, which is unto death, has brought me ten thousand points of view!"

"Points of view," I murmured feebly to myself. He gave me almost word for word in the tragic deathbed game of phrase making. I had to own he had the better of the set.

"But is not suffering a cloud? Is not such suffering as yours an eclipse? Is it not shadow and even darkness? How then can you state it in terms of light?"

He replied emphatically, "From a sick bed every man can see."

"Yes, see his nurse; a row of medicine bottles, and the brick walls of the opposite side of the street." This seemed to me, even at the time, not an answer but a retort. I was not altogether surprised when he retorted in turn:

"When Death lays every man on his back, the man so stricken must perforce look up to the stars, the sun, and the eternal hills. There is little else to soothe his eyes. Hitherto he has seldom lain for long on his back, as artists lie to study the painted roof of a

church, or to watch the clouds. Now that sickness gives a man no other posture, he must in self-defense discover the stars. Like me he must awake one day to a new point of view, even if it is a point of pain."

He was looking up as he spoke from "the master's chair;" and I was looking down at the sun shining in his eyes. I felt with joy that he was still winning easily from me every set. To tell the truth, I was nothing loath that victory should be flowing as it did.

He shut his eyes; I know not whether through pain or vision. Then he broke into a reverie which, in words that add insult to his vision, I will here record.

"Yes, pain is a new point of view. Perhaps as things stand, it is the main point of view. The Crucified one day said that when He, Who had won hardly a handful of men, should be on His bed of pain, He would draw all things to Himself. Pain is not the heart, but is at the heart of the world. From that centre all things are seen, and seen in their setting; and to it all things return as a tossed stone to earth.

"Men have said that knowledge is power. I have learned from sorrow that while time runs knowledge is pain. The leaf sickens and dies. Yet it does not sorrow, for it knows not that it is dying. The pebble is burnt in the kiln. Yet it passes away without the cloud of pain, for it is unconscious of its passing away. But every shadow and footprint of oncoming death rings within us the knell of pain. All pain is thus the pain of death, as all bells summon mankind to prayer.

"How often in the very trough and deep of pain have I dwelt on Pascal's noble thought, 'Were the whole world to crush man, man would be nobler than that which slays him; because he would know that he is being slain.' But at what a price do we buy this supremacy over beings that lack knowledge. One who lay like me on a bed of suffering spoke of being 'delivered into the hands of thought.' There is scarcely any emotion, and certainly no pain, stirring on the surface or in the depths of my being that I do not know. I have counted every throb of a protesting nerve. I have felt the white-hot dagger of pain stab its way relentlessly almost to my bones. I have counted every turn of the vise that has fastened my brow in a narrowing pressing ring of agony. I have pitied my shuddering, moaning self as if my body was a hound that some heartless wretch was torturing. I have watched my conscious self

under the sharp dagger-stabs of pain gradually draw near and fall over the brink of unconsciousness. I have wakened up from pain-filmed, yea, agony-haunted, dreams to the realities of a body throbbing and quivering with the shafts of disease.

"Yet have I seen of late that the bed of pain is the Mount of Vision. No experience of life has taught me so much as this experience of a body manacled with pain. Never have I been set down at such a point of view. Laying here on my back I have ceased to see the earth; or I have seen it only as a lesser brother of the stars and sun. It is too little to say I have seen the sun; or even that I have seen God. I have handled the Mystery of life. I have felt God's power and wisdom, and the sweetness of His mercies, almost as undeniably as you now feel the rays of the noon-day sun, or as I felt this morning the agonies of an empoisoned body.

"How human are men, I often say: men who daily praise God most, not in the daily alms of sun and stars, but in the daily meal. It is not a sacrilege; for the daily bread which God gives is a daily morsel thrown to lull the clamorous wolves of death. I, too, have thanked God a hundred times for the tender mercies of those His lifeless creatures that have lulled my pain and curtailed my mind even in a dream-tortured sleep.

"I have thanked God, too, that now at length I have the meaning of the Apocalyptic word: 'He measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty-four cubits, the measure of a man which is of an angel.' I now see that it is akin to the noble hymn on the cross.

*Sæcli pependit pretium
Statera facta.*

Stretched on the earth in the Garden of Agony, He measured the world; dying on the cross on the Hill of Death, He weighed the world; measured and weighed it, and found it wanting.

"Only when the Angel of Death lays man on his back, has man the measure and weight of the world. Artists tell us that the low light makes the color. The eye of the dying is now for the first time level with the world, into which we shall so soon be gathered, child-dust to mother-dust.

"In the old days of chivalry they made the king's forearm or ell the measure of all measures. We, the stricken of Christ, know that of all things that pass—and joy passes us swiftly as sorrow, fame swifter than disgrace—the measure is the King's nailed and

outstretched arm. And thus I who have coveted, like the men of Athens, ever to hear something new, have been granted sorrow's supreme point of view; wherefrom I look upon the occupations of men, which are but games grown old, through the eyes of Christ.

"Sometimes, too, praised be His name! there comes to me, by His courteous kindness in the very fire of pain, an ecstasy of suffering. He draws near me and walks with me in the Babylonian furnace. I dare not ask of Him to sip the Cup of suffering lest, alas! my presumption should go before and prepare a fall. Yet when He sends His trusty angel of pain to seal upon me the 'marks of the Lord Jesus in my body,' I, too, like St. Paul, have been lifted up into a heaven, and there in the company of the Crucified have heard things which could not well be uttered or even understood, except through pain. A fragment of song has at these times throbbed through my fevered body.

Poets vent their soul in verse;
Saints in pain.

In that strange ecstasy of joy welling from the heart of sorrow and knowledge born of weakness, I have known that not Thabor but Golgotha is the supreme Mount of Vision, and that even Thabor's joys are only for those who will give ear to the Crucified speaking of His cross.

"I know, now, as I never knew before, that earth has not anything to show more fair than the fairest of the sons of men stretched out like ivory on His ebon couch of death; nor can eyes once seared and sealed by the vision of pain welcome a fairer sight until they open new-born in the Vision of Paradise."

* * * *

It may have been the mere fire of his old self overcoming his stricken body, or it may have been God's gracious visit to His enkindled soul, that silenced his last words to a whisper, and ringed his shut eyes with a shadow of death.

I muttered, "Well done!" He had heard me call it out to him a hundred times on the playing fields. Perhaps he heard it now. At any rate it was all my stunned soul could find at hand to say. Then running quickly from his bedside I summoned the Sister, whom he called his "Angel of Life," and went out from the shadows of his room into the sun, as one passes from day into the night.

TERTIARY MAN IN ARGENTINA.

BY JABEZ B. GOUGH.



IT is a regrettable circumstance, not only for the sake of science itself, but on the grounds of sane thinking as well, that so many scientific men are lacking in mental rectitude. Not only is their logical sense woefully in abeyance—or undeveloped; their ethical standards of thought are still more disordered. This mental incompetence results, therefore, in the employment of careless and slipshod methods, and these in turn discredit real science. There is in consequence abroad in the minds of thinking and discerning men a well-grounded prejudice against the deliverances of science in those fields where she cannot yet claim exactness. They distrust the premises, and rightly thereafter discredit the conclusions.

Against science, as the handmaid of revelation, there should be otherwise no prejudice. Science is truth in the natural order. It seeks to unravel mysteries which hitherto have eluded the notice or the knowledge of our race. The true scientist must, therefore, bring to this study of the obscure and hidden things of Nature an open and impartial mind—without preconceptions, except such as he can easily lay aside; he must follow sane and conservative methods; he must resolutely distinguish between proved facts and experimental theories; and in delivering his final conclusions to the world, he must bear in mind the ethical responsibilities which they carry with them when they trench on the supreme relation of man to his Creator.

To seek, then, to postulate for a mere workable hypothesis the value or stringency of an established law; to bolster it up with facts that are not facts, to advance the unproven and call it proved; to accommodate the facts to the theory, and not judge the theory by the facts; to be remiss in the logic of sequence and deduction; to deliver cathedraic decisions in matters which lie beyond one's random, or to the discussion of which one cannot bring a long and zealous training, and, finally, to be wanting the sense of personal responsibility for the accuracy of one's conclusions: these are all sins against true science, and must discredit the scientist who is guilty of them.

Most particularly in the matter of anthropogeny—to which we

especially address ourselves in this article—should the scientist guard his rectitude of view and his strict exactitude of proof. On account of the difficulties and drawbacks that accompany this study, the facility of error and deception, he must be exacting in his tests and investigations in its higher and more difficult stages. In the consideration of fossil types—skeletal remains—for instance, he must make full allowance for the possibility of reversion, degeneration, accidental variation in individuals, or some other such semi-pathological occurrence; not to speak of strictly indisputable stratigraphical evidence, some degree of fossilization, and marked serial somatological distinctions in the osseous structure.

An eminently illuminating instance of how science can be discredited at the hands of her votaries, and her just conclusions in other fields flouted and decried, has just reached us from South America. There can be no question of the facts, for they come to us on no less an authority than the United States Government, through its scientific department—than which there is not in the New World a more authoritative source. The Smithsonian Institution at Washington, one of the working departments of which is the Bureau of American Ethnology, in its last Bulletin supplies us with the facts. They make interesting reading; not only because they discover to us the dishonesty of method and conclusion employed by many scientists to prove the simian origin of man, but also because they afford us opportunity to follow the true scientist in his processes of deduction. Without further ado, then, we will take up the story.

Of recent years reports of the finding of skeletal and industrial remains of geologically ancient man in Brazil and Argentina have been coming thick and fast from South America. What between the finds of this class in the Lagoa Santa caves of Brazil, and the much more numerous finds of human bones and cultural objects in Argentina, South American scientists and anthropologists fairly revelled in an overabundance of material, at first glance fitted to their theories. They read into those relics not only a hoary and incredible antiquity for man, but they saw in them his precursor and progenitor; nay, they went farther—after the manner of the Latins—and gave him, not an inheritance from the anthropoids, but a descent far more deeply specialized in the direction of bestialization. Incidentally they renewed the fabled story of Atlantis, and proved to their own satisfaction that in the eons long past, “before time was,” the ridges of that lost world con-

nected South America with Europe and "the islands of the sea;" so that *Homo sapiens*, taking his origin and descent from the most primitive anthropoidal forms in South America, gradually spread to and over the other continents. It was at least a patriotic view on their part.

It would be scarcely just to all the scientific men of Brazil and Argentina to say that they each individually endorsed these interpretations of the evidence at hand. There is considerable variance of opinion in the determinations of the geologic age of the Argentina finds particularly; but in the attribution of skeletal remains to the anthropoidal precursor of man, there is little to distinguish the extreme school of Ameghino from the more conservative following of Lehmann-Nitsche. One, for example, identifies a fossil femur as a portion of a very ancient forerunner of man, which he names the *Tetraprothomo argentinus*; while the other attributes the same femur to "a Tertiary primate, the *Homo neogæus*" or man-of-the-New World. "You takes your choice."

Professor Florentino Ameghino, as we have said, is the most advanced and enthusiastic upholder of the antiquity of man on our southern continent. He is, however, more of a geologist than a paleontologist or anthropologist; still this fact does not prevent him from passing the most decisive and far-reaching judgments on fossil remains. On the basis of certain human specimens and of certain "industrial vestiges"—coupled with the presence in South America of certain small fossil monkeys—he has elaborated a scheme of man's evolution which far transcends anything Hæckel ever imagined.

According to his interpretation of the evidence, *Homo sapiens*—or man-of-the-present day—is, together with *Homo primigenius*, a sub-species (only a little more recent) in descent from a common ancestor, *Homo pampæus*; *Homo pampæus* is, in turn, the offspring of simple *homo*—man as he emerged from the simian state, and from him comes also *Homo ater*, or the black man, without intermediate assistance; *homo* came direct from *prothomo*, and the latter from *Homo platensis*, and he in turn from *tripothomo*; from *tripothomo* has arisen by some slant of descent *pithecantropus*. There appears to be a break in the connection here—perhaps to agree with his denial of man's simian origin—for the *Tetraprothomo argentinus* (the *Homo neogæus* of Lehmann-Nitsche) has for descendants only the *pseudhomines* (*Homo simius*, and *Pseudhomo heidelbergensis*). Below him are *Hominidæ primitivi*, from

which come our *anthropomorphidæ*—anthropoid apes. Below all, and at the very foot of this family tree—its roots and underground stems—are the *homunculidæ*, consisting of the *anthropops*, *homunculus*, *pitheculites*, and *clenialites*.

We abstain from passing special remark on this elaborate scheme of man's forbears in the lower world of animal life. The cold disproofs of true science, as applied to it by the scientists of the Bureau of Ethnology, will fully wipe it out.

The Bureau of American Ethnology had for years been occupied with the subject of man's antiquity in North America. For eight years, between 1899 and 1907, its specialists had studied the various skeletal remains which were suggested or attributed to ancient man in this region, and had amply demonstrated the fact that "no specimen had come to light in the northern continent, which, from the standpoint of physical anthropology, represented other than a relatively modern man."

When then this landslip of prehistoric fossils, with the accompanying exultant interpretations, fell upon the world, scientific interest was at once excited. Occuring as it did in the southern continent, northern anthropologists, with the disappointments of their own failures fresh upon them, looked longingly to the Southern Hemisphere. Somehow the reports dealing with the finds of human remains up to 1907 were singularly incomplete and unsatisfactory. Owing to the distance of the fields, it was impossible to form a definite opinion as to the merit of the finds. Interest reached its culmination when "the apparently epoch-making discoveries" of the *Tertaprothomo* (1907), *Diprothomo* (1909), and *Homo pampæus* (1909) were given to the world by Professor Ameghino.

The American Bureau of Ethnology decided to send at once two of its best men to conduct an impartial investigation into the value of the finds. And because it would be a question, the solution of which would depend almost as much on the geological evidence as on the anthropological or biological, an expert geologist was deputed to accompany Doctor Ales Hrdlicka. The selection for this service fell on Mr. Bailey Willis, of the United States Geological Survey; Mr. Willis was the department's expert geologist in loess and related formations in North America and in China. In the determination of the age of the pampæan terrane, especially, his experience in the vast loess deposits of China would be invaluable. It is not necessary to comment on Doctor Hrdlicka's abilities as a

paleontologist and anthropologist. From the Isthmus of Panama to North Dakota he had for years carried out the research work of the Bureau in this important matter; his studies of the skeletal remains of North America had been long and thorough; and his final judgment as to the geologic age of man on this continent had been decisive—as it still is.

To the ordinary layman it would appear that the Smithsonian Institution in sending two such scientists—men of recognized ability and of tried experience—to investigate the true nature of the South American evidence of man's geologic age, it had fully provided for an adequate solution of the question; but the Institution itself did not so judge. In the determination of the age of the various beds from which the shells, brought home by the Hrdlicka-Willis expedition to Argentina, were taken, Mr. William H. Dall, geologist and paleontologist of the United States Geological Survey, was employed; while the petrographic examination of the rock specimens—loess, *Tierra cocida*, and scoria—collected *in situ* by the same expedition was turned over to the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington for an exhaustive investigation of their physical character and conditions of origin. It will be readily admitted, therefore, that the Smithsonian Institution employed its most competent scientists to do this work, and spared no pains to secure reliable results.

It can also be taken for granted that no prejudice or preconceived opinion marred the investigations of the two scientists, to whom especially a final judgment was looked for concerning the age of those South American fossils. On account of defective reports, skepticism concerning certain details or finds was of course at the outset unavoidable; work on the ground would lead to more definite conclusions.

The conditions essential to correct judgments regarding problems involved in an investigation of this kind are so simple as to be self-evident. Human remains, cultural or skeletal, of uncertain geologic antiquity, must be judged of only from their association with geologic deposits, the age of which is well-determined, and with the remains of other organic forms, the place of which in time and the evolutionary series is known. Osseous specimens are read according to their morphologic characteristics, and to the organic and inorganic alterations of the bones. Geologically, consideration of the antiquity of human remains involves not only unquestionable stratigraphic identification of the matrix in which they were dis-

covered, but preëminently the possibility of intrusive introduction subsequent to the formation of it. It should be shown conclusively that the specimen or specimens were found in geologically ancient deposits, whose age is further confirmed by the presence of paleontologic remains; bones should present evidence of fossilization, that is, of organic as well as inorganic alterations; they should also—very necessarily—show morphological characteristics referable to an earlier type. Moreover, it is necessary to prove in every case, by unexceptional evidence, that the human remains were not introduced, either purposely or accidentally, at later times into the formation in which they have been discovered.

On the morphologic side there is the difficult problem of discriminating between the evolutionary characteristic of a certain period and those characteristics which are due to reversion of type, to degeneration in the individual, accidental variations, or semipathological variations in general. Moreover, it is no unimportant task—a task hedged round indeed with many difficulties—to determine with precision the physical and chemical changes which such osseous remains have undergone, and evaluate their chronologic significance.

It is only by the observance of such conditions and criteria that anything approaching to a correct scientific judgment of the age of a find relating to early man can be arrived at. To accept any specimen as representative of geologic man on evidence less than the sum total of these criteria would be to build on a foundation of sand. Which was what the South American scientists did.

With the results of the geological investigations of Mr. Bailey Willis we are not interested, except so far as he was able to give a decided opinion regarding the paleontology of the terrane in which the skeletal and cultural evidence was found. The superficial formations of the pampas and the coast, he says, are of very recent origin—it is in them that human remains have been found. Moreover, were the remains as old as the deposits they would be geologically recent, but they are younger. Whence he concludes, in agreement with his colleague, that “geologically ancient man has not yet been found in Argentina.”

In like manner, Mr. William H. Dall, of the United States Geological Survey, reports on the shells from Argentina, that they are all of recent species, that is, species still having living representatives. The petrographic study of the rocks and scoriæ, made by the Carnegie Geophysical Laboratory, only confirms the same deduc-

tion from the evidence, viz., the comparatively recent origin of the specimens; while a petromicroscopic examination of the bones of "fossil" man, brought by Doctor Hrdlicka from Argentina, only confirms the doctor's conclusions.

Having given the conclusions and judgments of the subsidiary sciences in this matter of early man in South America, we have cleared our terrane, and can now leave the field to Doctor Hrdlicka's investigations of the various finds, human and industrious, upon which such an elaborate and alarming scheme of the evolution of man from certain bestial forms was founded. We will be as concise as we possibly can.

It is due to our readers to state, in advance, that in this article we do not purpose discussing skeletal and other remains found in Brazil. The caves of Lagoa Santa, to which we have already alluded, supplied a great wealth of fossil treasure to the eager scientists of the country, enabling them—as well as some foreigners—to allot an antiquity of thirty centuries or more to those remains. From them Lund, a Danish explorer, infers that the present population of Brazil antedates history; while Lutken, Quatrefages, and others assign them a contemporaneity with the extinct mammals of the Quaternary period. Our Doctor Hrdlicka, however, iconoclastically disposes of all these theories.

It seems quite evident [he says] that the human remains from the Lagoa Santa caves can not be accepted, without further and more conclusive proofs, as belonging to a race which lived contemporaneously with the extinct species of animals found in the same caves; and there is no reliable foundation in the remainder of the data relating to the specimens on which such geologic antiquity could be based.

Leaving aside as rationally negligible the "vestiges" on which Professor Ameghino bases his foundation scheme of the presence in South America of the *Homunculidæ*, or small humanoid apes, we will at once take up the story of the two bones upon which the same authority builds his new, complex, zoo-anthropologic classification. In the presence of these two scanty remnants of human and animal life, Doctor Ameghino gives his imagination the fullest liberty, so that we are not astonished to find him setting aside, as henceforth useless, the accepted theories of man's direct simian descent. He puts this geological man in a class by himself, and calls him *Tetraprothomo argentinus*. Nor is he alone in his

enthusiasm. R. Lehmann-Nitsche, leader of the opposing opinions, goes somewhat farther in one direction; for while he styles this find *Homo neogæus*—the man-of-the-New World—he agrees with Professor Ihering, of Sao Paulo, that during the Tertiary there existed a continent connecting eastern Asia with Central America. He differs, however, with Ameghino in making the Miocene fauna and man's precursors emigrate from Asia to Central America; Ameghino, more patriotically, makes South America the scene of man's earliest existence.

The bones in question turn out to be the femur, or thigh bone, of a cat, and the atlas, or collar bone of a recent Indian. After a sustained and critical examination of the human atlas, in which it is viewed from every possible and reasonable standpoint, and a comparison made between it and the atlases of monkeys, gorillas, and northern Indians, Dr. Hrdlicka concludes that

There can not be a shade of question as to the human provenience of the atlas, while the possibility of its belonging to an earlier species of man is opposed by the fact that such a species is otherwise still a mere hypothesis, that there is nothing on hand on which to base the new species except a single imperfect bone of secondary anthropologic importance and of wide individual variation; that all of the peculiarities of this bone fall well within the range of such variation in modern human atlases, and that none of its features are more primitive than those of the atlases of Indians of comparatively recent times.

Basing his opinion on the structural characteristics of this Monte Hermoso atlas, he infers that "it is a bone from a short, but by no means dwarf, and probably thickset, relatively modern, man."

He next proceeds to examine, morphologically and comparatively, the *tetraprothomo* femur, which is also a find from Monte Hermoso. He finds it to be a left adult thigh bone, with the upper end missing; black and shiny through fossilization and fully petrified. He illustrates by photographs its similarity with the thigh bones of the ocelot, *Felis onca*, *canis mexicanus*, and striped hyena; its dissimilarity from the femora of the gibbon ape, orang, chimpanzee, gorilla, and man. Finally, after an exhaustive study of the bone, he concludes that the Monte Hermoso femur "can not be other than that of a carnivore, and that, on the whole, it approxi-

mates more closely the femur of the fossil, as well as of the modern *Felidæ*, than it does any other bone." In this conclusion he is supported by the subsequent judgment of Mr. J. W. Gidley, custodian of fossil mammals, United States National Museum, to whom a cast of the bone was submitted.

Thus we see that the identification of this Indian atlas as belonging to another species of man rests on the unwarranted assumption of its antiquity, and of the existence of such a species of man. As to the femur, it must be relegated to some ancient branch of the cat family. And thus perishes the short-lived scientific existence of *Tetraprothomo argentinus*, or—if you prefer it—*Homo neogæus*.

The serial distance between this imaginary *Tetraprothomo* and *Homo* himself is, from the evolutionary and morphologic point, so considerable that Ameghino was compelled to presuppose the existence of three intermediate genera: *Prothomo*, *Diprothomo*, and *Triprothomo*. Moreover, he was obliged to evolve the characteristics of these extinct precursors of man from his own inner consciousness. This is especially true of the earliest of them in the series, *Triprothomo*; it is distinctly a mental creation.

For *Diprothomo platensis*, although a great deal had to be done by calculation, still there was some slightly justifying grounds to work upon. There was a bit of a skull taken from the harbor of Buenos Ayres. As human skulls go, it was not much of a skull. It was called *Platensis*, because it came from the River Platte. This *calotte*, or fragment, of a human skull was taken from the oozy bed of the river when the workmen were excavating a rudder-pit for the dry dock at Buenos Ayres. In geological age, according to Ameghino, it was a remnant from the Lower Pliocene, and was carried by a second or premediate precursor of man as part of his brainpan. In point of conformation Ameghino makes it surpass the famous Neanderthal cranium, so low is the skull-vault; the glabella, or bony projection downwards between the eye sockets, in unhumanly prominent; while an unusual depression above and behind the glabella—over the supraorbital arches—would afford the conception that the face was carried, not vertically as in man, but with a decided horizontal cast.

It is not necessary to enter into a minute relation of Ameghino's views and description of this skull remnant. We are more interested in Doctor Hrdlicka's determination of it. Ameghino's description of it has miscarried from the outset, he says, because

of a mistaken orientation of it. The fragment had been viewed in a wrong position. There are two recognized and standard skull positions in anthropology, but it had not been considered in the indispensable approximation to either. The sagittal line had in consequence been given a slope backward, and thus the specimen was made to look extraordinary and primitive, not to say unhuman. Orienting it then side by side with a modern Indian cranium of known provenience, which had the same nasion-bregma diameter and a closely related form, he made a thorough study of the fragment. It is not necessary to follow him through all the technicalities of this investigation. Suffice it to say that he found the facial angle to be precisely the same as in a Piegan skull—in fact, practically the same as in the average Indian; and that the nasal notch, or opening, which Ameghino diverted upwards, occupied in life the position it would occupy in a naturally-poised head. So far from diverging from the facial characteristics, even of the white man, *Homo platensis* might at any time be identified with modern man.

The Buenos Ayres skull fragment [says the doctor] fails utterly to reveal any evidence which would justify its classification as a representative of a species of ancient Primates, premediate forerunners of the human being, the *Diprothomo*. Every feature shows it to be a portion of the skull of man himself; it bears no evidence even of having belonged to an early or physically primitive man, but to a well-developed and physically modern-like individual.

To banish completely Ameghino's *Diprothomo* from the purview of science, Mr. Bailey Willis, after an examination of the character of the river bank, finds that he can give no weight to the belief that "the unknown workman who found the skull, and gave it to the foreman, really dug it out of undisturbed ancient Pampæan."

In this congenial work of destroying man's animal predecessors, it will be seen that—unlike Doctor Hrdlicka—we are working from the depths upwards—from the Eocene up to the Recent Quaternary. Having then disposed of the immediate precursor of man, we now come to man himself—not indeed to Quaternary or recent man—man of to-day—but to a primitive being who differs from actual man either because he lacked a chin or because he moved with his gaze upon the ground. South American anthropologists call them *Homo pampæus*, and subdistinguish him as *Homo sinemento* or *Homo caputinclinatus*. He is still a Tertiary man.

Homo pampæus is, according to its sponsor, Professor Ameghino, "the most ancient representative of the genus *Homo* (possibly a species of *Prothomo*), of which we now possess the skull, and it preserves many of the characteristics of the *Diprothomo*." He bases his characterizations on an imperfect cranium, known as the skull of Miramar, or La Tigra, found accidentally in 1888, and on three other skulls subsequently unearthed. He describes all four as presenting the same characteristics: excessively sloping forehead, which is not the result of artificial deformation; the rostrum—beak, or nose bones—much prolonged forward beyond the alveolar border; orthognatic denture, that is, teeth perpendicular, not projecting; dolichocephalic, with excessively narrow foreheads, bulging eyes, and other characteristics. In consequence, "Judging from the paleontologic standpoint, *Homo pampæus* is a species very different from *Homo sapiens*; it differs much more from the latter than the *Homo primigenius*. It is even possible," he concludes, "that when better known, the *Homo pampæus* will result to be a veritable *Prothomo*."

The foregoing summary is not even a bird's-eye view of the abundant literature with which Professor Ameghino sustains his thesis concerning *Homo pampæus*; it is the merest quintessence of conclusion. Similarly we are not at liberty to give the exhaustive investigation conducted by Doctor Hrdlicka into the anthropologic, or by Mr. Willis into the geologic, value of Ameghino's conclusions. The northern scientists are in strictest accord in their judgment of these remains. We will let the anthropologist speak for both:

If any *Homo pampæus* ever existed [says Dr. Hrdlicka], it is safe to say that his remains have not yet been produced. The case fails utterly thus far from the standpoint of geology, as well as that of anthropology. If the facts are carefully reviewed, it will be seen that geologically no substantial evidence has been brought forward favoring any great antiquity of the several lots of human bones assumed to represent this human species. And as to archæology and somatology, they both demonstrate that the specimens ascribed to *Homo pampæus*, the "earliest human representative—if not even a predecessor of man"—are fraught with no such possibilities, but that they point in no uncertain manner to the common American Indian. In view of all the facts, *Homo pampæus* must be regarded as merely a theory, without, so far as shown, any substantiation.

Between *Homo pampæus* and the Neanderthal man—*Homo*
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primigenius—there was room for a phylogenetic intermediary, and Ameghino proceeds at once to fill the gap. In fact, he doubly fills it, since he inserts therein two most interesting and almost perfect types of prehistoric man—*Homo sinemento* (man chinless), and *Homo caputinclinatus* (man of the bowed head). The skeletal remains of *Homo sinemento* represent, according to Ameghino, a race of very small people, almost pigmies; a slender people, not very robust; dolichocephalic; rostrum prognathic or projecting, this projection being due principally to the prognathism of the jaws. The most surprising characteristic, however, was the union of a lower jaw (in which the teeth did not project outwards, but were ornathic or perpendicular), and an absolute lack of chin.

The human skeleton from which Ameghino deduces the species of man whom he designates as *caputinclinatus* consists of a skull, of which the lower jaw and the facial parts are missing, and of various long bones, ribs, vertebrae, etc. Just one imperfect skull, yet this is all the evidence our Southern scientist needs in order to create a new race of human beings. He orients the head during life as having been carried with skull sloping directly downward. "It is for this reason," he says, "that I designate the species, now completely extinct, by the name of *Homo caputinclinatus*."

Again, both geologist and anthropologist occupied themselves sedulously with the question of *Homo sinemento*. Their reports are illuminative, not only regarding the denuded flat, or "playa," from which the remains were taken, the presence of comparatively recent arti-facts in the cavity, and especially of pigment stones (proofs of a belief in immortality), but most especially concerning the anthropologic significance of the bones themselves. Two skeletons had been unearthed. The first, consisting particularly of a skull and a number of more or less eroded bones, was the skeleton of a middle-aged female. The examination of this skull showed plainly an average, moderate-sized Indian cranium, not one feature points to anything more primitive. The entire specimen shows nothing whatever "bestial," or that could not be found in a modern female Indian skull, particularly in a woman of small stature.

The second specimen, on which the species *Homo sinemento* is founded, is a small female skull, probably very slightly deformed by artificial pressure after the Aymara fashion. It has been repaired from pieces and partially restored, but the face has been made too high in the reconstruction. There is, *pace* Ameghino, a moderate chin prominence. This skull is, so far as it can be seen in its

present state of preservation, entirely Indian-like, and there is not even a remote possibility that it is ancient.

We have already seen that Professor Ameghino based his new species of man, *Homo caputinclinatus*, on a single skeleton. It is the skeleton of a child, probably not twelve years of age. The skull would be small for an adult, but not so for a child. The deformation of the vault is due to artificial pressure, and this shaping has been mistaken for natural characteristics, and made the basis of a new species of man. The remains consist of a few ordinary, immature bones, which show little if any fossilization, and, it is safe to say, would not be recognized as exceptional if placed with a series of similar remains from, for instance, the graves of Bolivian Indians. Such is the conclusion of Doctor Hrdlicka. Mr. Willis adds his testimony, too, after a careful examination of the ground from which the remains were taken. "There is nothing," he says, "in the topographic or geologic relations, nor in the situation in which the bones were found, to indicate that the skeleton is of any antiquity."

But why follow this ruthless pair of scientists further? The whole edifice, so magniloquently announced, but so imperfectly builded by South Americans, has fallen in upon itself under the touch of their hands. The pampas have lost their antiquity, the lost Atlantis is still a fable, man himself has been shorn of his short-lived preëminence of years if not of origin. Those delightful fictions, The-Man-Without-The-Chin and The-Man-of-Downcast-Aspect, have dissolved in thin air. No longer will they point their ghostly fingers at us, and bid us recognize them as our ancestors. We are quit of the whole animal crew, thanks to sane science and honest scientists. The New World can no longer with impunity be cited to bear witness to man's theroid origin.

For this specially gratifying result some of us at least can afford to be grateful to the American Bureau of Ethnology. We can hardly bear gratitude in our hearts, however, towards mistaken or dishonest scientists. Their name is legion, and they overrun the scientific world at the present time. There is no limit to their impertinence, as there can be no bounds set to their infallibility. There is now a bare possibility that the set-back which their congeners in South America have received at the hands of our palmary scientific institution may restrain their precocity. Still the fool-killer may be abroad every day, and yet daily there are fools to kill.

New Books.

MARRIAGE AND THE SEX PROBLEM. By Dr. F. W. Foerster, Special Lecturer in Ethics and Psychology at the University of Zürich. Translated by Meyrick Booth, B.Sc., Ph.D. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Those who are familiar with *Orthodoxy* will remember that Chesterton fancies "an English yachtsman who miscalculated his course and discovered England, under the impression that it was a new island in the South Seas:" and then, in his whimsical way, explains, "I am that man in the yacht. I discovered England." He recounts his "elephantine adventures in pursuit of the Briars.I tried to be in advance of the age, and I found that I was eighteen hundred years behind it.I have kept my truths, but I have discovered not that they were not truths, but that they were not mine."

In very much the same way, the author of this volume has discovered Christianity. He was brought up (his translator explains) in an entirely un-religious atmosphere, and educated in unbelief. He made a special study of social questions; undertook a first-hand investigation of social conditions in Germany, England, and America; embraced Socialism; abandoned it as "deficient in moral and spiritual insight," and finally has become convinced that "the Christian religion is the sole foundation for both social and individual life." This book, as well as his others, *Jugendlehre, Autorität und Freiheit*, is an uncompromising thesis in defense of the ancient Christian sex-morality.

In view of the modern taste for novelties in the ethics of sex (as witnessed by the great vogue of such moral anarchists as Bernard Shaw and Ellen Key), it might be imagined that Foerster's influence would collapse as soon as the moderns found him working his way back to a philosophy of conduct that they have imagined obsolete. But not so. His works have had already an enormous sale. As many as ten thousand copies of *Autorität und Freiheit* were sold within eight days of its appearance. Scores of editions are being run through the presses in quick succession, and we have information that Dr. Foerster's lectures in the University of Zürich have become, perhaps, the most largely attended of all in Europe.

It is especially significant that the author has won his way to the Christian philosophy by means of insistence upon a study of the concrete facts of life. He scorns "the barren modern book philos-

ophy," and maintains that "the superiority of serious Christian scholars lies in the fact that through Christ their thought is "kept in constant touch with reality." His criticism of the ultra-modern advocates of a more elastic sex morality is not that they interfere with old theories, but that they do not know facts. Of course, he does not advocate that a man should study sex problems by "passing through all sorts of filth." "Shakespeare needed not to be a murderer to create Macbeth." But he does insist that we who would philosophize upon matters of morals must first study human nature at close range, and neither neglect nor obscure the Briars' facts that may be learned by investigation. "The modern exponents of a 'new morality,'" he says, "Ellen Key, for example, are all, unfortunately, suffering from a dangerous lack of knowledge of human nature, a pure, complete indifference to what the vast majority of people would make of 'individual freedom' in sexual matters" (p. 38). This is decidedly refreshing. We Christians have been too long suffering under the accusation that ours is an *a priori* philosophy. It must be startling to the moderns to be proven theorizers.

Another particularly important thesis of the present book is the necessity of a norm of thought and of investigation. Subjectivism receives some telling blows in the opening chapter on "Anarchy or Authority." Indeed, this chapter is of extremest value as an introduction, not only to the question of the ethics of sex, but of every moral and philosophical problem.

We could wish for more space in which to give in detail some of Dr. Foerster's arguments, but, lacking that, we have thought it well to refer to his work in general terms, confident that the readers of this notice will become readers of the book. They will find therein an always interesting, forceful, straightforward, and yet reverent discussion of almost all topics connected with the ethics of the sex relation—"Motherhood and Marriage," "The Artificial Restriction of the Family," "Sex and Health," "Religion and Sex." Amongst these and other matters of vital, present interest is a very sane and satisfactory discussion of the expediency of teaching sex hygiene, in a chapter on "The Protective Value of a Sense of Shame."

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By William B. Cairns, Ph.D. New York: Oxford University Press.

To Dr. Cairns, of the University of Wisconsin, we are indebted

for a very fair and painstaking history of English literature in America. It begins with the amazing Captain John Smith, and closes with William Vaughan Moody. Tentative such a work must needs be; but between the Scylla of a loyally uncritical praise and the Charybdis of a cosmic and casual contempt, the present author has steered with even hand. His sketch of the early Colonial writings is not merely interesting, it is candid. It fosters no illusions anent the popular myth of Puritan perfection; and it points out very clearly that the once-famous philosophy of Franklin fostered "only the prudential virtues."

Dr. Cairns has undertaken his work with few prepossessions. He is tolerant, though by no means enthusiastic, over Walt Whitman; he realizes that Hawthorne, in spite of his mystical insight and fine creativeness, was but a "provincial visitor" in many of his comments upon the Old World; and he finds Julia Ward Howe's celebrated Hymn (as not a few others must have found it!) "intense but not very intelligible."

This vein of philosophic detachment dominates the criticism of the entire book. Its tone, notwithstanding a certain multiplicity of personal detail, is emphatically judicial. Indeed, as we approach modern writers, we find this fairness coupled with even less finality. As in the survey of Edgar Poe's work, there is an increasing tendency to push the burden of any conclusive judgment upon other shoulders.

It is regrettable, yet perhaps unavoidable, that such meager space should have been meted out to contemporary writers. Howells and Henry James and Mrs. Wharton have done great things in making American fiction a force among English-speaking peoples: in Robert Herrick's work is a serious attempt to interpret the life of America to-day; and we would gladly dispense with pages of the alleged "poets" of the Central period for a more adequate consideration of—for instance—Bliss Carman, Louise Imogen Guiney, Florence Earle Coates, and that priestly king of the "Minors," Father Tabb.

A MONTESSORI MOTHER. By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.

Mrs. Fisher is an ardent admirer of Dr. Maria Montessori. She has written the present volume to initiate American mothers into all the mysteries of the Montessori method and apparatus. The book is more popular than scientific. The author herself

calls it "a volume of impressions," and says in her preface that she "lays no claim to erudition." She is "neither biologist, philosopher nor professional pedagogue."

The chief idea of the Montessori method is that of self-education. Mrs. Fisher insists on this in page after page.

The first thing that Dr. Montessori requires of a directress in her school is a complete avoidance of the centre of the stage—a self-annihilation. She is to keep herself absolutely in the background. In the kindergarten *the teacher teaches*, in the Casa dei Bambini *the child learns*. As much personal liberty as possible must be granted to children. A child must never be forced or coaxed to use any part of the apparatus. The prerequisite of all education is the interest of the student, *etc.*

We do not find all this so wonderfully new. We have always thought that Froebel, who seems so antiquated to our up-to-date American mother, held many years ago the principles of the freedom of the child and the passivity of the teacher. He was wrong, of course, in thinking that the series of gifts and occupations which he invented were the only true means of child training. The same may be said of the Montessori apparatus. While Dr. Montessori, because of her wonderful personality, may have worked wonders with her lacing frames, her color boxes and her insets, it does not follow that in theory she has spoken the last word on the proper method of teaching children. Even if her method produce excellent results among very young Italian children grouped together in small classes, it does not prove that it will work miracles in the schools of the United States. Indeed we are very scared of a system which seems to make so little of the personality of the teacher and so little of class discipline. Any man who thinks at all on the subject can see that there are two distinct types of teachers. One dominant mind may so influence the children as to make them mere copies of himself, while another will cleverly discover the latent powers of the children, and develop them by systematic training.

In the December number of the *Parents' Review*, Miss Charlotte Mason has this to say on the Montessori method:

The Montessori method is one effort among many made in the interests of scientific pedagogy. What we are saying is practically: "Develop his senses, and a child is educated; train hand and eye, and he can earn his living; what more do

you want?" A child so trained is not on a level with the Red Indian of our childhood; his senses are by no means so acute, and the Red Indian grew up with song and dance, tale and legend, and early developed a philosophy, even a religion. The Montessori child has no such chances; he sharpens a single sense, to be sure, at the expense of another and higher sense, but there is no gradual painting in of a background to his life; no fairies play about him; no heroes stir his soul; God and good Angels form no part of his thought; the child and the person he will become are a scientific product, the result of much touching and some hearing and seeing; for what has science to do with those intangible, hardly imaginable entities called ideas? No, let him take hold of life, match form with form, color with color; but song and picture, hymn and story, are for the educational scrap heap.

NEW IRELAND. By Dionne Desmond. Boston: Angel Guardian Press. \$1.00.

There is little to recommend this book, save perhaps the good intentions of the writer. The story itself is uninteresting. Eileen, a prosy, tiresome heroine, has wonderful visions of a new Irish republic, which she makes a reality through her own labors, ably seconded by a devoted lover and a New York Tammany leader.

The author's style is that of a school girl of fifteen making her first bow to the public, and the book itself is commonplace in the extreme. And the printers have done nothing to save the situation.

SAINTS AND PLACES. By John Ayscough. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50 net.

Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew has given us an interesting series of Italian travelogues, written, we venture to say, for the intelligent and cultured pilgrim, as distinct from the vulgar tourist, "in every sense common, who does his sightseeing in a disconcerting succession of saltatory glimpses."

Frequently—too frequently—our author forgets himself and writes with the prosiness of the greatly-to-be-despised Bædeker. But perhaps in these cases he deigned to speak out of the mere goodness of his heart to the ever-increasing horde of uncultured world-wanderers.

Seldom—too seldom—the dry-as-dust guide book piling-up-of-facts is relieved by the beautiful word painting of the novelist

we admire, as in the author's dreamings at the ruins of Pæstum or in his all too brief glimpses of Sicily.

The book is beautifully illustrated. We would, however, call the attention of the publishers to a number of misprints, and the general lack of uniformity in the number of lines on the page. In our copy sixteen pages were missing.

A SYNCHRONIC CHART AND STATISTICAL TABLES OF UNITED STATES HISTORY. By George E. Croscup. With a Chronological Text by Ernest D. Lewis. New York: Windsor Publishing Co. \$1.50.

It has been said that a map and a chronological table are the two eyes of the student of history. This work includes a table which combines the two in such a way that, with it spread before him, the student has a clear view of the main outlines of the history of the States from the first discoveries to the year 1912. Taking, for example, the State of Tennessee, by means of a most ingenious color scheme, the table shows at a glance that it was the sixteenth State to be fully organized; that in 1796 it was formed as a separate State from territory claimed by North Carolina, and how and when its history merged into that of North Carolina, as North Carolina's did into that of the Colony of Virginia. The date and duration of its secession period are also graphically shown, and all as related to similar facts in the history of the other States.

This chart forms the most distinctive and useful feature of the work. There are, however, a large number of other charts, illustrations, and maps, as well as text giving the leading events of United States history and of national development. Among them a chart which, by the same graphic method, shows the rise and fall of the various political parties.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY AT THE GROTTO OF LOURDES. By J. B. Estrade. Translated from the French by J. H. Girdlestone. London, England: Art and Book Co. 50 cents.

Every one interested in the miracles wrought at Lourdes has read the touching account of our Lady's appearances to Bernadette, which M. Estrade gave to the world some fourteen years ago. We are glad to see this excellent little volume in an English dress.

The book is chiefly valuable from the fact that the author,

a tax-collector at Lourdes in 1858, had himself seen Bernadette in ecstasy, and had conversed with her frequently at the time. He took notes from day to day of the events as they occurred, and verified by the most minute inquiries all the facts in the case. He sets forth in the simplest language the details of the eighteen appearances, the opposition of the civil authorities, the careful investigations of the Abbé Peyramale and the Bishop of Tarbes, the opposition of the anti-clerical press, etc. He paints a perfect portrait of the poor and ignorant peasant girl Bernadette, whose short life was remarkable for simplicity, truthfulness, patience under suffering, and absolute disinterestedness. We trust that some of the sneering readers of Zola's Lourdes will have the grace to read this simple but convincing history of the most famous shrine of our Lady.

THE GOSPEL AND HUMAN NEEDS. By John Neville Figgis.
New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

We read with interest this new edition of Mr. Figgis' lectures on *The Gospel and Human Needs*. They are written against those who would "reduce Christianity to a religion purely rational and non-mysterious;and always appeal to the rational understanding to set aside those elements in the faith which run counter to current prejudices."

His first lecture maintains the necessity of a miraculous revelation. The unbelieving modernists of our day deny it, not on any evidence they can produce, but because "they are dominated by sonorous commonplaces about irrevocable law and iron uniformity." They forget that "miracles are but the expression of God's freedom; the truth that He is above and not merely within the order of nature. Disbelief in their reality leads on to pantheism. This naturalistic philosophy does not accord with the facts of life, for it does not take into account the "freedom of the will." "The idea of the miraculous and its content in the revelation of Jesus Christ can alone save us from confusing God with the creation which is His Will."

The second lecture is directed against that unbelieving spirit which would "strip the Christian faith of every wonder and mystery; which would reject the strange birth as materialistic, the physical resurrection as unscientific, sacramental grace as magical, and make our Lord's deity disappear in a cloud of phrases.It is not to culture, as such, that the Gospel ever can or ever does address itself, but to the common heart of common men and

women, on fire with life and love, torn with struggle and loss and sin, and appalled by death."

With this in mind, Mr. Figgis gives us not arguments demanded by the dilettante modernist, but the simple argument of the man in the street. "He (the plain man) feels that in all things there is mystery, and that what is the constant factor of his inner being is somehow part of the stuff of the universe. He knows that, though you may explain the world, he remains inexplicable to himself. He feels that there must be reality in that love and joy and willing resolve, which are the deepest and most real things in his life."

The third lecture on *The Historic Christ* shows clearly that you cannot expect men to follow out the teaching of Christ, if you rob them of the dogma of His Divinity and the fact of His Resurrection. "Convince them in regard to the story of Jesus that it is not true, but only a symbol of the religious aspiration of ages, and men will repudiate either in scorn or in sorrow the claims of the Church to be the home of the soul."

The fourth lecture on sin and forgiveness is most suggestive. "It is vain and even silly," he tells us, "to expect to convince men of the need of a Savior who are as yet untroubled by conscience." The man of the new dogmatism knows nothing of the Christian concept of sin. "It is a survival from the animal stage gradually and inevitably working itself out; or it is a morbid illusion based on a fallacious belief in freedom and fostered by priests; or it carries its own forgiveness, provided we eschew a mawkish penitence and stand upright before God; or it is essentially unpardonable, and all talk of atonement is moonshine." Again Mr. Figgis appeals to the man in the street, and shows how he, unspoiled by modern subjectivism, believes most firmly in the reality of sin, and cries out most fervently for forgiveness.

Frequently Mr. Figgis asserts that true religion is built upon "life" and not upon "reason," and he is constantly referring us to the proof adduced from "religious experience." But unlike modern pragmatists, whose final goal is an empty subjectivism, our author makes it clear that he is merely dealing with those various dispositions of the will which help one to believe. We know that fanaticism, superstition, and many a false cult have been founded on the shaky basis of religious experience, but every Catholic must assert the reality of such experience. He has simply to read the lives of the Saints.

There are many things in this volume which a Catholic cannot accept, although he may be in perfect agreement with the general trend of the argument. What a great pity it is that Mr. Figgis fails to realize his great disadvantage in his fight against the new theology. The Broad Churchmen of his national Church will continue to defend their reduced Christianity on the Protestant principle of private judgment. Only in the Church of St. Peter's See is there an infallible objective witness to the fact of Divine Revelation, to the existence of mysteries in the supernatural order, and to the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

OUR REASONABLE SERVICE. By Vincent J. McNabb, O.P.
New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.10 net.

Father McNabb, in these very suggestive essays, endeavors to treat some of the deep things of God in a language the age will understand. In words that remind one forcibly of Father Hecker, he writes: "The duty of every earnest Catholic apostle who would Catholicize the modern mind must be to grasp its meaning. He must understand it before he can convert it. He must learn the language before he can translate his religious ideas into it. He must doggedly set about the task of accepting the peculiar and often barbarous terminology of the men he would influence."

Father McNabb has succeeded admirably in entering into the viewpoint of his opponents, and yet there has never been the slightest danger of our "taking him for a Kantian, because he did his best to understand Kant." Some have criticized his paper on Resurrection and Faith. In it he asserts that St. Thomas, with characteristic accuracy, rests faith itself in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and he argues against the view that the Resurrection is the foundation or the main foundation thereof. He styles this common thesis of our theological manuals a modern development, unknown to the great masters like St. Thomas, Suárez, Bellarmine, and Petavius. He disagrees with those who hold that the Resurrection is both an object of Faith and a means of Faith. According to his reading of St. Thomas it is only an object of Faith. Perhaps the most thoughtful study of all is that entitled *Logic and Faith*. As usual he traces back to St. Thomas all that is essentially correct in the viewpoint of three modern philosophers who have discussed the noetic problem of faith—Kant, Newman, and Lotze.

He writes:

What Kant and Newman and Lotze had succeeded in discovering, St. Thomas had already analyzed from his own scholastic standpoint as early as the thirteenth century. With sureness of vision he had seen that the act of belief was not a mere intellectual act, but included an emotional or volitional element. He had been led to this point of view by St. Paul's doctrine that "faith without love is dead," and by the Master's mysterious blessing upon "the clean of heart, for they shall see God." Nor should there be any doubt that this is the solution of the difficulty. A thinking mind must come at length to recognize that truth is not a matter of one department of the understanding, nor even of the intellect in its totality. Every afferent faculty is an avenue of truth.

We would also call a special attention to the comparative study of Newman and Spencer.

Spencer was self-taught. Newman had the stamp of a university education. Each bore through life the effects of his earliest environment.....Spencer's *First Principles* is as orderly and as clear as a book of Euclid; which means that to thinking minds it is as unpersuasive as a nursery tale..... Spencer could hardly help being clear.....Newman could hardly fail to be obscure. The simplest and the most truthful man of his day, he impressed men of the type of Kingsley with a sense of duplicity, and even of untruth. To him everything opened up a vista. There was no Law of Nature; but countless and indefinitely intersecting laws in nature. Clear general statements he shunned. He had little faith in mere words.....Spencer was a master word-builder. The fine scorn that Newman heaps on notional ideas, and still more on notional terms, had lessons for Spencer had he been capable of being taught.

THE WOMAN HATER. By J. A. H. Cameron. New York: The Christian Press Association Publishing Co. \$1.25 net.

Captain Roderick, the Woman Hater, is always proving his hatred of the fair sex by overwhelming them with kindness, though he himself remains heart-free to the end. He helps the needy ones with money without revealing his identity, and successfully contrives to secure to the love-sick their longed-for partners.

The Captain is a philosopher with an inexhaustible fund of humor. He is interesting from start to finish, and no matter what his topic of conversation may be with *Bill Bones* of *The*

New York Thunderer, he ever manages to hit the nail straight on the head.

In his homely way, he denounces modern fads in education and modern styles in hats; he scorns the hypocritical prohibitionist and the upstart social climber; he laughs out of court the empty-headed English aristocrat and the dishonest, scheming politician. He tells most eloquently what kind of a girl a young man ought to marry, and warns us never to leave the old friends for the new. We were pleased when the old smuggler got his cargo of spirits from St. Pierre safely into the port of Halifax, and a thrill went through us when he landed his first salmon in the Poodley-Poodley-Poo pool. Altogether it is a good book for the blues.

SPIRITUAL EXERCISES FOR THE PURGATIVE, ILLUMINATIVE, AND UNITIVE WAYS. By J. Michael of Coutances, Forty-fifth General of the Carthusian Order, A. D. 1597. Translated by Rev. Kenelm Digby Best, Priest of the Oratory. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.35.

At the very time when an iniquitous English Queen was torturing and beheading large numbers of Carthusian Friars, her loyal subjects, their General was engaged upon a work which, one day translated, should be welcomed as a treasure of spiritual riches by Religious Communities in England and in English-speaking countries. None but a saint could have written these *Spiritual Exercises*, which are impregnated throughout with the utmost humility and self-contempt joined to the most ardent love.

An indication of the value of the work may be gathered from the fact that Father Baker, author of *Sancta Sophia*, speaks highly of it and recommends it for the use of Religious.

As all great minds think alike, it is not surprising to find similarities of thought and expression in the works of holy men. In the exercises of Michael of Coutances, one is constantly reminded of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius. Nor is this surprising, since both authors aim at union with God through the purgative and illuminative states of the soul. In the book before us, there is an almost infinite variety of affections and prayers, which should prove of inestimable benefit to the soul when troubled by dryness or desolation. Ten meditations, suitable to a soul already in the Unitive Way, are given in Latin. Doubtless, the learned translator intends these for the favored few, as he states in his preface: "those likely to reach it (the Unitive Way) will probably prefer

it in the Latin." But even without these ten meditations, the book is a vast repertoire of prayers and meditations, and as such should find a place in the libraries of Religious Communities.

IN ST. DOMINIC'S COUNTRY. By C. M. Antony. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.60 net.

This is a loving attempt, on the part of the author, to stir up devotion to the great St. Dominic by a description of his sojourn in France from 1205-1219; of the various places he visited, and of his apostolic labors during that period, when he combated so zealously and so successfully the various heresies with which the Spirit of Evil inspired the victims of his diabolical suggestions.

This book will be cordially received by all true clients of St. Dominic. The scenes of the Saint's labors and miracles are vividly described, and the beautiful pictures with which the book is lavishly adorned increase the reader's interest. The author has spared no pains to make the work accurate historically and geographically, and in an appendix there is an interesting account of the Catharist heresy.

THE BLESSED EUCHARIST: BELIEF OF THE EARLY ENGLISH CHURCH. By the Most Rev. T. J. Carr, D.D., Archbishop of Melbourne. Melbourne: The Australian Catholic Truth Society. 1 penny.

The gratuitous assertion of a Melbourne lecturer, "that the doctrine of the Real Presence did not gain a firm footing in England till the ninth or tenth century"—a statement in which he afterwards included the whole of Europe, until the Norman Conquest, A. D. 1066—drew forth no less a champion of England's ancient faith than the Archbishop of Melbourne. One is grateful to the blunderer for having been the occasion of so adequate a reply. As becomes the Shepherd of his flock, a watchman on the towers of Israel, His Grace, promptly, gave two lectures, in which, with masterly precision, he marshalls his cloud of witnesses, including St. Jerome and St. John Chrysostom, Gildas the Wise, Venerable Bede, and on to the days of King Athelstan, 938, and of Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, 943. Even to a well-instructed Catholic, the array of documentary proof is surprising. A facsimile of a page from the Stowe Missal (Anglo-Saxon days) and of the Roman Missal, as used to-day by every priest, proves conclusively the identity of belief. The page is part of the Canon of

the Mass, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica* assigns it to the sixth century.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FOR GRAMMAR SCHOOLS. By Messrs. Thwaites and Kendall. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.00 net.

This book claims to be, and is, a teacher's book. The authors have exercised discrimination and sympathy in the selection of events and incidents for presentation to children of grammar school age. We use the word "sympathy" advisedly, for many compilers of school histories seem to forget the limitations of youthful capacities; hence the history lesson becomes a running translation into simpler language.

The reviews are frequent and useful, also the questions and suggestions at the end of each period are valuable aids to the teacher. The subjects for composition are much too prominent, but, of course, the use of all is not obligatory.

The treaties with foreign countries are made very clear to the minds of the pupils. The maps are not overcrowded, and, therefore, are explanatory and to the point, but the illustrations are not so good or clear. The weight of the book is something of a drawback, which is a pity, for its contents are so well adapted to those for whom it is designed.

THE HISTORY OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY. By Monsignor Pierre Batiffol. Translated by Atwell M. Y. Baylay. From the third French edition. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.00 net.

Monsignor Batiffol's excellent critical history of the Roman Breviary has already been reviewed in the pages of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. It sketches accurately the development of the canonical hours from the beginning to our own times. Many of the changes suggested by Monsignor Batiffol have been followed out by Pius X. in his latest reform, and perhaps the next few years may see another suggestion realized, when the old hymnology will resume its due place of honor.

On many points he has modified his original assertions of twenty years ago, although, as he says himself: "the main lines of my book have been adhered to, the fundamental theses have been strengthened, their documentary justification has been verified and enriched. I admire," he adds, with that touch of sar-

casm which has made him quite a few enemies, "the authors who have no need to correct their statements, and never write anything that is not absolutely final. For us historians, there are always the details to verify, and of these details there are no end."

The translation is admirably done, and well merits the praise bestowed upon it by the author himself. The translator neatly returns the compliment by declaring—and all will agree with him—"that of all the histories of the Breviary, Monsignor Batiffol's is the best. And in this edition he has very materially improved it."

A supplementary chapter has been added on the new legislation of the present Pontiff, and the conclusion of the French edition has been omitted. We need hardly say that the publishers have given us a perfect piece of bookmaking. We would advise all priests to read, in connection with this scholarly volume, Rev. Edward Burton's *The New Psalter and Its Use*, a work on the rubrics of the Breviary published by the same firm.

HISTORY OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND. By Fred.

G. Bagshawe. Vols. I. and II. St. Louis: B. Herder.
\$6.00.

Mr. Bagshawe tells us in his preface that he has no intention of writing a complete history of the English royal family. "What I propose to do," he says, "is to give a short account of what I may call the private, as opposed to the public, history of the several kings and queens, of their children, and of such of their immediate descendants or relatives as have played any part in English history, or have lived in England."

He further on disclaims "once and for all any pretense to originality or antiquarian research," and declares that any reader of ordinary industry might learn the details he records from "well-known and tolerably accessible works." But we feel confident that not one man in a million would ever dare attempt the arduous task of tracing out so carefully the family connections, legitimate and illegitimate, of all the rulers of England from the Norman conquest to the days of Queen Victoria.

There are a great number of brief but accurately drawn character sketches throughout these two interesting volumes.

Mr. Bagshawe makes no attempt to furnish a complete bibliography of the works he has consulted, or to give us the authorities for some of his extraordinary statements. Still he refers us to more than fifty volumes on particular personages, and he is fond of calling

to task writers like Miss Strickland and Froude. He frequently quotes the historical plays of Shakespeare, and the historical novels of Scott, Thackeray, Lytton, and Miss Yonge, at times agreeing with their delineations of character, but more often correcting, what he terms, their mistakes and inaccuracies.

Mr. Bagshawe is most untrustworthy, when he discusses the divorces in the so-called Royal Caste. He says over and over again that though

the Catholic Church has at no time recognized the possibility of divorcing two persons once lawfully married, it must be admitted that in the Middle Ages, when a marriage between two persons of sufficient rank was found to be inconvenient, it was remarkably easy to obtain a declaration that the parties had never been lawfully married, and thus practically to obtain all the advantages of a divorce. As a matter of fact, nearly all those who may be called of the Royal Caste were related one to the other within the prohibited degree, and it seems to have been no one's business to see that, when two persons, however illustrious, were married, proper inquiries as to their relationship were made, or proper dispensation granted.

Moreover, without the slightest historical warrant, he asserts that Pope Clement VII. would have gladly granted a divorce to Henry VIII. if Queen Catherine had only consented.

The author's style is rather careless and slovenly; he frequently repeats phrases, and seems at a loss how to connect his sentences.

The most valuable part of the work is the list of twenty-six genealogical tables, enabling us at a glance to trace the relationship of the more than seven hundred names which are mentioned in the two volumes.

HOSPITAL SOCIETY ADDRESSES. By Henry Sebastian Borden. New York: Benziger Brothers. 70 cents net.

This work contains forty addresses, which were delivered at various times, to the London Hospital Visiting Society, composed of two classes, the visitors and the assistants, the former who look after the patients in the ward, the latter who see them on their return home. Naturally, such a Society would have as the majority of its members lay persons imbued with a tender charity, and gifted with sincere sympathy for the sick and suffering.

The preacher, Father H. S. Bowden, of the London Oratory, strives to train his audience to the just perception and continual practice of those virtues which will be most appreciated by the sick and suffering, and will make their charitable visits a source of consolation to the visited, and a mine of spiritual riches to the visitor.

But the chief merit of the book is that it may be used as spiritual reading by any devout Catholic, as it is by no means restricted in its scope, but touches upon such subjects as: Preparation for Death; Prudence; Faith; Purity of Intention; Devotion to Our Lady; Considerations upon the Passion of Our Lord. Each of the forty chapters is complete in itself, and thus the pious reader may, with the utmost facility, suit the varying moods which often, without any apparent reason, take possession of the soul.

PENAL PHILOSOPHY. By Gabriel Tarde. Translated from the French by Rapelje Howell, Esq. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$5.00 net.

Professor Gabriel Tarde's book on *Penal Philosophy* is the fifth volume in the Modern Criminal Science Series, which is being translated and published under the auspices of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology. The author was a magistrate for many years, and later a professor of his subject at the College of France. The capable work done by Dr. Tarde in his earlier volumes on the *Underground Criminal* and *Comparative Criminology* make it certain that his treatment of the subject in the present work will be thorough, practical, and detailed. R. H. Gault, Editor of *The Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology*, writes an introduction to the English version. The following extract from it will, perhaps, be the best presentation of this book to American readers.

Throughout the present work, Professor Tarde maintains a sufficient balance between conservatism and progressivism to commend him to those who believe, as the present writer does, that in criminology (including penology) we are in our generation trying many experiments: that in many respects we are wiser than our fathers; that in many other respects we do not yet know how much, if at all, wiser we may be than they. The event of experimentation will prove.

There is probably no other volume published in recent years that

will serve to show how unsettled are the views of students of the various sciences relating to the criminal and his treatment.

Yet there is an immense amount of information in the volume, and the author has done much to upset all of Lombroso's theories. He has particularly emphasized the fact that the criminal *type* has no existence. Now that many photographs of criminals have been made, they are found "to resemble ordinary photographic albums of one's friends." The head of a rogue, as Topinard said, "resembles, as a rule, the head of an honest man." The supposed atavistic reversion of the criminal, by which he approaches the simian type, is contradicted by further research and deeper knowledge. As Professor Tarde remarks, "this simian type has served elsewhere as an envelope for remarkable personages of a high degree of morality. Robert Bruce, the liberator of Scotland, had, as we know, a skull formed like that of the man of Neanderthal, who was the most monkey-like of prehistoric men."

Everywhere the cock-sure theories regarding social and moral sciences, now known to have been built on insecure foundations, are now giving way to real scientific hesitancy, and a readiness to say "we do not know."

THE TRAGEDY OF FOTHERINGAY. Founded on the Journal of D. Burgoing, Physician to Mary Queen of Scots, and on unpublished MS. documents. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. London: Sands & Co. \$1.00.

Whatever judgment one may have about the conduct of Mary, Queen of Scots, while actively at the head of her turbulent state, one cannot but admire her royal behavior during her long imprisonment in England. The story of those hard years is faithfully and sympathetically told by Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, a third impression of whose book on the subject has recently appeared.

YOUR NEIGHBOR AND YOU. By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. New York: Apostleship of Prayer. 50 cents.

The chapters of this book have already appeared in various periodicals, chiefly in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. They were written to point out the common, simple, easy ways in which we may make our lives a source of comfort, joy, encouragement, and blessedness to those around us. No one who reads this book attentively will be able to say that he does not know how to help

and sustain others. If he fail subsequently, he will have to confess that it was through thoughtlessness, or through a temporary unwillingness to love his neighbor as himself. What a blessing it would be to the world if this little book were scattered broadcast in Catholic homes and carefully read.

LA LOI ET LA FOI—ÉTUDE SUR ST. PAUL ET LES JUDAISANTS. Par A. de Boysson, Paris: Bloud et Cie. 75 cents.

"St. Paul frequently treats in his Epistles the doctrine of the vocation of the Gentiles to the faith of Christ. That was his gospel, the good news Jesus commanded him to preach. To understand his teaching, we must know the circumstances under which he wrote, the adversaries he had to combat, and the errors he had to refute. Such is the purpose of the present volume."

An introductory chapter discusses the dates of the New Testament writings which deal with the Judaizers, viz.: the Epistle to the Galatians, the Pastoral Epistle, Hebrews, and St. James. The book itself consists of two parts: 1st, a critical and historical study of the various controversies with the Judaizing party from the time of St. Stephen's martyrdom until the third century; and, 2d, a dissertation on the theology of St. Paul in regard to Justification, the Redemption, Merit, Good Works, the Law, and Faith.

While avoiding for the most part controversy, the author refutes the false hypotheses of the Tübingen school of critics. A brief bibliography concludes this most scholarly contribution to the study of Christian origins.

THE ADVENTURES OF FOUR YOUNG AMERICANS,
by Henriette Eugenie Delamare. (Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co. 60 cents.) Home life of four young Americans, their departure for Europe; their experiences while traveling through London, Switzerland, and France; their arrival in Rome, where they visit the catacombs—this is the theme of Mrs. Delamare's latest book, which is thoroughly Catholic, and highly to be recommended for juveniles.

AMELIE IN FRANCE, by Maurice F. Egan. (Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co. 70 cents.) This pleasing story recounts the adventures of some boys and girls who were shipwrecked on their way to Europe, and cast on an island inhabited only by an old sailor. Entirely thrown on their own resources, the young-

sters learn many useful lessons, and by fidelity to the teachings of our Holy Religion succeed in making three conversions. They are finally picked up by a passing steamer, and all ends well. The characters are well portrayed, the boys and girls act naturally, and impress the reader with the idea that they are real personages. This is a book which should find its way into every Catholic juvenile library.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. One of a series called *The Tudor Shakespeare*. (New York: The Macmillan Co.) Completed the series will consist of forty volumes, 35 cents each, of which the present is the tenth issued. The volume is of handy size, neatly bound, half-gilt, and well printed. A few explanatory notes and a glossary are appended.

A BOOK OF THE LOVE OF MARY. Compiled and Edited by Freda M. Groves (St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents), tells how the thought and love of our Blessed Mother penetrated the hearts and lives of her children, when England was Mary's dower. This book, with its pictures of the glories of days gone by, should animate all who love Mary to pray that yet again England may return to the Faith and become once more "Our Lady's Dower." The volume is a companion to *The Book of the Love of Jesus*, which appeared some years ago. His Grace of Westminster has written the Preface.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have issued *The Second Book of Kings*, edited by T. S. Hennessy, which is a part of their publication entitled *The Smaller Cambridge for Schools*. The editing has been carefully done, and the notes are exclusively historical, literary, and geographical. The treatment is reverent, and the authorities quoted conservative. Although the Vulgate is named as one of the texts consulted, we have not been able to find one reference thereto.

THE HOUSE AND TABLE OF GOD, by the Rev. W. Roche, S.J. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.), is a book for children, one that welcomes them to the banquet of the King, and guides their earliest thoughts from the things that are seen and known to the things that are unseen. It leads the youthful mind from nature to nature's God; from the abundant provision for our earthly life to the marvels of grace provided for God's children

at His Table of the Holy Eucharist. The charming simplicity with which these lessons are unfolded betoken a deep insight and sympathy for the lambs of the Good Shepherd.

A SLIM volume of *Sonnets and Songs*—graceful in form and mainly religious in theme—comes to us from the pen of John Rothensteiner. It is published by B. Herder, St. Louis, at 50 cents.

MANUEL PRATIQUE DE LA DÉVOTION AU SACRÉ CŒUR DE JÉSUS. Par l'Abbé Vaudepitte. (25 cents.) The twelve promises of the Sacred Heart are the subjects of as many meditations, with devotions for the First Fridays, for Holy Mass, and for the reception of the Sacraments. The book is published by Pierre Téqui, Paris.

WE have received from the publishing house of the Razón y Fe a pamphlet entitled: *De Vasectomia Duplici necnon de Matrimonio Mulieris Excisæ*, by R. P. Ferreres, S.J., summarizing his views and criticisms of Dr. O'Malley's position as to the licitness of this operation. The same house has sent us a study on the sovereignty of the people in Spain by R. P. José March, S.J.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Origins of the Hail Mary. By Rev. Herbert Thurston. The history of the Angelic Salutation in the Eastern Church has never been adequately studied; the prayer is substantially found written in Greek on a potsherd of about 600 A. D., but it is not certain whether this was some antiphon in liturgical use or a formula of private devotion. In the West it first appears in the *Antiphonary* traditionally ascribed to St. Gregory the Great. It became a popular formula in the wake of the Hours or Little Office of Our Lady. Before the latter part of the twelfth century the combination of the words of St. Gabriel with those of St. Elizabeth, the practice of addressing a long series of salutations to our Lady's image or altar, and the preference shown for the exact number of the Psalms of David, had all become features of general devotion.—*The Month*, February.

Disraeli. By Wilfrid Ward. The second volume of Mr. Monypenny's classical biography of Disraeli gives us an invaluable picture of the great Prime Minister, and an insight into those characteristics which made him, once despised as a charlatan, a dandy, and a Jew, one of the most striking and successful men of his age. Was he sincere? Yes, and no. He was consistent and sincerely devoted to his own advancement. His success was due, before all things, to an avowed and unconquerable ambition. There was strength in his convictions, but no great depth of principle, with its consequent scrupulousness. He really felt a personal admiration for Peel, but he had at least enough contrary convictions to criticize Peel's triple apostasy on Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and Free Trade, and so to take the practical leadership of the party effectively. He had an Oriental love of splendor, but only as a visible symbol of success and a stimulus to further effort. His literary gifts gave him great facility of expression and of mental activity, but were entirely free from any sensitiveness to the opinion others held of him.—*Dublin Review*, January.

The Irish National Theatre. By Charles Bewley. The disappointment caused by the present state of the Abbey Theatre

is due to the fact that Mr. Yeats and Mr. Synge started on their careers as Irish dramatists, with ideals born of the literary coteries of London and Paris; ideals of uncontrollable passion and brute force. They forgot, or could not see, that the most important element in Irish life, as in its history, is the religious element; attempting to reduce this to superstition and neo-paganism, they have fallen into ludicrous and glaring error. Besides, their retort that they are presenting only abnormal characters fails, because they take abnormal types and present them as normal.—*Dublin Review*, January.

The Mental Deficiency Bill. By Thomas J. Gerrard. This bill, which purports to make further and better provision with respect to feeble-minded and other mentally defective persons, is really a Eugenist measure for the elimination of certain classes considered worthless to the State. Its good points are: it gives the education authorities, who know these children best, the office of registering and classifying these cases; it provides government support for the feeble-minded, instead of relying on voluntary contributions; it provides against immoral abuses practiced on girls and women who have been certified to be feeble-minded. But it does not give a suitable definition of what a feeble-minded person is; it provides for life-long segregation, and absolutely forbids marriage; it applies only to the poor; it contains a loosely-worded clause which might be construed so as to allow the questionable practice of sterilization; it is based only on natural principles, and makes no provision for the religion of those whom it proposes to segregate. The Committee will bring in an amended bill next session, containing verbal changes, but substantially laboring under the above defects.—*Dublin Review*, January.

The Revolution in Cuba. By W. M. Kennedy. The writer, judging only from personal experience and observation, considers that the Church, by upholding explicitly or implicitly the power of Spain, has completely lost her hold on the hearts of Cuban patriots; with her have decayed the secondary schools. Corruption reigns everywhere. The revolution of last year, which most people thought would be but the usual flash in the pan, turned out to be a real civic strife, and national unity is gone. Sometime Cuba must for her own salvation become American.—*Dublin Review*, January.

German Charity Congresses. By Louis Rivière. Profiting by the unity of the Protestant charity workers of Germany, the Catholics decided to merge their many societies into a national unit. This was done at a Congress held for the purpose on November 9, 1897, at Cologne. For fifteen years they have been doing a more united work. There are now six diocesan Unions centralizing the different societies in each diocese. Each year the National Catholic Federation hold what are termed "Charitable Weeks," and at these Congresses are discussed the various ways of alleviating the sufferings of the poor. The past year the Congress was held at Metz, and an effort was made to continue the great work of the past.

Twenty-five reports were made at the Congress, which was divided into French-speaking and German-speaking sections. The rest of the article is devoted to a resumé of work done at this Congress.—*Le Correspondant*, January 25.

The Synoptic Question, by Father Ferdinand Prat, S.J., treats of the date and character of the Gospels according to St. Mark and St. Luke. The order of succession of the Gospels was settled in the third century. While papyrus was in common use, *i. e.*, until the end of the third century, our four Gospels were written on four separate rolls, and there was no need to assign an order to them. When the books were finally arranged in order, it was done chronologically in the great majority of manuscripts.

That the order is chronological seems the only reasonable explanation why St. John's Gospel should be placed last, while St. Mark's is given second place. St. Irenæus' testimony on this point is most important. As to the date of the Gospels, tradition is not precise. Nowadays practically all critics admit that the Synoptics were written several years before the fall of Jerusalem, a return to the traditional belief prophesied by Harnack. The internal character of the Synoptics agrees with that given them by tradition. St. Jerome said, *à propos* of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "It is of little importance who wrote it, since it is read as Scripture in the universal Church." Nevertheless, questions of authenticity, date, etc., cannot be indifferent to anyone interested in the origin of Christianity.—*Études*, January 5.

The Little Sisters of the Sick. By Joseph Thermes. Père Serres, called in his lifetime "Le Bon Père," was touched with pity

for the sufferings of the poor peasants in sickness. He asked Marguerite-Marie Lachaud to visit them; he supplied food and medicine. This was in 1859. Five years later five young ladies, including Mlle. Lachaud, bound themselves to this work, and took the religious vows for a year. This was the beginning of the Congregation of the Little Sisters of the Sick. Other communities, organized for the same purpose, came into existence in other parts of France within the next decade. In the recent expulsion of the Religious Orders from France, the Little Sisters were not molested.—*Études*, January 5.

Christian Heroes. By Adhémar d'Alès. The heroes of Christianity have no equal in history, either in the height of the ideal followed, in the generosity of effort expended, or in the simple grandeur of a virtue which always found its joy and recompense in the gift of oneself to God.

We are indebted to the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists for most of our knowledge of the early heroes. About the tombs of the martyrs a local cultus usually developed. The Western Church, full of respect for the inviolability of the tombs, and the integrity of the bodies of the saints, abstained from touching their remains; in the East it is customary to open the tombs and distribute the relics. In the fourth century the finding of numbers of bodies of saints gave a new impetus to the veneration of relics.—*Études*, January 20.

The Tablet (January 25): *President Poincaré*: Hope for prosperity and real liberty in France is seen in the election of M. Poincaré to the presidency, despite the great opposition of Radicals and Socialists. While the new President cannot be convicted of bias towards the Catholics, still, judging by his recent utterances, the position of Catholics will be improved.—*The Address of His Eminence Cardinal Bourne at Birmingham*: Considering the expansion of the English-speaking races and the part of Protestantism therein, the Cardinal first showed that Reformation was not the cause of this growth of population, but that it was instrumental in preventing the enormous good that this growth should have been to the world at large.—*Chaos in the Commons*: The greatest Reform Bill of modern times is to enfranchise certainly three million men and perhaps thirteen million women; it abolishes the nine seats now given to the Universities; does away with plural voting, and allows no representation to property. It reduces the

electorate of the city of London, the commercial and financial centre of the Empire, from 31,000 to 3,000. The bill as a whole will have the entire force of the Union Party against it. *The Cabinet is Divided*: Mr. Asquith is opposed to Woman Suffrage, but his convictions are not strong enough to make him resign if it is granted.

(February 1): The cause of Woman Suffrage lies now in ruins. In the bill proposed, the Speaker decided that the adoption of any one of the amendments giving votes to women would so transform the purpose of the Franchise Bill as to constitute it in effect a new bill. It had, therefore, to be withdrawn. The Prime Minister offers facilities for free votes on a new bill, but it is not certain that such a measure can be properly forced through under the operation of the Parliament Act. The greatest harm to the cause, however, is now being done by the advocates of violence.—Shane Leslie describes the realism, the mysticism, the sorrow, the religious consecration of the paintings of El Greco, the Spanish artist, and especially his "Burial of Count Orgaz" in the church of St. Tomé in Toledo.—*Quaint Reminiscences of London Churches* is a resumé of anecdotes by James Pellor Malcolm, F.S.A., published in 1803.—Sir Roger Casement, in the *Manchester Guardian*, pays a high tribute to the work of the Jesuits in Paraguay, and uses it for a ground of hope in the Franciscan mission just established for a similar purpose in the Putmayo.—A new college is to be inaugurated at Frascati, near Rome, under the Salesian Fathers. The money has been wholly provided by the Pope. The first pupils will be youths orphaned by the earthquakes of 1905 and 1908.—The care exercised by the Holy See in securing Welsh-speaking bishops and clergy in mediæval Wales, has been brought out during a controversy on the use of the national language in modern Welsh missionary work and religious services.—The Roman correspondent notes the serious rumors of the approaching confiscation of Church property, the condemnation of newspapers published by the *Unione Editrice Romana*, and the programme of the Catholic Popular Union.

The British Review (February): The Conferences of St. James gives surmises on the outcome of the late Peace Conference. Recent events have given the answer.—Francis McCulloch, the noted correspondent, writes as *A Prisoner of the Bulgars*.—Father Keating, S.J., treats of the ethics of resistance to law.—Hilaire Belloc discussed English *Fiscal Reform*.—J. Godfrey

Raupert presents some private letters to throw light on the mystery of evil.—*More Mediæval Byways*, by L. F. Satzmann, proves that human nature is always about the same.—*Vox Populi* says our present trouble is that there is no audible "vox populi."

The National Review (February): The Unionist Party and Preference is discussed by Austen Chamberlain. Sir William Rubimond, in *A Great Artist and His Little Critics*, gives an appreciation of Alma-Tadema.—Portugal under the Republic is described by Aubrey F. G. Bell. The writer asks the question, "O democracy, whither are you leading us?" "To lawlessness and anarchy," seems to be the present answer for Portugal; unless, indeed, the more moderate men, represented by Senhor Antonia Jose d'Almeida and the Evolutionist Party, can be induced to come forward from their retirement and make it clear that they, and not the clumsy imitators of French Jacobinism, are in a majority. But so long as the Republic remains, as it were, a Lisbon monopoly, has not the real control of affairs, and is unable to prevent persecutions and outrages of which it most certainly disapproves, there is no hope that either Portugal or the Republic will prosper.—A Balkan correspondent, Frank Fox, gives extracts from his diary. We add one of them: "It is a curious fact that in all Bulgaria I have met but one man who was young enough and well enough to fight, and who had not enlisted. He had become an American subject, I believe, and so could not be compelled to serve. In America he had learned to be an 'International Socialist,' and so he did not volunteer. I believe he was unique. He should be engaged to lecture by British Radical Societies. With half the population of London, Bulgaria has put 350,000 trained men under arms. But there was in the nation one good Socialist who knew that war was an evil thing, and that it was better to sit down meekly under tyranny, and give up your women folk to violation, than to take up arms."

The Month (February): The January number contained an article on Father Gerard, late editor of *The Month*. It presented the main facts in his life, and gave a general estimate of his character. The current issue, under the caption *Some Further Notes on our Late Editor*, gives a fuller and more intimate appreciation of his character and achievements.—Rev. J. H. Pollen tells of his *Research at Simancas*, near Valladolid, into the documents re-

garding the doings of the ambassadors of King James I. of England to counteract the negotiations of the ultra-Spanish party for a Spanish succession.—*Are Divine Laws a Social Necessity?* by the Rev. Sidney F. Smith, reviews the report of the recent English Divorce Commission, which maintained that its findings warranted them in affirming that unless some scheme of divorce be conceded to the weakness of human nature, worse evils are sure to follow. Father Smith attacks this contention, and shows that in the Catholic portions of the country where divorces are fewest, the moral tone is by no means inferior.

The Church Quarterly Review (January): Rev. J. S. Pringle discusses the assertions "that Christianity was brought to Japan in the seventh and following centuries, and has been substantially preserved there ever since.—The article on *The Royal Commission on Divorce* gives an analysis of the reports, minutes, etc., of the Commission, as presented to both Houses of Parliament. The writer investigates the evidence which favors certain proposals for altering the law of divorce in England; and who shows that the grounds for extending divorce are really impossible, as well as inhuman.—Its *Rise and Course*, by Rev. Herbert Kelly, S.S.M., is an historical sketch which endeavors "to explain the nature, at least, of scholastic thought; to show what it could do and what it was trying to do; what were its powers and its limitations." Only the "broad general characters" and the work of Abelard, St. Anselm, St. Bernard, and St. Thomas are here dealt with, usually in terms of praise.—Edwin Holthouse describes the indebtedness of Dante to the book of Ecclesiasticus.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (February): *The O'Keeffe Cases*, by the Archbishop of Dublin, describes actions for libel brought by the Rev. Robert O'Keeffe, of Callan, County Kilkenny, in the years 1869-1875, and gives an illustration of the working of the law of England in relation to matters of Catholic ecclesiastical discipline.—*The Economics of Nationalism*, by T. M. Kettle, M.A., notes the rise of the National Economists in the nineteenth century, and describes the effect of the national and organic point of view, as against the individualistic, in regard to Free Trade, cattle jobbing, and railways.—*Past and Present*, by Rev. P. M. MacSweeney, deals with a work entitled *Cardinal Manning and Other Essays*, by Mr. John Bodley, a close friend of Manning.

The first essay will correct in part at least the distorted impression left by Purcell's *Life*. Mr. Bodley in his second lecture, *Decay of Idealism in France*, strives to prove that the International Socialism of Marx, Catholicism, and the progress of mechanical invention will ultimately sweep away national characteristics. Father MacSweeney rebuts these sweeping, pessimistic, and illogical views. In his third lecture on *The Institute of France*, Mr. Bodley, as a corresponding member of the Institute, gives a lucid account of its origin and growth.

Dublin Review (January): Mrs. Hamilton King treats *The Religion of Mazzini*, but the Editor takes pains to say that he accepted the article without endorsing all of Mrs. King's views. Mazzini was opposed to the temporal power, and asserted it was the great obstacle to a united Italy, but Mrs. King says that religion was the very breath of Mazzini's life, and that many in Italy now calling themselves his followers are acting with an animosity towards Christianity and the Church which was far from his own thought.—Under the heading *The Teresa of Canada*, Mrs. Maxwell-Scott reviews the life of Mother Mary of the Incarnation, an Ursuline nun who came to Quebec in 1639; was a friend of the famous Jesuits Jogues and Lallemant, and did a wonderful work among the Indians.—Mrs. Warre Cornish contributes a study of Digby Dolben, the poet whose death by drowning in 1867 prevented his being received into the Catholic Church. The recent *Memoir* by Mr. Robert Bridges, with its fifty poems, gives evidence that his poetical ability was unusual and distinctively Catholic.

Le Correspondant (January 10): An article entitled *Frederick Ozanam*, by Eugene Duthroit, reviews the life of Ozanam, and then takes up the study of the great cause which he made the one absorbing thought of his life.—E. de Geoffroy deals with the methods of modern warfare, dreadnoughts, submarines, mines, cannons, etc.—François De Witt-Guizot writes of the new law by which France takes under government control the investigation of the management of public contributions made to private benefactions, such as orphanages, hospitals, etc. This law seems to be closely allied to those others of religious discrimination which have preceded it.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (January): J. Vialatoux

argues that M. Durkheim, the head of the Positivist sociologists, has in his recent article, entitled *Judgments of Value and Judgments of Reality*, abandoned his wholly materialistic attitude, and smuggled in some idealistic teachings. He now admits that experience postulates something outside of itself—something that *experiences*. There must be a unity of thought and a spiritual centre of thought that synthesizes and regulates experience.—Bernarde de Sailly continues his vehement attack on the apologetics of P. Gardeil and P. de Poulpiquet, charging them with misunderstanding the system of Blondel. The articles by P. de Tonquédec, reviewed in the magazine section, are also declared to be a total misapprehension of Blondel's thought.

Études Franciscaines (February): P. Raymond continues his defense of Scotism against the charge of Modernism.—P. Ubald answers in the affirmative the question whether P. René of Modena, a Capuchin converted from Judaism, had really been a rabbi.—P. Cuthbert gives a detailed analysis of the *Regula Prima* of the Franciscan Order, showing the additions made between 1209, when the really primitive rule was orally approved by Innocent III., and 1221, the date of the more complete and legislative as well as Scriptural and poetical document.

Revue des Deux Mondes (January 13): In his analysis of *Le Chanson de Roland*, M. Bredier proves successfully that the famous epic is not a collection of ancient songs and legends. He holds, on the contrary, that in its literary construction we find indisputable evidence that it is the work of one man, although its story existed long before the official date of the poem.—Emile Faguet discusses, in his usual charming style, symbolism as represented in France by the young poets of about 1885. The most distinguished exponent of this school is Mæterlinck.

Recent Events.

France.

The statement made last month that M. Poincaré was a Republican of so strong a type that he would not even receive the support of Monarchists if it were offered, was made upon the supposition that he would be consistent to the declarations which he made when he formed his ministry. It seems, however, that as a candidate for the Presidency he did not feel himself bound by the same conditions as he accepted when forming a government. In fact, not only did he accept the support of the Royalists and Bonapartists, but he could not have been elected had these parties voted for his opponent. This is not said as throwing blame upon him. For a President is in a somewhat different position from the head of a ministry, since the latter has to secure legislation and manage the everyday affairs of administration. The fact that the Monarchists voted for the one to whom they looked as likely to serve the best interests of the country, and did not act along with the extremists of the Left, may be considered as an indication that a better spirit animates them than was the case in the early days of the Republic. They then not infrequently threw in their lot with those whose main object was to throw the country into confusion.

M. Poincaré's election was a great defeat of the party which is animated by bitter hostility to religion, and which has been chiefly responsible for the attacks that have been made upon the Church. It is the strongest single party of the many into which the French Parliament is divided. M. Combes is its leader, and he, with a number of the prominent men in the party, tried by every means to prevent M. Poincaré from becoming President, going so far even as to make a personal appeal to him to withdraw. To this appeal he refused to listen.

It is to the credit of M. Poincaré that he would not yield to the wishes of the Radical-Socialists, and to that of France, that it refused to elect a President from among the members of that party. Strength is considered his special characteristic. Not long ago this would have been a bar to his election, for the Republic was weaker then than it is now, and a strong man might, it was feared, become a dictator. To-day the Republic has ceased to dread the phantom of dictatorship. M. Poincaré is a native of

Lorraine, a province the patriotism of whose children is even keener than that of the rest of France, it having suffered mutilation as the result of the war of 1870. He has always refused to serve sect or party. But when a crisis came, in consequence of the somewhat scandalous proceedings which brought about the fall of the ministry of M. Caillaux, he was able to form a government which embraced in its ranks the ablest of the men now taking part in public affairs. Owing to the confidence felt in the integrity of his character, his Cabinet, although most heterogeneous on account of the various parties from which its members were drawn, proved itself the strongest that has been formed since what is called the Great Ministry of Gambetta.

It is not only in the sphere of politics that M. Poincaré has attained distinction. He is one of the Forty Immortals of which the French Academy consists. He is also an author, having written three volumes, in one of which he sings the praises of Joan of Arc, who was also a native of Lorraine. His views on politics, as found in one of these works, may be cited here: "The foundation of all politics is ethical. Politics are founded on the belief in goodness, in justice, in the love of truth, in the respect for human conscience, in the destinies of our country. Politics, which are worthy of the name, cannot live from day to day on empirical measures and contradictory expedients. . . . With the party of agitation, of violence, of disorder, no political understanding is possible. A government which would seek it would abdicate its authority, and would itself defy the law. A government which would submit to it, or which would not repudiate it, would be swept away by its own hypocritical and equivocal policy."

Being a man of so strong a personality, while there is no reason to fear his aiming at a dictatorship, it is looked upon as possible that he may not consent to act as a mere figurehead as former Presidents have done. The Constitution of the Republic gives to the President executive powers almost as extensive as those possessed by our own. Hitherto they have not been exercised, and it is to be hoped, for the sake of peace, that M. Poincaré will not attempt any mere innovation. But in case of its being necessary, for the well-being of the country, the existence of these powers, and the knowledge that the President is a strong enough man to use them, will give additional security.

M. Poincaré's election rendered it necessary to form a new Cabinet. This was entrusted to M. Briand, who had been the

Minister of Justice in the former Cabinet. It will be remembered that he resigned the Premiership about two years ago, because he could not rally to his support a sufficient number of Republicans. This was because he had declared that the days of political warfare between French citizens were over; that every Frenchman, even though he were a Catholic, was entitled to justice. M. Combes and the Radicals would not accept such a proposition. Now that M. Briand has returned to power again, he found little difficulty in securing co-adjutors. It is remarked, however, that there are very few men of marked distinction in the new Cabinet, and that the most conspicuous of his colleagues in the ministry of M. Poincaré, such as M. Delcassé and M. Bourgeois, have retired. It is not considered, however, that it is from any desire to combat M. Briand that they have so acted.

The programme of M. Briand's ministry includes the concession to trade unions, and other associations of the working classes, of the right to act in a corporate capacity for the purpose of industrial coöperation, and for the acquisition of property. Strange to say, the Revolution of 1789 placed severe restrictions on the right of workingmen to form associations for their mutual benefit, and it is only recently that those restrictions are being relaxed. The government, in pursuance of this policy of relaxation, intends to submit to Parliament a group of legislative proposals which will form, as it were, "the Charter of the General Organization of Labor." Another promise is the long-deferred measure for regulating the status of officials and employees in the government service. An Amnesty Bill, the Income-Tax Bill, now before the Senate, and the Electoral Reform Bill form part of the programme. The "Ecole Laïque" (the secular school) is declared to be one of the living forces of the Republic, the abandonment of which would be equivalent to the repudiation of the Republic itself. Fidelity to alliances and friendships will remain an unalterable principle of the foreign policy of the government, a declaration which indicates its intention of holding fast to the Russian alliance and to the *entente* with Great Britain.

This programme was somewhat coldly received when it was laid before the Chamber, the Socialist-Radicals and the Socialists frequently interrupting M. Briand while making his speech. When, however, the question of confidence came to the vote, the Ministerialist majority was three hundred and twenty-four to seventy-seven. A conflict, however, has already arisen on the

Electoral Reform Bill between the Government and the Radical-Socialists. M. Briand stands firm in support of the bill as it passed the Chamber.

Prince Napoleon took the opportunity afforded by the Presidential election to issue a manifesto. He expressed dissatisfaction with the existing constitution, because it did not give free scope for the expression of the people's will. The election of the President ought to be by a *plébiscite*, not by the Senate and Chamber, for these bodies were a mere oligarchy. "The name of Napoleon," he proclaims, "means the organization of the Democracy, political, religious, and social pacification, and the fusion of all parties for the highest good of the nation." He deplores what he looks upon as the present state of confusion in French public life, and the personal rivalries which run the risk of diminishing the strength of the country confronted by an armed Europe. If all patriots would agree to renew the Napoleonic tradition, to unite authority with democracy, and to establish upon that twofold basis a government of concord and of action, the prospects of the future, in the Prince's opinion, would be brighter. This opinion, however, is not shared by many of the French people. The memory of the Imperial *régime* is too vivid.

Germany.

The Ambassador to the Quirinal, Herr von Jagow, has been appointed to succeed the late Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter as Foreign Secretary. He is said to have accepted the post with no little reluctance, not only because of his attachment to his surroundings in Rome, but also because the new position which he is called upon to fill is one of considerable difficulty. The German Emperor is in reality his own Foreign Secretary, and leaves nothing in the way of initiative to the nominal holder of the office. The Chancellor of the Empire, too, has the right to be consulted. He is in fact technically responsible, and not infrequently takes the reins into his own hands.

Armaments and ever-increasing armaments are the order of the day. What was looked upon as the final settlement of the strength of the army was made two years ago, but it is now announced that a further increase is rendered necessary by the dangerous position in which the Empire is found to be. No less a sum than twenty-five millions is asked for. As a consequence the Minister of Finance is engaged in the search for a new tax, and

the Conservatives are becoming apprehensive that their property, on this occasion, will not succeed in escaping its share of the burden. The Imperial taxes and local rates are becoming intolerable. On the other hand, it must be stated that the past year has been exceedingly prosperous; so much so that hopes are entertained that Germany will soon become economically and financially independent of foreign countries, and be able to stand upon her own feet. It is this desire, shared by so many Germans, that renders the prospect of peace being maintained more hopeful; for the economic life of the country, to use the words of the Prussian Minister of Commerce, rests on the shoulders of peace.

The Reichstag has recently exercised for the first time the right of passing a vote of censure upon the government. Last May a new standing order was made allowing a debate upon an interpellation, to be followed by a division expressing agreement or disagreement with the policy of the government. The Poles, in accordance with this new procedure, proposed a motion that "the permission of the Imperial Chancellor for the expropriation of Polish landowners for the purposes of the Prussian settlement Commission is at variance with the judgment of the Reichstag." This motion, after two days' debate, was carried by two hundred and thirteen votes to ninety-seven. In its favor, the Centre, that is, the Catholic Party, united with the Social Democrats in support of the Poles; the opponents were the Conservatives and the National Liberals, while the Radicals abstained from voting. In the course of the debate expropriation was condemned on the ground that it would make Poland the Ireland of Germany, and the government was said to be making the same mistake as that made by the Young Turks in their attempt to Ottomanize the various races in Turkey.

The fact that the Centre voted on this occasion against the government is looked upon as a sort of challenge, and as a warning that further rebuffs may be in store. The immediate future will furnish a number of opportunities. Over the new army bill there will be a parliamentary struggle, as well as over the new taxation which this bill will necessitate.

The remembrance of the Köpenick incident, which caused so much amusement a few years ago, has been revived by a similar proceeding on a much larger scale. The whole of the garrison of Strassburg, some twenty thousand troops, were called out by a notice, purporting to come from the Emperor, that he would inspect

the soldiers within a few hours after the receipt of the notice. The Emperor, in fact, was one thousand miles distant. The Emperor is said to have recommended to the general in command a more diligent perusal of the newspapers.

So great has been the improvement of late of the relations between Great Britain and Germany that those well able to judge declare that a year ago such a thing would have been judged impossible. It is rumored, indeed, that an agreement has been made between the two countries determining a definite proportion of ships which each Power is to build.

Spain.

A remarkable change has, within the last few weeks, been effected, or at least initiated, in the methods of Spanish parliamentary rule. The normal course of political action for many years past, and one formally adopted by the leaders of the two chief parties, the Liberal and Conservative, was for each party to remain in office for a definite period, somewhere about three years, and then to give place to its opponent. This arrangement did not conduce to progress, but it preserved the amenities of political life, and sprang rather from the natural courtesy of the Spaniard, than from that pursuit of the spoils of office which was, and still is, the characteristic of the system as practiced in Portugal. The ill-omened execution of Señor Ferrer led to its abandonment, the Conservatives having been so exasperated by the Liberals joining hands with Republicans and Socialists in condemnation of that measure.

The ministry of the late Señor Moret, which succeeded that of Señor Maura, accepted the support of Republicans, and on this account was, after a short time, somewhat unceremoniously dismissed from office by the King. Señor Canalejas, who was thereupon made Premier, although a Radical, seems to have reverted to the old methods. On his death, his successor, also a Radical, received the support of the Conservatives for a time, owing to the exigencies of the situation. But when it became necessary to constitute a definite ministry, and it was expected that the Conservative leader, Señor Maura, would, in due rotation, have been sent for, to the surprise of all, the King entrusted its formation, without even consulting the Conservatives, to Count Romanones, the Liberal successor of Señor Canalejas. His Majesty's reason for thus departing from long-established usage was that he thought

it was the wish of the country, and that it was more likely that the Liberals would be able to do the work of which there was need.

Thereupon the leader of the Conservatives, with more than fifty of his followers, resigned their places in Parliament as a protest against the King's action, thus threatening the complete dissolution of the Conservative Party, to the great joy of the Republicans. The Liberals, however, viewed the situation with ill-concealed anxiety. The car of the Spanish monarchy, they felt, was two-wheeled; should one wheel collapse the other would become useless. The dangerous consequences to the country which seemed so probable, led Señor Maura, at the earnest request of his followers, to reconsider his decision, and in the end he withdrew his resignation.

The revival, however, of the old arrangement of the rotation of the two parties is in all likelihood given up, and war to the knife between the two parties is anticipated. This is the more probable, as the King has taken a still more unusual step. He has gone so far as to call into consultation the leader of the Republican Party. If there were a party of Monarchists in this country, few would expect our President officially to recognize their leader. Indeed it is more than likely he would be sent to prison. But this is what King Alfonso has done. What led him to take such a step is not quite clear. Perhaps the public sympathy shown by the Republicans for his action in the formation of the new ministry may have influenced him. For one of its leaders declared at a great meeting that Republican parties had no reason for existence in England or Italy, and that if Spain should enjoy the blessings of the English or the Savoy monarchy he would not be a dissenter as regards forms of government. He went on to say that the actual *régime* in Spain, as maintained both by Liberals and Conservatives, necessitated a conflict, on account of the want of justice, and of the favoritism which existed in matters of administration. A few days after this declaration the King's summons came to the leader of the Republican Party. The Ministry now in power assumed responsibility for his Majesty's initiative.

The official explanation given for this tremendous innovation was the desire of the King to be informed of the work of the Institute of Social Reform, of which Señor Ascarate is the President. Whatever may have been the King's reason, the visit of the Republican leader caused an immense sensation, and is looked upon as marking an important point in the political history of

Spain. At the least, it is considered a flattering tribute paid by Royalty to modern methods of education and social reform. But it may involve still greater political potentialities, as it is a definite admission of Republican coöperation in the sphere of government; a full recognition of the fact that the being a Republican does not any longer involve exclusion from the councils of the nation. It is also a strong rebuff to the leader of the Conservatives, Señor Maura, who had just before denounced coöperation with Republicans as "undermining authority and occasioning enormous sacrifices to the nation." It marks a great advance in the mind of the King since he drove from office Señor Moret for having accepted that coöperation.

The Spanish Press in general applauds the policy of thus opening the door to all parties. His Majesty, a leading organ says, has thereby indicated the road to peace and the restoration of Spain. As the Republican Party includes among its members men distinguished as jurists and students of political and social questions, and of moderate views, the course which the King has taken may result in avoiding the revolution which has so long been threatening. A peaceful solution and remedy for existent evils may have been found.

By the death of Señor Moret, which took place a few weeks ago, the Liberals have lost a prominent but not very judicious supporter of their cause. His career was a long one, for he entered the Cortes in 1864, and held office so long ago as 1870. His success, however, was by no means conspicuous. It may have been that he was too honest, for he had a tendency to think aloud, which tended to lead him to blurt out damaging truths.

Catholics in Spain have to suffer, as is sometimes the case with Catholics in other parts of the world, from the utterances and proceedings of extremists that exist in every large body of men. Such an extremist in Spain went about preaching that no Catholic could conscientiously belong to the Liberal-Conservative Party. Fortunately, in this case, a way was found to put an end to this perverse exaggeration. For when it was brought to the notice of the Holy Father, the attention of the ecclesiastic in question was called to various documents issued by the Vatican which he had either overlooked or ignored—documents declaring in effect that every Catholic in Spain has a right to his own political opinions, and that those are not to be used against him in his religious life.

What is called in Spain the "Padlock Bill" has been pro-

longed for a further period of two years. This bill was passed to prohibit the establishment of religious communities until an Association Law should be passed definitely regulating their *status*. As this has not yet been done, the period is prolonged. Negotiations with the Holy Father are being resumed.

An unpleasant incident has recently taken place on account of a Protestant soldier in the Spanish army having refused to kneel during Mass. This has led to the issue of a Royal Order from the Ministry of War, by which non-Catholic soldiers are in future to be excused from attendance at Mass on Sundays and Feast Days, although they must still be present at religious ceremonies which the troops have to attend under arms.

Perfect harmony between France and Spain has been secured by the Spanish Parliament's acceptance of the Treaty with reference to Morocco, which had been concluded by Señor Canalejas before his death. As sometimes happens, it is only after the event that it has become known how near to a rupture they came in the course of the negotiations. It is said to be due to the intervention of Great Britain that this was avoided. Considerable doubt, however, is felt by many in Spain as to whether it will be to the advantage of the country to avail herself of the privileges conferred by the Treaty, inasmuch as these would involve considerable expenditure.

Portugal.

In Portugal the state of affairs is so bad that almost anything may be looked for except real improvement. At the beginning of the year there was a long-protracted crisis, resulting in the most undesirable of settlements. The Premier for the preceding six months, Dr. Duarte Leite, a man of independent means, moderate views, and a certain dignity of character, and, therefore, more respected than the professional politicians, who are the curse of the country, got tired of the struggle with their malign influence, and refused to remain in office any longer, although the strongest efforts were made to induce him to alter his decision.

The Republican Party in the Chamber is now divided into three sections, the two extremes of which are so opposed to each other that no coöperation was possible. The Conservative Party is in favor of granting an amnesty to the Royalist prisoners, and to the Clergy who have refused to accept the Law of Separation. It is also in favor of the amendment of that Law. The Ultra-

Radical Party, of which Senhor Affonso Costa is the leader, the violent methods of which had led to the resignation of Dr. Leite, would consent to none of these proposals. The President of the Republic having done his best to prevent the resignation of Dr. Leite, entrusted the formation of a ministry to Senhor Antonio de Almeida, the leader of the Evolutionists—this being the name of the party which holds Conservative views. His efforts, however, to form a government proved futile, and the President was then obliged to call upon the extremist Dr. Costa, the author of the Law for the Separation of Church and State.

Dr. Costa's Party forms nearly half of the Lower House, and having succeeded in obtaining the support of the Independents and Unionists, he was able to form a Ministry. This means that the Law of Separation is to be rigorously enforced; that there is to be no amnesty for the Monarchist political prisoners, and no pardon for the bishops and priests who have been expelled from their districts. A bill, however, has been introduced to expedite the trial of the Royalist prisoners, some of whom have been in prison for more than one year. The treatment of these prisoners has been so cruel as to excite indignation throughout the whole of Europe. Even the President of the Republic had to make an appeal on their behalf.

Liberty, as she is understood in Portugal, is a strange thing. Press telegrams, in order not to be mutilated by the Censor, have to be sent by letter to Spain. By a decree of the government, the Pope's message to the clergy has been declared to be an attack on the State, and its distribution prohibited, and all copies are ordered to be confiscated. The real power in Portugal seems to be in the hands of a secret society of Carbonarios. As is so often the case, bad government has driven many to seek refuge in underground methods, and thereby given scope to the worst elements of the nation. The ramifications of the Carbonarios in Portugal extends far and wide. By delation and espionage it has terrorized the moderate elements of the community. It is thought that the Radicals now in power are dominated by fear of the action of this society rather than by the conviction that the course it has adopted is for the best interests of the country. So great is the dread in which it is held that no one dares express his opinion. Fear of outrage has driven many into exile.

The rural districts of the country have suffered so much from unjust taxation that the population is emigrating in large numbers. This evil is so great, resulting as it has done

in large districts being left uncultivated, that every effort is being made to prevent people from leaving the country. Being unable to escape by the ports, large numbers are passing over the frontier into Spain. Representations have recently been made to the Spanish government on this subject, calling upon it to carry out the agreement to suppress the secret emigration of the Portuguese people. Bad, indeed, must be the government, when its people are thus seeking to leave so beautiful a country as Portugal.

The hopes that, through the collective action of the Powers which was brought to bear upon Turkey, the war would not be resumed were dashed to the ground by the Revolution effected by Enver Bey and his following of Young Turks. Kiamil Pasha had accepted, with slight reserves, the advice that Adrianople should be surrendered, and the Ægean Islands placed at the disposal of the Powers until a permanent settlement could be made. By this concession the Young Turks declared that Kiamil and his ministry had proved themselves traitors to the Empire, and that, therefore, they were no longer fit to hold power. By a *coup d'état*, which had rather the appearance of a brawl in a saloon than of a measure of State, the ministry of the elder statesmen of Turkey was supplanted by one made up of Young Turks. Within a few days the war was resumed, the Allied Balkan States being unwilling to negotiate with a country so disorganized as no longer to have a trustworthy mouthpiece. Both parties seem to have taken measures so effective to exclude the presence of newspaper correspondents, that the intelligence which has come to hand is of the most meager description. It seems fairly certain, however, that the Bulgarians have been successful in their attack in the neighborhood of Gallipoli, while Enver Bey has been frustrated in his plan for outflanking the Bulgarians. On the other hand, Scutari, Yanina, and Adrianople are still holding out, to say nothing of Constantinople itself.

It will be a long time, even if peace were to be made at once, before the numerous questions connected with the Balkan States and Turkey will be satisfactorily settled. The Powers affected a deep concern for the well-being of Turkey in Asia. They urged that if the war were continued even these possessions might be endangered. Already rumors are being heard of the aspirations of France to an increase of influence in Syria, while Germany is anxious about the railway to Baghdad, which has been so long

under construction under her auspices. Russia, of course, is Turkey's neighbor, and is always interested in borderlands of her Empire. The Kurds and the Arabs are showing signs of insubordination, while the Amir of Afghanistan has for sometime been manifesting a desire to supplant the Sultan as Khalif. Considerations of this kind influenced the former government to accept the terms of the Allies: and it is thought that upon further consideration the Young Turks will appreciate their force, and will be glad to accept the terms which they at first repudiated.

The one question which seems to be settled, and even this is by no means certain, is that there is to be an Albania with a defined boundary. What that boundary is to be is still under discussion. As to Bulgaria and Greece, there have been ugly signs of disagreement, as was shown upon their joint entry into Salonika. Between Rumania and Bulgaria the differences are acute, and it is not certain that they will be brought to a peaceful settlement. Austria-Hungary and Russia have still their armies upon almost a war footing, but there are signs that the tension has been somewhat relieved. How close is the union between the Great Powers in their views upon the ultimate settlement of the many questions in which they are interested, no wise man would venture to give a definite opinion. The most that can be said is that there is still reason to hope that the threatened war between the Great Powers will be averted.

The greatest ground of uncertainty is the fact that there are strong financial interests backing Turkey for fear of the loss to themselves that would be entailed by its collapse. The Jewish press of Vienna and Berlin has been engaged in endeavoring to bring about a breach between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente. It is even said that funds had been found for the recent revolution by banking houses in Germany and Austria, and that this it was that made the Young Turks hopeful of success. There are scarcely any limits to be placed to the baseness engendered by financial greed.

With Our Readers.

MANY letters of appreciation concerning the papers by Lionel Johnson, which we were able to publish in "With Our Readers," have come to us. The revival of interest in the poet has led us to publish in this number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD the paper by Mr. Elbridge Colby, which will be followed by an appreciation of Johnson's prose work in the April CATHOLIC WORLD.

It is worth while, we think, to give here a brief sketch of the poet's life:

Lionel Johnson was born at Broadstairs, Kent, in March, 1867, the younger son of Captain Johnson. He was educated at Winchester and at New College, Oxford. After his graduation with honors from Oxford, where he had formed a close friendship with Walter Pater, he removed to London and lived from 1891-1901 at Clifford's Inn, E. C. He was received into the Church on St. Alban's Day, 1891. During the year 1901 he was taken seriously ill and prevented from working. He recovered slightly late in September, 1902. On the evening of the 29th he went out for a walk; next morning he was found in Fleet Street with a fractured skull; he was carried to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he died early in the morning of October 4th.

IT is some little comfort to know that the people and legislators of the State of Nevada are no longer able to bear the shame of Reno and its lax divorce law. Reno, for ten years past, has been the premier divorce colony of the United States. All that was necessary to break the matrimonial bond was a residence of six months. This farce was even defended by some as a necessary cure for matrimonial ills. Of course, it was nothing but legally sanctioned immorality and licentiousness. The time has been extended to one year, which is not a long step in favor of public decency, but it is something, and better still it is another evidence of the nation-wide protest, which is now growing stronger and stronger, against the evil of divorce.

It is instructive to note that in Reno during the last two years 1,281 suits for divorce had been filed, and Reno has a population of only 12,000. It is estimated that there are now 600 divorce seekers in the city.

IN the April number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD we will publish, *à propos* of this question of divorce, an important paper on the reports of the English Royal Commission on Divorce by the Reverend William H. Kent, O.S.C. In the same paper the author will treat

questions of the Church and divorce in the Middle Ages. The teaching and rulings of the Church in this very matter are constantly misrepresented, and we have had occasion in this number of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, when reviewing the *History of the Royal Family of England*, by Fred. G. Bagshawe, to call attention to just such errors of ignorance and misunderstanding.

SISTER TERESA of the Child Jesus, known as "The Little Flower of Jesus," is a familiar name to many of our readers. It is but seventeen years ago that she died, a Carmelite nun, at the age of twenty-four. But as early as 1910 the Process of her Beatification was begun. The first step in this process ended in December, 1911. The tribunal had held one hundred and nine sessions, and had heard the testimony of expert medical authorities and the depositions of forty-five witnesses. The general rule, which requires that documents of this nature should be left unopened for ten years, was lifted, and it is very probable that in a short while this servant of God will be declared Venerable.

The autobiography of Sister Teresa has been a very popular book in her own language—French. It has been translated into almost every European language, including Dutch, Polish, and Russian, and is now being translated into Chinese, Japanese, and Armenian. It is a simple, straightforward story of spiritual growth that will be helpful to all, no matter what one's state or manner of life. This autobiography has been republished in a cheaper edition by the Discalced Carmelites, 1236 North Rampart Street, New Orleans, Louisiana. The price is twenty cents, postpaid. The same Monastery has published the *Shower of Roses*, in cheap edition (30 cents, postpaid). The receipts from both publications will be devoted to the expenses of the Cause of Beatification.

THE Methodist journal, *The Christian Advocate*, sends out an early battle cry to its partisan followers. "Keep Your Eye on Washington," is the bold face caption to one of its latest editorials. Look out for the machinations of Rome. The Catholics are again about to undermine the government. The first step is the appointment of Joseph P. Tumulty as private secretary to Mr. Wilson. The *Advocate* does "not intimate that Mr. Tumulty would ever conscientiously engage in dishonorable conduct," but "his education was entirely secured in the schools of the one sect which assiduously and adroitly cultivates its interests through political channels." Mr. Tumulty, therefore, in spite of every self-determination to the contrary, compelled necessarily, so to speak, by his training in adroitness, may

propose to the President "a trifling and apparently impromptu suggestion, a vague and indeterminate hint, a cautious and apologetic query, that may have far-reaching results."

A faithful Catholic cannot be a loyal citizen and an open-minded patriot. Long training from infancy up has saturated him with the notion that he must further, at all costs, the welfare of the Roman Church. At least, we are so informed by the truly *Christian Advocate*. "Very delicate questions are constantly arising at the capitol on account of the never-ending efforts of the Roman Church to secure such official recognition or favor as shall give distinction to the hierarchy in the eyes of the American public." A faithful Catholic belongs to "an institution which is primarily political, and which has indoctrinated its constituents with the notion that its political activities are inherently religious." That he must scheme, and plot; that he must make the welfare of his country subservient to the welfare of the Catholic body; that he must push forward the "interests" of Rome at all costs, is beyond question, according to the open-minded *Christian Advocate*. "If the man who, of all his advisers, is nearest the President day and night, happens to be an ardent Romanist, it lies within the possibilities of the case, and we say nothing stronger than this, that the atmosphere which he creates will tend to Rome's advantage in matters involving the interests of all the people regardless of religious faiths."

The Christian Advocate, therefore, gives notice that with regard to the new administration and all affairs into which Catholic interests enter, or all appointments of Catholics to office, it will know neither honesty nor fair-dealing nor justice.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Life, Science, and Art. Translated from the French by E. M. Walker. 50 cents net. *Vocations*. By H. Hohn. \$1.75 net. *Spiritual Progress*. II. From Fervor to Perfection. From the French. 90 cents net. *The Roman Curia as It Now Exists*. By Rev. Michael Martin, S.J. \$1.50. *Tolerance*. By Rev. A. Vermeersch, S.J. Translated by W. H. Page, K.S.G. *Their Choice*. By Henrietta Dana Skinner. \$1.00.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Practical Manual for the Superiors of Religious Houses. By Father Costanzo Frigerio, S.J. 40 cents. *The Divine Educator*. By F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. 50 cents. *Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus*. Edited by T. N. Taylor. \$2.00.

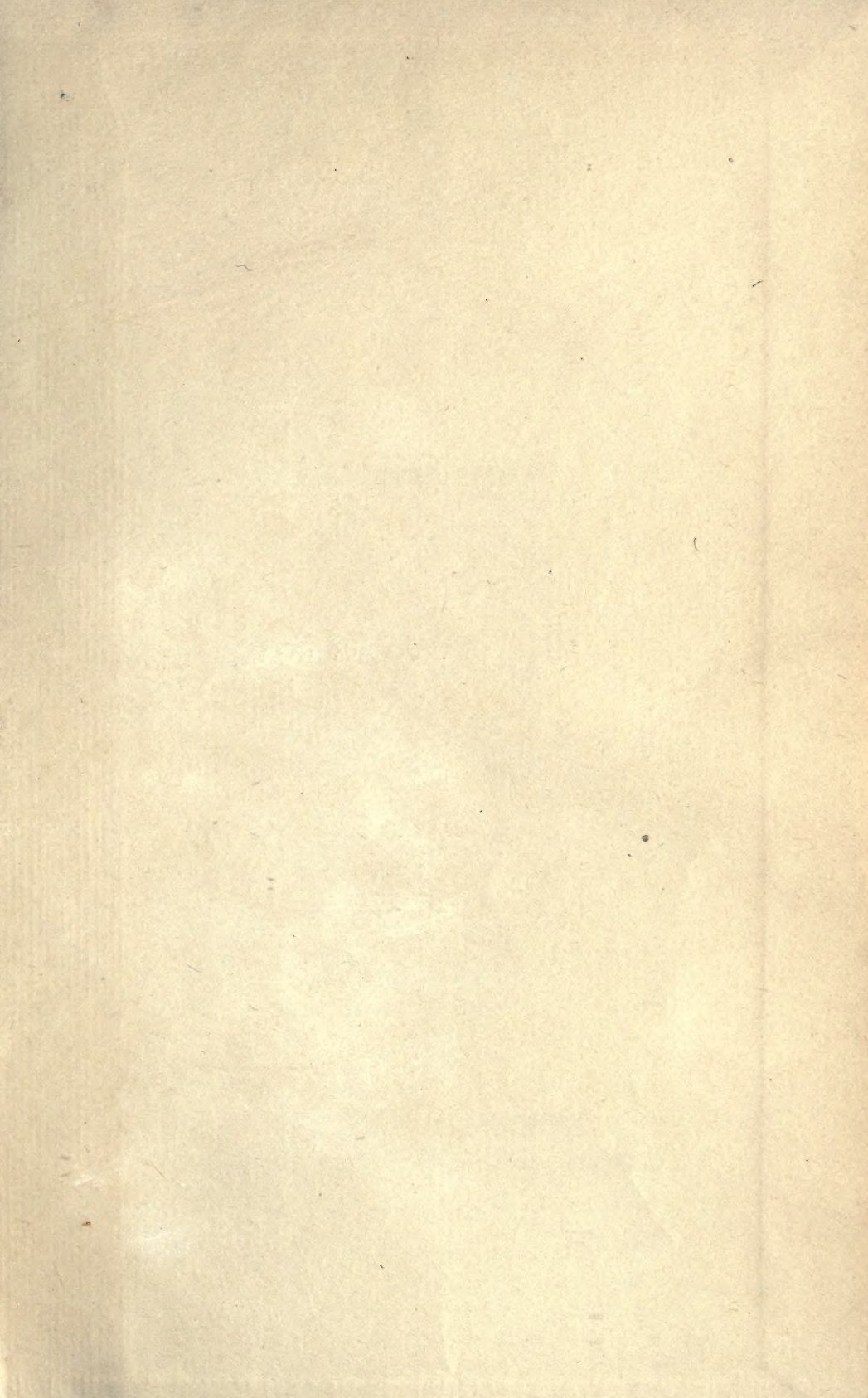
LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Our Lady in the Church, and Other Essays. By M. Nesbitt. \$1.50 net. *Cardinal Manning, and Other Essays*. By J. E. C. Bodley. \$3.00 net. *Shakespeare, Bacon, and the Great Unknown*. By Andrew Lang. \$3.00 net.

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, New York:

The Heart of Revelation. By Rev. F. P. Donnelly, S.J. *The King's Table*. By Rev. Walter Dwight, S.J. 56 cents postpaid. *The Fountains of the Saviour*. By Rev. J. H. O'Rourke, S.J.

- UNITED STATES CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New York:
Historical Records and Studies. Vol. VI. Part II. Edited by C. G. Herbermann, LL.D.
- THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby, and Other Stories. By Kathleen Norris. \$1.30 net.
- THE SENTINEL PRESS, New York:
Month of St. Joseph. From the writings of Ven. P. J. Eymard. 35 cents.
- CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:
The Temples of the Eternal, or the Symbolism of Churches. By Rev. James L. Meagher. \$1.00.
- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Mishnah; a Digest of the Basic Principles of the Early Jewish Jurisprudence. Translated and annotated by H. E. Goldin, LL.D. \$1.50.
- NATIONAL LITERARY COMMITTEE OF THE HOLY NAME SOCIETY, Waterbury, Conn.:
Books by Catholic Authors in the Silas Bronson Library of Waterbury, Conn. Pamphlet. 10 cents.
- FRANK ALLABEN GENEALOGICAL Co., New York:
The Journal of American History. Volume VI. No. 3. \$1.00 a copy; \$4.00 annually.
- THE RURAL PUBLISHING Co., New York:
"The Child." By "The Hope Farm Man."
- GINN & Co., Boston:
A Textbook of the History of Modern Elementary Education. By S. C. Parker. \$1.50. *Guide to the Study and Reading of American History*. By E. Channing, A. B. Hart, and F. J. Turner. \$2.50.
- SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:
Our Book of Memories. Letters of Justin McCarthy to Mrs. Campbell Praed. \$4.00.
- JOHN MURPHY Co., Baltimore:
The Psalms. By F. P. Kenrick. 75 cents net. *Quotations in Poetry and Prose Culled from Speeches and Writings of Irish and Irish-American Authors*. By Mrs. E. Murrin. \$1.00 net.
- YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven, Connecticut:
The Meaning of God in Human Experience. By William Ernest Hocking, Ph.D. \$3.00 net.
- JOHN JOSEPH McVEY, Philadelphia:
The Catechist's Manual. 75 cents.
- H. L. KILNER & Co., Philadelphia:
Columbanus, the Celt. By Walter L. Leahy. \$1.50.
- B. HERDER, St. Louis:
The History of the Popes from the Close of the Middle Ages. Volume XI. From the German of Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Edited by R. F. Kerr. \$3.00. *Betrothment and Marriage*. By Canon de Smet, S.T.L. \$2.25. *The Missal*. Compiled from the Missale Romanum. \$1.50. *The Theory of Evolution in the Light of Facts*. By Karl Frank, S.J. \$1.50. *Loretto: Centennial Discourses, 1812-1912*. 75 cents. *Trilogy to the Sacred Heart*. From the French of Rev. A. Gonon. 20 cents. *The Soliloquies of Saint Augustine*. By L. M. F. G. 60 cents. *Christology; A Dogmatic Treatise on the Incarnation*. By Rev. J. Pohle, Ph.D., D.D. Translated from the German by Arthur Preuss. \$1.50. *In the Service of the King*. By Genevieve Irons. 60 cents. *Stanmore Hall, and Its Inmates*. By the Author of "By the Grey Sea," etc. \$1.25.
- THE BROTHERS OF HOLY CROSS, Notre Dame, Indiana:
Vocations to the Teaching Orders. By Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D.
- E. SILVAN, Sacramento, California:
Why I am Opposed to Socialism. Original Papers by Leading Men and Women. By E. Silvan. 75 cents.
- W. P. LINEHAN, Melbourne, Australia:
Corinne of Corral's Bluff. By Marion Miller Knowles. 2 s. 6 d. *Gordon Grandfield, or The Tale of a Modernist*. By Rev. J. J. Kennedy. 2 s. 6 d.
- BLOUDET & CIE, Paris:
Robert Browning. Par Pierre Berger. 2 frs.
- EUGENE FIGUIERE ET CIE, Paris:
L'Ere du Drame. Par Henri-Martin Barzun. 2 frs. 50.
- P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Cursus Scriptura Sacra; Commentarii in Psalmos. Auctore I. Knabenbauer, S.J. 10 frs.; *L'Islam*. Par Maurice Landrieux. 1 fr. 50.



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